JOSIAH MOOSO.

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THE

Life and Travels

OF

JOSIAH MOOSO.

A Life on the Frontier among Indians and Spaniards, not Seeing the Face of a White Woman for Fifteen Years.

"Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night."
—J. R. LOWELL.

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PREFACE.

As a changing breeze sometimes gently, or it may be more rudely, carries the delicate seed from it's seed-pod and deposits it in a foreign soil, to spring, bud, blossom and bring fruitage; so the whole channel of life's events, and consequently the moulding of character is often changed by so trifling a thing as a passing breeze.

This volume full of romance, adventure and truthfully thrilling escape from captivity and death by burning from the hands of the Indians, the heroes of Mormon vengeance, consequent on being allied to the young daughter of a Mormon, the visits made to Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and many other leading points of interest, when these were but in embryo, the long weeks and months of hardships, when acting in the capacity of guide to companies crossing the plains; of many perils while engaged in the Mexican war, not seeing the face of a white woman for fifteen years. All these, it is hoped, may be of sufficient interest to insure the perusal of the volume. Passing from one interesting detail to another until his late conversion. This would probably never have been written had not his father entered into litigation of little im-

portance, thereby becoming financially embarassed, compelling him to dispose of all his possessions, breaking the ties that cling so closely around "Home Sweet Home", that the bleeding tendrils of the mother's heart never healed, and she died dispirited; pleading with her christian prayers and tears, that the bright-eyed young son might become a God-fearing man. Time brought a new mother and the lad upon whose curly head the dying mother's hand had so tenderly lain, choked back his tears and with them, home memories, and manfully started out to battle with the world. But, who has now so near reached the sunset of life, offers this volume to the reader, trusting that it may be of sufficient merit to entitle it to a somewhat friendly welcome at your fireside.

The imperfect manner in which the manuscript has been read, some of which has been hurried to press without passing under the criticism of the proof-reader—leaves the volume justly subject to sharp criticism. The author feels that in justice to herself, this explanation should be made, having only been employed to write the book; taking none of the responsibility of the labor of attending to its publication. The omission of a letter, or the insertion of an improper one, has, in several cases, entirely changed the intended meaning of a word. Only a few we noted, as follows:

On page 206, the omission of e in sleeve.

On page, 41, reasonably substituted for reasonable.

On page 77, capton in place of captive.

On page 85, omission of t in Scottish, makes it Scotish.

On page 102, futile is used for fertile.

Page 103, defense for defence.

Only a few of the many errors have been pointed out, as it would only weary the patience, not only of the reader, but also the one who is responsible for the subject—matter contained in the volume. In the hope, that the beautiful mantle, which covers a "multitude of evils," may be spread over the deformities herein contained; with that inspiriting thought, I sign myself,

THE AUTHOR.

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—THE—

LIFE AND TRAVELS

—OF—

JOSIAH MOOSO.

CHAPTER I.

Canadian Peasantry in the Eighteenth Century—Their Industries, Religion and Amusement.

Thirty miles north of Montreal, Canada, near North river, lived a family of Du Fores, wealthy and aristocratic. Victoria, the third daughter, was an acknowledged French beauty, slender and erect, with hair and eyes black as night, and that clearness of complexion so common in

northern latitudes. Having been endowed by Nature with these attractions, and of a vivaciousness and politeness of manner for which her race has alwsys been noted, it is not strange that many aspirants pleaded for her hand, but without avail, for a strong attachment had grown up between an old playfellow and herself; and this same gallant youth was now a British soldier assisting in the attempt to subjugate the freedom-loving people of America, the result of which is briefly told in these words—the surrender of Yorktown.

Upon the return of the young red-coat at the close of the war he sought out the object of his regard—the fair Victoria—whom he found loyal to her vows; but a third factor in the person of her father, with the characteristic forgetfulness of unromantic old gentlemen of their youthful follies and weaknesses, he placed barriers between them. Looking with undisguised disapproval upon the young suitor's wooing, whom, though bringing a good name and a fine manly bearing did not bring gold, consequently he was promptly dismissed by Monsieur Du Fore.

But young Josiah Mooso tenaciously adhered to his original intention of taking Victoria to share his fortunes, and she, inheriting the spirit of her father, did not swerve from her former intent. But accustomed always to obey the kind but somewhat imperious parent, with true diplo-

matic sagacity, thought best to offer the flag of truce for the present.

Years passed, during which time the energies and tact of the young man were directed toward accumulating considerable of this world's goods.

By a little financial aid from his father he became the possessor of a small farm, upon which he built a house from the timber cut and hewed by his own hands.

The haughty Du Fore had seen with increasing interest the determination of the young Ulysses, who, though not engaged in warlike schemes, and whose ideal was not the fair Penelope, but who evinced a similar adaptability to scheming during an emergency. The old gentleman had some time since resolved to accept the proposal for his daughter, in marriage when it should be asked. Both families being of the Catholic faith the young couple were united by Father Rasqua in the little stone church where years before both had been christened.

Hope, the inspiriting monitor that paints with roseate hues the future, and lightens the cares of the present, led the way to the house prepared for the bride, opened wide the door, and bade them enter, and through many years she did not desert the home to which she invited them on their bridal day—only retreated a little into the shadows

when clouds came, but always returned with bright, smiling face when summoned.

Monsieur Du Fore did nothing in a miserly manner, and as Victoria and her young husband were seated at their evening meal, the first in their new home, a light tap at the door, accompanied with a package for the bride, revealed the fact that a gift from the father to the daughter in the form of a deed, conveying a goodly portion of land to Victoria, adjoining that of the young householder, had been sent her.

With so bright a prospect, good health and the strong tonic of love, they could hardly fail to prosper. First of all, in the home the religious belief of the head of the house was held most sacred, aided by the greater piety of the young wife, who in her religion showed the same firm adherence to duty that had been seen, when earlier she had silently obeyed the will of her father when so much was involved of her future happiness.

Time rolled on and the thrifty farmer and his wife increased their flocks, raised grains common to that climate and were prosperous as to worldly goods. The wild fruits supplied their table, the strawberry and raspberry furnishing a delicious dessert though the months of July and August followed later by the black and red currant and blackberry and still later by the cranberry, so much prized

by the people of southern latitudes. The rich profusion of the woodland flowers provided food for the honey-bee, and they in time deposited their sweets in the waxen cells of the hive, which, filled with white layers and found its way to the table, toothsome and luscious.

The young yeoman did not spend many idle moments; after the harvest of small grains was over, and the later crops safely stored, his axe skillfully wielded, brought down trees which were cut into proper length for use on the farm, the surplus being sent to market. The rifle in expert hands provided meats for family use. Many denizens of stream and forest, yielded to the persuasive arguments of trap and rifle, whose furry coats found ready sale either to fur companies, or ships which yearly visited the St. Lawrence, it being the channel through which importation of goods came and the egress for the exportation of Canadian produce. The old Colonial monopoly by which the St. Lawrence was closed against the entrance of foreign vessels, being somewhat modified and the exclusive right given to Canada of supplying the West Indies with timber and other produce.

Thrice have the seasons come and gone since the opening of our narrative. The sports of a Canadian winter, consisting of coasting, skating and sleighing, were fully upon the people. Early in November the snow enveloped

the ground in the vicinity of Montreal. The erroneous impression prevails among many that the weather is unbearably cold in this region; but the unpleasant effects usually accompanying snowfall in many other localities are not felt here, there being a lack of that rawness and chilliness often experienced elsewhere. This portion of Canada, although lying between 40-50 degrees north latitude is not subject to those sudden changes of temperature common to countries not bearing so high a degree. Although, during the months of January and February the height of the Canadian winter is marked by extreme cold, the inhabitants are well protected, not only by nature, but by warm dwellings and clothing to fully enjoy with little discomfort the extreme cold; owing to the dry bracing atmosphere, it is simply delightful! Who of the readers, reared where snow is not so ephemeral as in this latitude, does not remember those long delightful evenings spent with parties in sleighing, when the merry shout of the pleasure-seeker vied with the bells which the horses seemed to shake almost gleefully, entering into the hilarity of their happy freight? The time of the full moon chosen for such occasions lending a charm to every object presented to the vision. Years have passed since then, but today the chime of sleighbells, brings back the old youthful feeling, again, along my veins tingles the exuberant blood

and in imagination the brown-eyed little girl who shared my childish joys and sorrows through those beautiful days of "the past," is with me, and who, just at that mysterious time of girlish womanhood passed into the "dark beyond." "Softly she faded as fades the twilight." But I am forgetful that this digression has carried me from my subject. One of these clear cold nights which we have described, found Victoria and her husband returning from a sleighing excursion to a neighboring town in company with other pleasure-seekers, who had been entertained at the home of friends. The merry laugh and jest passed from sleigh to sleigh and all but Victoria, usually among the gayest, gave themselves with hearty abandon to the joyousness of the hour. What strange mood had taken possession of her?

The ride finally ended which brought her to her home. She, like many other young wives, had blindly thought her young husband possessed of all the virtues, and had not until now, awakened to the fact that he was faulty and mortal. He had partaken too freely of drink at the table of his host which left him in a condition of semi-intoxication with that ludicrous attempt to maintain a dignified bearing.

Victoria was not one whose spirits were easily broken, and dashing away a few tears she promptly informed him of the evil of such a course, of the injustice to herself, the attendant consequences of disgrace, followed by grad-

ual loss of interest in business and of self-respect, without which no one can attain to anything of worth.

"I ask of you," she said, "the same purity of character, the same regard for marital vows, in fact the standard of virtue which you have raised for me to reach. There is nothing unreasonable in this request. I gave to you the best and noblest of my nature, marred no doubt, by flaws, but which for your sake, and for the hope of a growth into a higher plane of life, I am willing to correct. And now, my husband, I ask you, if you wish to retain the respect and love of your wife, never humiliate me by a repetition of the scenes of this evening."

This appeal to his reason and heart had the desired effect, and a promise made before God that night to refrain from drink was kept intact while his wife was spared to him.

Again the spring came, and with it growth of grain, followed by the harvest and storing away of edibles for winter use. The cheerful crackle of the hickory fire, and, as a companion piece, the cracking of the nuts picked from a tree of that family, enlivened many an hour which would otherwise have dragged slowly by.

About this time an event of much importance to Victoria and her husband occurred. The sun arose on the morning of November 19th, 1803, with unusual brilliancy,

looking in upon their infant son, whom we will now introduce as the hero of this book. The Godfather and Godmother, in the person of an uncle and aunt of the parents, attended by the father, repaired to the church and there the child was christened, bearing the name of its father. From the first he manifested that wonderful vigor and physical stamina which sometimes seems to be almost phenomenal.

He inherited the beauty of his mother, who trained him to take a few steps at nine months, for which the Godfather presented him with a new dress. In course of time he developed into an energetic lad, full of spirit and adventure, engaging in those athletic sports which often develop the naturally delicate into robust men; but starting as he did, with much natural vitality, it laid the foundation for a long life.

The home of little Joe had now become an inviting spot. Years of honest toil had made the "wilderness to blossom as the rose." As the mother sang at her work, now enlivened by the ringing laugh and prattle of her boy, life seemed bright with past joys and inviting with future; but treacherous ground lay just beneath her feet.

The father became involved at this time in a law suit—in regard to a few bushels of ashes—which suit was finally taken to England for settlement, the cost of which amount-

ed to over two thousand pounds, and making such inroads upon his possessions that he was financially ruined. The home which had become endeared by so many sacred ties was sold, and Victoria, like most women under similar circumstances, left that home with broken spirits, declining health and grave apprehensions for the future.

Will Carleton has said in his pertinent and quaint manner, "Women are skeery things without a home."

After the disposal of the two farms and the payment of debts incurred at the time of the law suit, the remnant was taken, and with the family removed to Lake Champlain, which beautiful sheet of water bears the name of Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer who discovered it about 1608, and who was Governor of the first French settlers in Lower Canada. During the war of 1812 the defeat of the English fleet there, became a fact well worth recording in history. The shores along the lake are picturesque in the extreme, and in its waters are many of the salmon and salmon trout.

The family remained here but a short time, the settlers speaking English, which tongue Victoria could not understand. She became discouraged and pined for her own people. This wore upon her to the extent that it sadly impaired her health and they removed to Montreal in the spring.

Joe, then quite a lad, remembers distinctly his visit to the garrison of soldiers of the war of 1812 who were quartered there. As an illustration of the business capacity of little Joe, allow me to relate an incident which in itself is trifling, but shows the determination of character which in after life made him the hardy frontiersman, spy and guide.

A neighbor owning a large number of horses, not having sufficient grain to feed them, offered him one (which was so starved that it could not walk) for a dollar. His father was interviewed for the amount, which, after some parley, he gave. The young financier, engaging a younger brother to assist him, harnessed the team and started with the sled to the farmers, and with the assistance of the man, his wife and two daughters, the horse was rolled onto the sled and Joe drove triumphantly into the yard with his property. The laughable sight brought to the door the father, who helped to assist the invalid quadruped to alight from its carriage. By careful feeding of the horse, the boy was soon repaid by seeing it on its feet, and in a few months, by sundry trades and shifts, he realized even more than a modern banker's per cent. on the investment —amounting to nearly $60.

The advantages for an education in Canada at that time were very limited. The Protestants founded free schools

for the education of their children, but the Catholic Priests bitterly opposed the free school system, consequently the children of that church were debarred from receiving an education unless the parents had the means to pay tuition. The result of this state of things was that many Catholic children were not taught to read and write, Joe among the number.

But depending entirely upon his memory for facts has imparted to him wonderful retentive powers which now to a good old age he still retains with marked accuracy.

The Catholic missionaries were at this time making great efforts to promulgate their doctrines among the Indians and under the direction of these Jesuits, bands were arranging to go among the tribes of the west and south. Joe now being a lad of eleven and very bright, was thought to be quite a valuable acquisition to the company and was accordingly engaged to act in the capacity of waiter. Arrangements were made by which he was to travel with them, and if at the end of one year if he wished to return he could do so.

Seated beneath the trees of the forest the Indians listened to the missionaries whose precepts were conveyed to them through the medium of an interpreter. Many of these simple children of nature were converted and the sacredness of the marriage relations impressed upon

them. In case of plurality of wives they were induced by the missionaries to keep but one, the first having the preference. The rejected wives with their children being cared for up to the time of a Christian marriage. Cleanliness, so near akin to Godliness, was also taught them and such other duties as they could be made to comprehend. The early efforts of these Jesuits became so wide spread in their influence, in time whole tribes were Christianized. The Moravians or United Brethren by their gentle ministrations of gospel truths also brought many to the Christian faith. Notwithstanding the effort at so early a date to preach the gospel to these people and the wonderful amount of good accomplished by these missionaries a statement clipped from the National Educator as to the present condition of the Indian will prove that yet much more can be done even up to present date. "Out of the 40,000 Sioux Indians there are 35,000 still in heathenism. There are sixty-six tribes on the Western prairies for whom nothing is yet done. There are 40,000 Indians of school age, but when every school is packed to its utmost only 12,000 can be accommodated. This includes Government schools, Roman Catholic schools and all, so that those under mission teaching would be far less a number than 12,000." Is there no significance in these figures? Think of the multitudes of colored children whose educa-

tion is unprovided for in the south. Simply as query, which is the cheaper, the establishment and maintainance of jails or schools? Which is the most agreeable, the bastile or the college?

The lad who had been reared in the cold bracing air of Canada could not endure the heat of the south and wanted to return but the Catholics wished to educate him for a priest, seeing his unusually natural brilliancy; and tried by various arts to induce him to remain with them; he still wishing to return, they fulfilled the promise given the parents and at the expiration of eighteen months he arrived at his home near Montreal.

The mode of travel was by stage, a card bearing his destination being fastened to his clothing in order that in the transfers at the different stage stations he might reach his destination without mistake. A journey of ten days brought him to his own fireside, welcomed tenderly by his mother, who thanked God for the safe return of her son. Joe though but a child saw many changes. His mother had grown thin and pale and his boy's heart ached at the thought—though not well defined,—of losing her. But he had seen something of the outside world and a thirst for adventure had grown to such an extent that nothing but the vision of the pale face of her who had been to him the true, tried and loving protector of his infant and

youthful days, impressed him that he must remain. Little Mary, his favorite sister, was his constant companion in play and toil, he, being nine years her senior was a sort of protector as well as companion.

The mother was now failing so rapidly that even the most hopeful despaired of her recovery. Joe became her faithful and affectionate attendant, ministering to her wants with the tenderness of a woman; but the care and love of the husband and children could not close the door against the power which carries from us much that is lovely and loved and leaves the heart-strings sore and bleeding. Victoria realized that her time was short, and calling around her the family gave them messages of love and warning. With her hand resting on the head of Joe, she told him to be a good boy, and gave to his care the little sister. "Be kind and gentle to her; keep her from harm, and above all, my boy, live so that I shall see you where I shall be soon." With one hand resting on his head, the other clasped by her husband, she passed away.

Joe resolved, with boyish impulse, to stay with little Mary until such time as she should no longer need his care and manfully he tried to do this, but according to a custom of the Catholics, a man whose wife is not living can not employ a woman servant in his house.

The necessity of an early marriage soon brought to the

home another mistress. The little sister was endeared still more to Joe and he remained at home, when all along his proud, restless spirit chafed under what seemed the tyranny of the new mother, and with the love of adventure, which had grown stronger with the boy's advancing years, he informed his father that at last he must go out from the paternal roof and craved his blessing. He reluctantly gave his consent, and with it some fatherly advice. Joe, with a big lump in his throat and a tender feeling at his heart, hurriedly and tenderly unclasped the little hands of his sister from his neck, pressed the hand of his father, and was gone.

In after years how well he remembered that bright spring morning, beautiful in all its virgin purity, made musical with the song of birds, bright by the spring sunshine, aromatic by springing grass and opening buds, which seemed to beckon to the young aspirant to linger ere the steps were taken which portended so much of good or ill for his future. The import of this scene he did not fully understand; he only knew that he had been deeply impressed. But the road upon which he started that morning, farther on in life he found beset with dangers and trials, from which, had he foreseen, he would have shrunk.

His first experience upon leaving home was somewhat of the nature which he had pictured. He had fallen into

the company of "Big Nels," so called on account of his immense size, and he was associated for years after with him in some of his most hazardous exploits. They were at one time going on foot from one settlement to another when they saw two women running toward them, seeming in great distress. Upon inquiry, they told them that their house had been invaded by Indians. Neither of the men were armed, but hastening to the building they found that the Indians had indeed taken possession. This was a new experience for Joe, and he admitted that he was somewhat alarmed upon finding himself surrounded by them, but a stout club in the hands of Nels soon dispersed the band, whose object had been to plunder.

CHAPTER II.

Rafting on the St. Lawrence—Canadian Rebellion—Experience With the Mormons—Escape From Canadian Authorities—Rochester Fifty Years ago.

Rafting in Canada, at an early date, was one of the leading industries. Pine timber in immense quantities is cut, and if not adjacent to a navigable stream, is conveyed on the snow to such points that it can be floated down the branches. In order that trees may still remain for future use, none but the finest are felled, leaving the more inferior ones for later cutting; the object, not being to clear the ground, but to make economical use of the growth, and preserve and continue the industry.

The demand for labor and provisions is consequently great. Nels and Joe found employment in cutting timber, which is conveyed to rapids on the streams where sawmills are found, by which the trees are sawed into squares; these, principally prepared for English and American markets. They are first put together in cribs and floated down the streams, when they are made into rafts.

These floating villages are a novel sight to the tourist

on the St. Lawrence, being sometimes composed of 150,000 cubic feet of timber, fastened together in one raft having upon its surface, shanties, fires burning brilliantly, which are kindled on earthen hearths, presenting quite a gay appearance with its floating sails spread as it glides along. In order to pass the rapids in its course without accident, the raft is separated into parts which are termed drams, each portion having a certain number of the crew as hands. After the safe passage over dangerous places (much skill however being needed to guide them) these parts are again united into one and it finally reaches its destination.

The young men having worked industriously with others, until one of these was constructed, were to assist in guiding it to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The evening before they were to commence their journey they were induced to go ashore and engage in a dance, given ostensibly in honor of the crew, but really the manager wished to rid the raft of its first occupants, who found in the morning to their dismay that it was in the hands of new men and their employer was no where to be found, in consequence of which, they were left with neither employment nor means, learning one of the bitterest lessons in life—lack of faith in mankind.

Joe and his friend now started on foot traveling three days without food, and failing to get work, in sheer des-

peration, they accosted a man whom they found chopping wood and demanded something to do, which he could not give, but kindly gave them food and lodging, and when about to start again, a tempting luncheon was pressed upon them and although Joe is now more than four score years, he tells with tearful eyes and thankful heart of the timely aid given by the kind old people.

He pushed on to Toronto and with Nels engaged in making potash, which process may be unfamiliar to some of our readers. The wood, first placed in convenient piles, is burned, and the ashes, mixed with a small quantity of lime, is conveyed to wooden cisterns and covered with water and allowed to remain there until the next day; the liquid is then drawn off and placed in iron vessels and evaporated, when a sufficient amount is collected to fill the cask, it is heated to red heat and poured into the vessel. This employment they found quite remunerative.

Joe was about this time thrown into the society of Miss Anna Dripper, and later, their coming marriage, according to the custom of the times and country, was published, but learning that she, with her family, had become followers of the Mormons, he expressed his disgust of their doctrines and the marriage was delayed in consequence. But a strange fatality seemed to follow him in regard to that sect, as will be seen later on.

His father had become desirous of seeing his son again, and having been informed that he was in Rochester, N. Y., he was on his way to find him. Joe caught a glimpse of him as the stage, drawn by four horses, went dashing by, and learning that he intended taking a vessel at the head of Lake Ontario thought he could reach him before he set sail, accordingly started out, arriving at the lake just in time to see the steamer leave the shore. The disappointment was so great, although grown now to man's stature, he shed bitter tears.

A dispute arising in regard to the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, and troubles with England pertaining to revenues, brought on what was known as the Canadian Rebellion. Many Americans on the northern borders sympathized with the rebellious faction, and really wished them success, and finally became involved in the trouble by providing war materials for them. The steamer Caroline, having been fitted up with supplies for the Canadians, was seized by the English and allowed to drift over Niagara Falls.

Considerable excitement now began to prevail, many fleeing to the United States. Gen. Scott was sent to the frontier to quiet matters.

Joe, in the meantime made two unsuccessful attempts to get to the American side, but was captured and brought

back The third time he was more successful. Hoping to find some means of escape, he went down to the shore of Lake Ontario and there found a boat which was being loaded with wood to be taken to Lewiston. He bribed the hands to hide him. They made an excavation in the pile and placed it around him in such a manner that he could not be seen. He waited in breathless suspense for the boat to leave the harbor. The vigilance of the officers was so great, and the penalty for smuggling so severe, that great care had to be exercised by the men. The boat was set afloat about night and Joe, in his cramped quarters, calculated the possibilities of detection and capture and the almost inevitable fate of being hanged if taken; while on the other hand thoughts of the probabilities of escaping filled his mind, firmly resolving to sell his life as dearly as possible should he be taken. There he lay, wondering how long before they would reach the American side. After what seemed to him an immeasurable length of time he found that they were making bustling preparations for landing. One of the crew came to him and assisted him in emerging from his hiding place, warning him to be careful that the captain did not see him; but it was too late. His quick eye had already spied him out, and just as Joe had reached the edge of the boat, the captain's hand was laid on his shoulder, ordering him to stop. He

sprang with one bound to the shore, and stooping, picked up a stone in either hand, telling him to advance another step and he would kill him. Several standing near urged him to put his threat into execution. The officer supposing he was among friends did not follow him and he remained unmolested.

What was his great joy to find Nels, who had escaped some time before, and who had looked for and hoped to see Joe.

They started for Lockport, N. Y., traveling by one of the old tramways, which was of very different construction from the railways of to-day. The cars were large and clumsy, compared with the elegant modern coaches; the track, composed of wooden rails, instead of iron and the propelling power, horses. Their route took them through Rochester, which can best be described by a clipping cut from an old English paper, Men and Manners of America:

"We reached Rochester under the influence of a burning sun. The hotel was excellent, and the luxury of cold baths and the civility of the landlord, induced me to delay progress to the following day. In the cool of the evening, I strolled out to see the falls of the Genesee. The height of the uppermost is considerable, being about ninety feet, and the water rushes over it gracefully; but the vicinity

of sundry saw and cornmills has destroyed the romantic interest which invested it in the days when the cataract blew his trumpet from the steep amid the stillness of the surrounding forest. The old proverb, de gustibus, &c., receives illustration in every country. An eccentric man called Sam Patch, having an aversion to honest industry, made it his profession to jump over all the water falls in the country. Niagara was too much for him, but he sprang from a lofty rock, some distance below the Horse-shoe fall, with impunity. His last jump was at the fall just described, of the Genesee in the autumn of 1829 from a scaffold elevated twenty-five feet above the table rock, making a descent altogether of a hundred and twenty-five feet; he fearlessly plunged into the boiling caldron beneath. His body was not discovered for many months, and was at length found at the mouth of the river six miles below. Rochester is a place worth seeing. Thirty years ago there was not a house in the neighborhood, and now there is a town, containing twenty thousand good Americans and true, with churches, banks, theatres and all other oppidan appurtenances to match. Such growth is more like forcing in a hot-bed than the natural progress of human vegetation. For a great deal of its prosperity, Rochester is indebted to the Erie Canal, which brought its advantageous proximity to Lake Ontario into full play.

The Canal runs through the center of the town and crosses the Genesee by an aqueduct, which, according to the Northern Tourist, cost rising of eighty thousand dollars, whatever sum that may amount to. There are several streets in Rochester which might be backed at reasonably odds against any in Hull or Newcastle, to say nothing of Cork, Falmouth or Berwick, upon Tweed. The appearance of the shops indicates the prevalence of respectable opulence. Those of the jewelers display a stock of Paris trinkets and silver snuff-boxes. There are silks and Leghorn bonnets for the seduction of the ladies, and the windows of the tailors are adorned by colored prints of gentlemen in tight-fitting swallow tails, with the epigraph, "New York fashions for May."

This may be considered a fair type of the English estimate of everything American fifty years ago, and yet it is not strange that he does not comprehend the full import of the surroundings, as he must view them from the standpoint of his native towns, that, since the crusades have been plodding their way up to respectable mediocrity. But could he stand in the "hot-bed growth" after half a century and see its dusty mills grind out flour enough in a single day to effectually dam the Thames at London he could comprehend the true meaning of American progress.

The objective point next being Chicago, Ills., where the

young men were going to engage in working on the Canal then in process of construction from the lake to the Illinois River.

Some facts gathered earlier in regard to Chicago may not be out of place in this connection. Being at the head of Lake Michigan, lying on both sides of the river bearing the same name as the city, a sluggish stream formed by the junction of two branches a little over half a mile from its mouth, one flowing from the northwest [illegible]er from the southwest; the river and its branches dividing the city into three natural divisions, known as the south, north and west. During the time of the possession by the French—after which it was ceded to England—very little is known of Chicago or its surroundings. The border Indian war, encouraged by the English, was general throughout the Western States; but being taught a lesson by General Wayne, the chiefs of the respective tribes assembled at Greenville, O., and there effected a treaty of peace. Upon reference to an early history of Chicago, the tract of land on the present site of that place, ceded by the Indians to the United States, is described thus: "One piece of land six miles square, at the mouth of the Chikajo River, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." According to another author, the orthography of the word is thus: "Chacaqua, Indian for

thunder, and so called after the Indian Thor or Thunder God." Those who saw the uninviting spot upwards of forty years ago, little dreamed that at the present time it would rank as the third city in size, and the second in point of commericial importance in the United States. The site is described as exceedingly low, at the time of its early settlement its elevation being only seven feet above the lake, but later it has been raised by filling in, until it is now fourteen feet above.

The first who came as residents chose the west side called Wolf's Point. Here was a school-house, church and store. On the south side stood Wentworth's Tavern, at that time the best in the village. Leading men who visited there chose it as their temporary home. Gen. Scott made it his headquarters when he came with troops during the Black Hawk war of 1832.

Congressman Cook, for whom the county is named, made a great effort to induce Congress to make some provision by which a canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois river, and thus forming a direct communication with the Mississippi, thence with the Gulf of Mexico, which was done, by granting each alternate section of land, five miles on each side of the proposed canal.

This plan attracted settlers and adventurers. A new impetus was given to trade and speculation, and the in-

creased demand for labor made this new field an attractive one for all classes.

On arriving at Chicago the first opening to present itself was work on the canal, which was then nearly completed as far out as Lockport, and the work was being pushed from that point with much rapidity. Like most enterprises of its character in a new country, it had many embarrassments. The entire length of construction was a sparsely populated section, and most of it through swampy and malarial districts, where large lakes, or bayous from the river, and an immense growth of vegetation made it almost as pestilential as the famous line of the Panama railroad. But few men could withstand the miasmatic influences for more than a fortnight, so that the constant change of hands and foremen retarded the work to a considerable extent.

The two friends not being able longer to breathe the poisonous air were obliged to give up work, as already the "chills" had seized them. Only those who have felt its icy grip, alternating with burning heat, can understand the full import of that word.

A few days finds them about to take passage on a steamboat at Chicago; from there to Buffalo, N. Y. Joe's father was then residing at Sandusky, O. Although the boat stopped there for supplies, he did not at the time know of

his father's whereabouts, and again failed to see him, learning afterward that he had removed his family there some months before.

The travelers went from Buffalo to Boston, to embark on a ship en route for the Gulf of Mexico.

While our adventurers are awaiting preparations for the departure of the ship we will invite the reader's attention to sight-seeing in the historic city. Among the chief objects of interest is the Old State House, built for the British authorities in 1712, now the oldest public building standing in Boston. Christ's Church, dedicated in 1723, being next in age.

The ladies of Boston have since, with the characteristic energy and decision of the New England dames, raised a fund by holding a fair, the proceeds of which they have used in some necessary repairs upon the building and the purchase of antiquities, it now being used for a museum, where may be seen many collections of relics of the revolution and other articles around which cluster "historical memories." The chandelier which has hung for so many years, within a short time has fallen and been shattered to pieces, the chain which held it having become corroded, gave way, precipitating it to the floor. Faneuil Hall, of oratoric fame, a gift from Peter Faneuil in 1743, next claims our attention, this edifice having now been enlarged. The

State House, built in 1798, occupies the highest land in the city, looking down upon the "Commons" held so dear to the heart of every Bostonian. It contains forty eight acres and is beautified by numerous shade trees.

A trip from Boston to St. Louis in these early days was quite a different affair from our present semi-annihilation of time and space in a Pullman sleeper dangling at the end of a "Limited Express." The ordinary route of travel was by ocean vessel to New Orleans, thence by river to St. Louis; and the coast steamer of 1838 is hardly to be compared with the palatial packets lying at the piers on our Atlantic seaboard.

But one particular phase of a passage from the eastern coast to the gulf, has not been materially changed nor entirely obliterated by improved means of travel, namely: the passage of Cape Hatteras. At this season of the year (October) the mariner finds but little smooth sea in the vicinity of the Cape, and Joe's voyage was no exception. After several days of beautiful sunshine and a smooth sea, as the turbulent locality was approached the indications became apparent to the seaman that one of those continued, violent storms was imminent.

The course of the vessel was at once changed and refuge taken in Albemarle Sound, near Roanoke Island. Here for four days lay the impatient travelers, while the

storm raged with a fury only known to these peculiar localities, that seemed to be the favorite haunts of the storm gods. Could our hero have possessed the lapstone of Cobbler Keizer with which to have scanned his surroundings, with the fearful drama then being enacted twenty-four years afterward, how incredulous the recital would have seemed; and yet how much less marvelous would have been the predictions for almost any locality in our great land of phenomenal growth and development a quarter of a century in advance.

As the storm had by this time spent its fury, and the coast though not in any sense inviting, was less hazardous, the voyage was continued, and after a rough passage around Florida the passengers were safely disembarked, and after the usual detention a river steamer was boarded en route for St. Louis.

Natchez was at this time a city of 4826 inhabitants and the largest in the State of Mississippi, situated on a bluff, presenting an unusually neat appearance; the houses being built with piazzas and balconies, in order that their occupants may enjoy the evening air. The gardens present a beautiful appearance, ornamented with orange trees, figs, plums and peaches. It being the principal shipping point for cotton to New Orleans, during the busy season the streets are filled with bales to such an extent

that it is almost impossible to pass. The town then being at rather a discount in regard to morals, one of the boat's crew related to Joe and his companion some of the devices by which the uninitiated are ensnared.

"In the evening a steamer stops at Natchez to unload or take in goods; the passengers seeing several houses lighted up, and hearing the sounds of fiddles and merriment, run up to see what is going on. They find dancing, gambling and drinking the employment of the evening. The bell of the steamboat rings, to announce that she is about to continue her voyage, the lights in the houses of entertainment are immediately extinguished, and the passengers run out, afraid of being too late for the boat, start down towards the landing. Ropes are drawn across the road, the passengers fall 'heels over head,' and a number of stout ruffians strip them of their money and watches. When they get on board they are in bad plight, but of course can get no redress of their grievances, and never see or hear anything of their plunderers again."

Nothing of an exciting nature occurring on the trip, St. Louis was at last reached; weeks, instead of days having elapsed since leaving Boston harbor. The travelers found a city, then containing 21,000 inhabitants, mostly French and Germans, the site of the town sloping gently up from the water and the streets lying mostly parallel with the

river. Here is a Catholic college, a hospital, and an orphan asylum under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The fur trade, the lead mines, and the supplies for the Indians create considerable business. Coal and minerals abound. There is a United States arsenal below the city, and Jefferson Barracks, an important military station, five miles below.

After a stay of several days, with nothing in the way of employment offering itself, they concluded to go up the river.

CHAPTER III.

Lead Fields at Galena—Secrecy Enjoined—Early Methods of Transportation on the Upper Mississippi—Indians of Lake Superior.

As the new lead fields were being opened in the vicinity of Galena, Illinois, after the necessary arrangements for the passage, they embarked on a river packet for the Upper Mississippi. Ten days in transit from St. Louis to Galena is somewhat of a tiresome statement now, but to make this passage against the current, and following the windings of the river in its unimproved condition is no small undertaking, and still I have seen about as fine a display of impatience on a "through express" making fifty miles an hour, including stops, as I ever saw in the days of river travel, with all its hindrances and tediousness.

Galena was at this time a true type of the mining town. Like a fishing camp at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, nothing could be seen indicating that the inhabitants had come to stay. The buildings, the streets, the industries—all had that air so well expressed by that unique Yankee word, "shiftlessness." Everything was done in a half-shod fashion, and the people who came there were in every sense adventurers.

Inconvenience seemed to be the rule in almost everything. The appliances for smelting were of the rudest character, and but little effort was made to improve them. The narrow river, five miles from the mouth of which the village was located, would not permit the larger steamers to turn, so they must back down to the mouth. The landing was but little better than that of a "wooding place" along the Mississippi.

As work on the farms closed up in the fall, and navigation was suspended, and the long, monotonous winter approached, the whole "working force" of the country flocked to the lead fields. It was no unusual thing to find in one camp the farmer from Southern Illinois, Eastern Missouri and the shores of Lake Michigan, the boatman of the Upper Mississippi, and the "freighter", who was taking refuge from the bleak winds of the plains. And although the wages were low, and but little could be saved from a winter's toil in the mines, that little was better than nothing, and the few dollars then accumulated were of great service to the frontiersman in carrying out his plans for the next year.

The earliest discovery and occupation of these lead fields is still somewhat shrouded in mystery. It is related by some of the early French settlers that for many years before the people of the valley became informed in re-

gard to the rich deposits, a Frenchman named Shultah of St. Louis, with a few sworn assistants, began smelting this material and taking it to St. Louis in small boats, where it was traded to European merchants without giving the slightest information as to where it was procured. To what extent this traffic was carried on is quite difficult to determine, but it is very safe to assume that one nice fortune was accumulated in this way. The labor at the smelting works was by no means healthful or inviting.

The metal was handled without the aid of machinery, and at any season of the year the heat attending this work was almost intolerable, and it was no unusual sight to see the most stalwart faint from the contact with the hot air and poisonous fumes thrown off by the molten metal. And not only at the furnace is this experienced, but the air, the water, the food, your bed, in fact everything is permeated and saturated with the subtle poison. And Joe, while he had a splendid physique, could not withstand all these assaults upon his vitality, and after a year of incessant toil, found increasing symptoms of that malady to which so many had yielded, namely, lead poison, and he determined to seek some other field of operation.

The first opportunity which offered itself was the management of a keelboat on the Upper Mississippi, between Dubuque and St. Paul. "St. Pauls, as it was called in

those days; was but a small town—less than a thousand people, but was growing rapidly. The territorial government had not yet been established, and the entire country was in a sense without government. Yet from what I have observed of our frontier, I conclude that no section more rapidly adjusted itself to the surroundings and donned the garb of civilization than did the territory of Minnesota, which received its name from the Indian appellation given to the St. Peters river and signified "turbid water."

The settlers who came to this section were home-seekers, not adventurers. They were from the crowded farms and villages of New England and the Middle States, and with other essentials, they brought with them industry and frugality. Thus armed for the conquest of the wilderness, without ostentation or boom they have hewed out for themselves and their nation, one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of States.

Captain, as Joe was now called, found his new vocation a very congenial one, and he made three trips as captain of a crew, and while his work was not considered hazardous, as the country was being rapidly settled, it was not entirely free from danger. Indians were continually skulking along the banks of the river, and although they were not in open hostility, they were not the most amiable creatures living; and as the boats glided up and down the

river it was no unusual thing to see a little puff of smoke rise from the thicket and see the shot glance from the water or rattle against the sides of the boat. The arms, however, in the hands of the Indians were of inferior make and short range, so but little damage resulted from these assaults. Yet those are the shadows that the bold spirit of adventure has dispelled from the pathway of luxury and pleasure.

The American Fur Company engaged a number of stalwart men to go up into the vicinity of the Great Lakes to vaccinate the Indians, as a preventive against small-pox, but the virus was really to inoculate them for that loathesome disease. The tribes in this region were so hostile that the traders could not traffic with them, and knowing the subduing effects which sickness has upon the Indian, thought that if they could succeed in making them thoroughly sick they might purchase their furs to good advantage.

Twenty three men including the two who have accompanied us so far in our narrative were sent. Birch canoes were used for the entire trip. The root of this word being "cane", a reed or hollow stem signifying hollowness. Those familiar with the bark of the birch-tree are aware of its adaptability to being stripped into large sheets from its trunk, and owing to its great toughness it becomes

valuable when utilized into pails, drinking vessels and canoes.

Should an opening occur in the boat it can be patched in much the same manner that the housewife pastes wall-paper over a torn or disfigured portion of the wall. The boat is inverted, and a sheet of birch bark glued over the opening, and as soon as dry it is considered safe for use again. At points where the boatmen stop to replenish their stock of meats, they may be seen with glue pots mending the apertures which have been made during the trip, a patch is placed on the inside and outside of the boat over the opening so that in case it becomes loosened on the outside they can then hasten to the shore for repairs, the inner piece usually remaining until they reach terra firma, much haste sometimes being required however to get to land before the boat fills with water.

As soon as the party reached the Indian country their lives were in jeopardy every moment, they were shot at from every side. Joe's seemed a sort of a charmed life as he did not receive a wound. But notwithstanding the dangers attending the trip they completed their journey, some, however, turned back, claiming they had been deceived as to the object of the enterprise.

Two of their men were taken with the small-pox and died upon their return voyage. The bodies of these un-

fortunate men were taken ashore and graves dug, using such care as their surroundings furnished, wrapping them in blankets and placing boughs of trees over them that the earth might not crush the body, and there they lay. Perhaps in an eastern home a mother watched and waited their return.

After a detention of a few days they started on their return trip, going via. Green Bay thence to Mackinaw, then up the St. Marys river to Lake Superior, keeping along the northern coast of Michigan, then going to St. Paul.

CHAPTER IV.

Travel on snow shoes—Dogs for transportation—Sledges.

Joe was now known as Captain Rocky, gaining the first title when taking the three trips on the Upper Mississippi. The latter being added after his exploits to the Rocky mountains.

He was now in the employ of the American Fur Company who sent parties west with trinkets and such articles as could be exchanged for furs. The passage being made in the winter, the men going on foot owing to the route not being accessible by horses. The load of each man being one hundred and fifty pounds, and carried in the following manner. The articles were packed in a buffalo skin, a strap was then fastened to the bundle and came up over the shoulders and passed around the forehead, the one carrying the load bending forward in order to make the weight as light as possible on the strap. The gun and blanket being placed in the space between the back and luggage. Then, to add to their discomfort they walked on snow-shoes, so that their feet were from fifteen to twenty inches apart.

These shoes are in quite general use in countries where

snow abounds and remains for a good portion of the year. It consists of a flat piece or frame, shaped like the head of a lance, from eight to fifteen inches broad in the widest part, of great length, sometimes as much as seven feet, but usually about four. It is either wholly of wood filled with wicker work, or thongs, and has cross straps on the upper part to attach it to the foot, the broad surface preventing it from sinking into the snow.

My dainty sir of the nineteenth century, who treads so cautiously on stone or brick pavements, fearing you may soil your immaculate patent leather, or mayhap you do not even exhaust yourself by the exertion of walking a few blocks, but call to your aid a cushioned barouche, or if not quite so fastidious, a street car, almost ignoring the fact that nature has supplied you with appendages which were unquestionably made to assist your locomotion, imagine yourself in the position of the travelers just described. But you say there is no necessity of that now. Yes, but there was necessity at that time of such privations as the early adventurers experienced, that you and I today might sit in the lap of luxury, hardly realizing that half a century back men froze, and starved, and met death at the hands of hostile Indians, that the west might bring forth its wealth of forest, mine and stream.

Oftentimes rations became short and at such times the

men ate very lightly, for when supplies are limited and there is no opportunity of replenishing them, then a half meal will suffice, and the brave men patiently and silently bore their discomfort. This mode of transportation being so hard for the men the company on the next trip secured dogs to convey the goods from the fort situated on the Yellowstone, near the British possessions. Sledges being used, to which from eight to sixteen dogs were attached

This mode of travel was a decided improvement on the former, but the poor animals would sometimes cry piteously, when the loads were heavy and the tracks unusually rough. At times one had to be sacrificed to appease the hunger of the men; but in the main they were kindly treated and well fed. In going down a precipitous place there was danger of the load running against the dogs, but to prevent this, a sapling was bent and fastened on the bottom of the sled in such a manner as to retard its progress, in this way preventing any accident.

The mode of camping, while it was not as they would have chosen, had they wished to be particular, at least was exceedingly novel. A hole was made in the snow into which the dogs were driven, and the men entered with their blankets, all occupying the same bed, not of "snowy linen," but of snow. By this means they were quite comfortable. A resting place of this sort is said to be warm

and prevents travelers from freezing. A storm often arose, making it necessary to remain in close quarters, sometimes several days elapsing before they could safely proceed on their journey.

The third trip taken to California under the command of Captain Rocky was made by horses and will be related by himself: "Early in the fall of the year, forty-seven of us were sent across the mountains to procure shells, which were to be traded to Indians, who used them for ornaments. We had received our loads, which were securely packed on our horses, and were on our return trip. The Indians made several attempts to capture us, and did succeed in stampeding our horses, the result being the loss of every thing for which we had traveled so far, and we were compelled to start out on foot. Having a trusty guide we apprehended no particular danger, but before we had gone far on our way we were horrified to find that the prairie was on fire, and to one who has never seen such a sight neither tongue nor pen can convey to him the awfulness and grandeur of the scene.

All we could do was to beat a hasty retreat, which we did with all possible speed, but in our haste we lost the points of compass, and when we were out of danger from the fire we were completely mystified. Here we were on a prairie stretching miles away, surrounded by nothing

but smoke, and not a land-mark in sight—our guide lost, as well as ourselves. For days we wandered about on the vast plain, the air filled with ashes, dust and pieces of burned grass, and the ground hot and scorching. Without food or water our position was anything but enviable —nothing but a desolate waste on every side. The sixth day about noon we were completely exhausted, and felt sure if we did not get aid that we must perish. In utter despair we lay down to die, as it seemed there was nothing else left for us to do.

To those who read these lines I trust that you may never undergo the agony of starvation, for it is the most terrible of sufferings, when at the same time you are deprived of even a drop of water, that which Nature has provided with such lavish hand.

As we lay there not knowing how long we could live in our present condition, with no prospect of its being better, our guide proposed as a last resort that we draw cuts to see who should die to save the company. This proposition at first shocked us, but physical weakness gained the mastery over the higher nature, and we at last consented. This may seem almost incredulous that a party of men would consent to have a comrade's life sacrificed that they might live, but life is very dear, and as it has been said a dying man catches at a straw, so it seemed in

this case. The cuts were arranged, the man getting the short one was to furnish the food for the balance. Under ordinary circumstances this might have been a mere pastime attended by some hilarity. But this drawing was of much moment to all. No merriment now, but on the other hand, with blanched faces and wildly throbbing hearts, each one drew the straw which would decide his fate, perhaps he might be the unfortunate one.

Should I be spared many more years I can never forget the expression of anxiety upon the faces of those men, the awfulness of the occasion being plainly photographed on each countenance.

Not knowing what might be my fate, my thoughts went back hurriedly to my little sister whom I had loved so well and my heart smote me that I had ever left her. At last our guide announced, amidst a deathlike silence, the name of the unfortunate man. The blow fell upon me like a thunder bolt, Nels my old time friend, who had shared my confidence, had suffered with me, rejoiced with me, and who had been to me more than a brother, was the doomed man. We stood for a moment silently looking at each other, the tears trickling from our faces, but no words seemed adequate to express our thoughts. There are times when silence between friends is more significant than beautifully spoken words. I mentally wondered if it

would be possible to stand by and see my friend and shot not raise a hand in his defense. Would he remain quietly by and see me shot down?

These were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind, but I was helpless; nothing that I could do was of any avail. Manfully he bore himself, the only perceptible change being and added pallor, and the lines about the mouth more firmly drawn. Coming to me and resting his hand upon my arm and without a quaver in his voice gave me a message to send his father and mother and a few tokens which he had about his person. He then told us he was ready to die. I cannot express my feelings at this moment. I thought of my mother and her early teachings and offered an unworded prayer to Him whom, though we neglect until dangers and trials come, listens and often mercifully answers our petitions—that in some way Nels might be saved.

There was something strikingly imposing in the man's appearance at all times, being very large and finely formed and erect as an Indian, with large black eyes having that searching far away look which we sometimes see in persons of his temperament. But now he seemed simply grand, standing erect and calm as if death were not staring him in the face. Why was not he as much of a hero as many whom poets have sung and historians recorded for

circumstances had placed him in the balance and "not found him wanting" in the par excellence of the true hero.

Forty-six men, each with a gun, were to form in line, Nels to advance, and when he had made twenty steps he was to turn around and every one was to fire. He did not flinch, but came forward cooly and deliberately to take the steps that were to be his last on earth. Every man's heart stood still as the paces were counted—one, two, three, and so on, and as he distinctly uttered twenty, turned around, exclaiming as he did so, "Comrades, shoot me here!" at the same time placing his right hand upon his left breast over his heart.

CHAPTER V.

Saved—Return to Yellowstone Fort—Carrying Messages to Fort Blackfoot—Surprised—"Under Guard"—On Foot in a Wilderness.

Every thing turned dark before me and I failed to shoot. I do not known what passed through my mind in that short space of time, which seemed to me an age. All I realized was, that I closed my eyes and listened for the report of my companion's guns. After a moment's silence a voice sounded in our ears, "*Why don't you shoot?*" and I looked along the line of men to see what they were doing. Every man stood like a statue.

Forty-six men who had faced numberless dangers and could face a whole tribe of wild Indians without flinching, could not raise a hand when called upon to take the life of a friend and associate. After a silence of a few moments each man grasped the hand of Nels, either audibly or silently thanking God that he still lived.

After some consultation it was agreed to give him grace until sundown, and each man's silent prayer was that something might occur by which he could be saved. But the

hours passed and the sun shone as brightly as on a more joyous occasion and almost seemed to mock us in our distress.

His fate now appeared to be inevitable, as the sun was fast sinking out of sight. We were gazing despairingly into the faces of our companions, mutely wondering what to do, when as if by magic an Indian appeared before us. Each man grasped his gun with what little strength remained and the poor fellow would soon have been killed, but he threw up his hands signifying that he would surrender.

He made us understand that he was friendly, proving to be one of the Crows, who are warlike only to other tribes but friendly towards the whites. He also signified his wish to take us to camp, and as anything to relieve us from our present condition seemed preferable we summoned our remaining strength as a last effort, although we did not know what new dangers awaited us, as we might be scalped when we arrived in camp. We followed him, and somewhat to our surprise, and greatly to our joy, we were treated with much consideration.

Our eyes were blood-shot, our tongues swollen and parched so that we could scarcely articulate. They gave us a little water, and in a short time some rabbit broth was prepared for us, seeming to understand as well as a "professional nurse" that solids would have injured aud per-

haps been the means of killing us in our present weakened condition. After this, a little meat was given us, a guard being placed near, that we might not overeat. We remained with them for two weeks, and at the end of that time we were well recruited.

The Indians accepted such trinkets as we had with us as a partial return for the kindness which we had received. After a few days spent in preparing food we started on our journey and arrived at the Yellowstone Fort, well worn out, for we had been on the road forty days and the entire distance had been taken on foot.

For nearly a year I had comparatively an easy time, remaining about the fort, but still in the employ of the fur company, always holding myself in readiness for any change which my employers might see fit to make. Life here did not become monotonous, as one might suppose, and the hardships through which I had passed had not intimidated me, although they would not have been my choice, I did not shrink from them. I acted in the capacity of watchman for some time, it being my duty to have general supervision of the fort, seeing that everything was right, to keep a sharp lookout that no enemy either in the person of a white man or Indian committed any depredations, as it was not uncommon for some of the employees to become angry and in a spirit of revenge do some mis-

chief. Often lurking Indians made us considerable trouble and a constant guard must be stationed and they were not always reliable, and any delinquencies on their part it was my duty to report.

One afternoon in early autumn I was leisurely smoking my pipe and feeling quite well pleased with my surroundings, when the commander of the fort came to me and exchanged a few pleasant remarks, then asked me if I would like to take a trip. I replied that his will was my pleasure. He wished me to go to Fort Blackfoot, on the Upper Missouri, to inform the commander that the U. S. Inspector was coming on his semi-annual round to see if any alcohol could be found about the forts.

As the traders found it much easier to effect good bargains with the Indians when supplied with liquors it was not a very uncommon thing to smuggle it in quite a quantity. I selected two ponies, one to ride, the other to serve as a pack-horse for my blankets and provisions, promising to be ready early the next morning. The prospect of the trip was not especially inviting as I was to go alone, and through an Indian country, and they were by no means friendly.

By sunrise I was ready to start on my journey, after receiving my express, which was placed in a rubber belt underneath my clothing.

I had traveled for several days, having about concluded that my fears of hostile savages were groundless, as I had not been molested and felt a certain sense of relief when I thought I had passed the dangerous points. As a precaution I stopped early each night to prepare my supper in order to have my fire extinguished before dark, as it could be seen at a great distance and might lead to my discovery. On the afternoon of the eighth day I camped early as usual, and after cooking my supper put out my fire and was resting, as I thought quite secure, when an alarm which all frontiersmen understand, made me spring to my feet in an instant. To one not accustomed to these indications it would not have been particularly significant—nothing but the low whinney of one of the horses, which meant the close proximity of other horses. Whether the rider was friend or foe I could not tell, and consequently knew that I must not remain to see who might approach, as then it might be too late to retreat. I did not have time to take my horses, but hurriedly grasped my gun and blanket and began to look about for a hiding place. Fortunately I found a large cottonwood tree which had blown down, breaking off about fifteen feet above the ground, the trunk still resting on the stump. I walked up the body of the tree and to my delight I found it hollow. Slipping down into the opening, I remained quiet to see

what the developments would be. I had but just got safely out of sight when a party of Indians rode up to the spot where the fire had been, and dismounting began to plunder my pack. I knew it would be worse than useless to attempt to save its contents, and all I could do was to watch them through an opening in the tree. Although so near them I felt comparatively safe, as I could watch every movement made by them and had the advantage of not being seen, as some of the boughs still retaining their leaves and drooping in such a manner as to partly cover the opening hid me from their quick eyes, and I would sometimes emerge almost to the edge of the broken part in order to get a better view of their plan of operations. They undoubtedly thought I was out in quest of game for my supper, and commenced to station themselves around in sight of the camp awaiting my return.

At last it became dark and the Indians came into camp and seemed to be holding a consultation. Two of them built a fire against the very tree in which I was secreted; the others went away I suppose to watch for my return. They seemed bent on giving me plenty of time to make my appearance. My quarters were very uncomfortable, as I had to remain in a cramped position, fastening my gun securely and being obliged to get a position nearly crosswise of the tree, not daring to slide down lengthwise for fear

of not being able to get out again; but feeling that I had the choice of my present position or the more perilous one of exposing myself to the foe, and accepted the former with the best grace I could summon.

It seemed their tireless persistence would never end, as they remained until the third day seeming to think that I would become worn out and be forced to appear upon the scene. The fire had by this time burned through to the hollow part of the tree close to the ground, and the stump served as a flue, giving me the benefit of the smoke and heat. At times it was almost suffocating; again and again I came to the opening for air, but was in danger of being seen, as the smoke had become so bad that I was obliged to put my head well out to get any relief. The fire and smoke grew worse and worse, and in very desperation I had about concluded that I should be obliged to come out even against such fearful odds.

While I was halting between two opinions, they came into camp with their horses and both of mine and commenced packing, up preparatory to starting on their journey. My joy on seeing this was so great that the smoke and heat ceased to trouble me. They were gone in a short time and as soon as the sound of their horse's hoofs died away in the distance I emerged from my hiding place, scarcely able to stand and weak from lack of food and

water. My limbs were so stiffened that walking was difficult, but by continued chafing I finally succeeded in creeping slowly away; my anxiety now being to get as far from the camp as possible, and that at once, for fear of some straggling Indian coming along, as I felt poorly prepared to encounter one in my present reduced condition. I went to a small stream and quenched my thirst, not drinking as much water as I wanted, but feeling much refreshed.

Although I had saved my gun I could not use it to kill any game for fear of the report being heard and almost sure capture. I found that I was growing weaker and must have some food, as soon as I was far enough away to be out of hearing I would shoot some game.

I was now four hundred miles from my destination and as I had been detained I must make all possible speed, and that on foot, in order to reach there before the inspector and save the company serious trouble. I followed the Missouri river up to a place known as the pass, where there are two bluffs, one on either side of the stream, reaching to a great heighth and so close to the river it is almost impossible to pass. Here I discovered a herd of antelope and determined to kill one. I had with me a piece of red flannel that the hunter uses to attract the animal within gunshot. The following method has been found

to be successful: One corner of the cloth is fastened between the ramrod and the barrel of the gun, the hunter waving it and remaining out of sight, keeping the animal to the windward. As soon as the antelope see it they increase their speed until within a stone's throw, and they can easily be shot. I brought one down, and cutting out the liver I ate a portion of it raw, then took as much of the meat as I could carry.

I found that I needed rest as well as food, and reaching a secluded spot alternately slept and ate. The meat was not very palatable, being uncooked and without either salt or pepper, but I was gaining strength and was soon able to resume my journey.

Being familiar with the country I took the shortest route, following the mountains, and having no farther trouble until I reached the river just across from the fort. I tried to attract the attention of some one by hallooing but did not succeed, as no one seemed to be in sight or hearing, and while standing on the shore looking across, hoping some one would hear me, I finally fired my gun, and shortly after I saw a peculiar reflection on the water which I could not understand, coming and going at short intervals. I looked up the mountain and found that some Indians were holding a small looking-glass in such a position as to throw the rays of the sun on the water. They

had also discovered me and were coming toward me. I could not wait for help from the fort, and ridding myself of clothing, and with my gun strapped to my back I plunged into the river and began to swim for a sandbar in the middle of the stream. By the time I had reached it they were on the bank of the river and commenced firing at me, but their guns were poor and could not reach my position. They then attempted to shoot me with arrows, and by elevating them pretty well they made it exceedingly uncomfortable for me. I feared to attempt to swim across to the fort, the distance being so great that I was confident I could not reach it with so heavy a gun, it being of the Hawkins make and weighing thirty-five pounds. I was forced to dive, in order to escape the arrows, but I was seen from the fort and a skiff sent to my rescue, and I was soon under the protection of the soldiers.

I felt that my experience on this trip had been hard, but had I known what my future would be I might have laugh ed at this.

CHAPTER VI.

Down the Missouri in a Canoe—Indians Along the River —Escape Under Cover of Darkness.

The information came none to soon in regard to the visit of the inspector, but in time to have the alcohol buried or otherwise secreted about the fort. I was well satisfied to rest after my somewhat perilous experience, remaining two weeks, during which time I made a bark canoe, as I wished to make my return trip by river. It was very light, so that I could carry it on my shoulder when I stopped to rest for the night and convey it to the woods and hide it until needed the next morning.

Not being in any haste to return I leisurely floated with the current, finding it very much easier than walking. When seated in my little bark, about two inches of it remained above the water.

After three days travel I reached the pass spoken of before, and as it was getting late I decided to stop for the night. An island lying midway between the bluffs seeming to offer me a secure refuge from harm, drawing my canoe to the shore, I secreted it beneath a clump of willows, and after supper I was congratulating myself on so safe a retreat.

About sundown I looked from my leafy covert through my glass, and my blood fairly curdled as I saw a band of Indians coming directly to the bluff above me, and evibently they were going to camp. I was not in the least pleased with my new neighbors, and thought I would not de the first to make advances—certainly I should not cultivate their acquaintance unless forced to do so. I hoped in the cover of the darkness to be able to escape from my hiding place, waiting until the setting of the sun and trusting that clouds would envelop the moon to better enable me to carry out my plans.

But Luna arose without a cloud to obscure her loveliness, it being almost as light as day. I saw no hope of escape, and waited, not being able to sleep, as vigilance was my watchword. Never was there a more anxious watcher than I, as I sat trying to imagine that the moon was shining less brilliantly, but it was simply a stretch of imagination, for river, bluff and sky was one flood of silvery light.

Having leisure for meditation I thought of the past and how I had deviated from the precepts which my parents had taught me, and resolved if I ever got back to the fort and to civilization I would trust my mother's God and pray daily to him that my life might become worthy of emulation. These resolves, made under softening and trying

circumstances, time will show how well I remembered.

Rousing myself, I came back to a realizing sense of my surroundings and saw a shadow of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, which gradually grew into one so dense that the bluffs and trees above were lost to my vision.

Creeping to the water's edge I noiselessly dragged my canoe into the stream and in a moment was lying flat in the bottom of it paddling with my hands. The current be ing quite swift I drifted out of hearing, and as soon as practicable I sat erect propelling my canoe industriously, as I wished to get as far down the river as possible before daylight.

By the time the sun was well up I had put miles between my point of embarkation and myself.

One accustomed to river travel can proceed with tolerable security, but he must never allow himself to be thrown off his guard. Should he do so the penalty may be capture, and that is more to be dreaded than all else, for should the captor escape with his life the tortures which he endures are almost equal to death.

An old frontiersman becomes a shrewd observer, and can tell almost to a certainty when danger from the savage is impending. The peculiar conduct of the horses and the skulking of the game is indicative of the near approach of the redman.

I have at different times been well convinced that the enemy was coming when perhaps I had not seen an Indian for a month, basing my conclusions on some of these signs.

I proceeded very cautiously down the Missouri, only killing game when hunger demanded it for food. I finally arrived at the mouth of the Yellowstone river and rowed up to the fort, which I reached after an absence of seventy days. Into this time so much had been crowded that I felt I had lived double that period, and was in no manner loth to be once more where I could lie down at night and sleep without fear of being surprised by the treacherous redskins.

CHAPTER VII.

Early History of Fur Traders—Issuing Licenses—Fortifications on the Rivers—Establishment of American Fur Company—Annual Meetings at Ft. William.

An extract from one of Washington Irving's beautifully written works, and which treats directly upon the subject under consideration, will greatly add to the interest of this volume.

In his visits to Canada he became intimately acquainted with some of the interested parties in the Northwest Fur Company, and was frequently invited to dine with them at their palatial and hospitable homes in Montreal, of which he says:

"At their friendly boards I occasionally met with partners and clerks and hardly fur traders from the interior posts—men who had passed years remote from civilized society among distant and savage tribes, and who had wonders to account of their wide and wild peregrinations, their hunting exploits, and their perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes among the Indians.

I was at an age when imagination lends its cororing to everything, and the stories of these Sinbads of the wilderness made the life of a trapper and fur trader perfect

romance to me. I even meditated at one time a visit to the remote posts of the company in the boats which annually ascend the lakes and rivers, being thereto invited by one of the partners; and I have ever since regretted that I was prevented by circumstances from carrying my intention into effect. From those early impressions the g and enterprises of the great fur companies, and the hazardous errantry of these associates in the wild parts of our vast continent, have always been themes of charmed interest to me; and I have felt anxious to get at the details of their adventurous expeditions among the savage tribes that peopled the depths of the wilderness."

The fur trade among the French traders commenced at an early time, and as they found the peltries to be valuable and the Indians knowing but little of their real worth, traded them to the Frenchmen for trifling and often useless ornaments, and other articles of little cost and of no practical use. Those who purchased furs from the Indians at an early date realized large profits, sometimes being as great as two hundred per cent.

As the fur-bearing animals became scarce the Indians went out into the more remote parts of the country where they were found more plentiful, and often after several months' absence would come up the St. Lawrence with their canoes well laden with rich furs, land at Montreal and

unload their burdens; with true Indian relish kindle their fires and invite certain dignitaries to be present, smoke their pipes, interchange gifts, make speeches, and with due form proceed to trade their furs, taking in exchange bright-hued cloths, cooking utensils, firearms and ornaments, with which to decorate themselves.

After a time the trade drifted into the hands of a roving set of men who had previously accompanied the Indians on their hunts along the lakes and rivers. These men often going among the tribes on the margin of the streams which they traversed, and entering into friendly relations with them, not unfrequently choosing a wife from the tribe; the influence which these men exerted upon the Indians was far from good, and many debasing practices were introduced among them, greatly interfering with the good results which might have come from the efforts of the missionaries then laboring among them; and later trading posts were established in these Indian villages in close proximity to the chapel of these Catholic teachers, the churches being reared with a view to counteract the evil influences of the fur traders. Finally the French government prohibited all adventurers from trading in the interior, unless so empowered by licenses from the government, the penalty for its violation being death. For a time this protected the simple red man from the en-

croachments of the intruders, as to none but those of good moral character were permits issued, but gradually this law was abused, and low and unprincipled men were employed by those who either could not, or would not go out upon these expeditions, gave licenses to their employes, and it became necessary to establish posts protected by fortifications at the mouth of the rivers which conveyed the voyagers to the fur regions in order that the trade might not receive permanent injury.

The French merchant at that time was a sort of Prince. His employes being upon easy terms with him, he lived a free unrestrained life of self indulgence, surrounded by his bevy of Indian wives and half breed children.

In 1762 the French reign ceased in Canada, and the British took possession of the trade; but the radical change from the lax free manner of the French to that of the rigid, stern British had a tendency to decrease the trade, and for four years this condition of matters remained when individuals began to fit out expeditions for themselves; as a consequent result jealous rivalries arose, and hot and loud altercations ensued, augmented by the bloody encounters among the Indians, caused by the use of intoxicating liquors given or traded to them by the whites.

Seeing that a new order of things must be established

by which to derive any practical good from the traffic, several merchants of Montreal formed a partnership known as the Northwest Company. After the organization of this association, any one wishing to become a partner must serve an apprenticeship of seven years, during that time, first acting as clerk, then gradually passing up until the expiration of the time assigned, he was pronounced eligible to a partnership in the company, but often even then it might be several years before attaining the object of his ambition.

During these years of serving—which seemed to be a prevailing English custom —the young applicant remained at the outposts remote from society—excepting those of the trappers and agents—and lived a life as wild almost as that of the Indians, enduring great hardships of hunger and cold, oftentimes without proper food and almost entirely deprived of flour and salt, but the privations inured him to the life which the future would bring, and to which he aspired.

The principal partners had elegant homes in Montreal and Quebec, and formed a kind of aristocratic ring, living in a kingly and extravagant manner. Occasionally these rich men would visit New York City on a pleasure trip, also to gratify their curiosity and lavishly expend money in the purchase of expensive jewels—watches, &c., as well

as other articles of fancy. Appearing upon the streets, and in the shops in such pomp, and with such evident disregard of the expenditure of money, made them objects of curiosity to the obsequeous clerks who, like all the rest of mankind were made to feel the power of gold. But, to more fully understand this pompous display of wealth, again we will draw from the pen of the best descriptive writer America has known, his power of personation is so vivid that the following copy cannot fail to portray to the reader almost the actual sights which he here describes:

"To behold the Northwest Company in all its state and grandeur, however, it was necessary to witness an annual gathering at the great interior place of conference, established at Fort William, the scene of this important annual meeting was a considerable village on the banks of Lake Superior. Here, in an immense wooden building was the great council hall, as also the banqueting chamber, decorated with Indian arms and accoutrements and the trophies of the fur trade. The house swarmed at this time with traders and voyagers, some from Montreal, bound to the interior posts; some from the interior posts, bound to Montreal. The councils were held in great state, for every member felt as if sitting in parliament, and every retainer and dependent looked up to the assemblage with

awe, as to the House of Lords. There was a vast deal of solemn deliberation and hard Scotish reasoning, with an occasional swell of pompous declamation.

These grave and weighty councils were alternated by huge feasts and revels, like some of the old feasts described in Highland castles. The tables in the great banqueting room groaned under the weight of game of all kinds; of venison from the woods, and fish from the lakes, with hunters' delicacies, such as buffalo tongues and beaver tails, and various luxuries from Montreal, all served up by experienced cooks brought for the purpose. There was no stint of generous wine, for it was a hard drinking period, a time of loyal toasts, and bacchanalian songs and brimming bumpers.

While the chiefs thus revelled in hall, and made the rafters resound with bursts of loyalty and old Scottish songs, chanted, in voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blast, their merriment was echoed and prolonged by a mongrel legion of retainers, Canadian voyageurs, half-breeds, Indian hunters and vagabond hangers-on, who feasted sumptuously without on the crumbs that fell from their table, and made the welkin ring with old French ditties, mingled with Indian yelps and yelling."

John Jacob Astor, born near Heidelberg on the Rhine, became a man of comparative wealth before the establish-

ment of the American Fur Company, having commenced in a modest way by dealing in furs, increased his trade by degrees and found himself at length a wealthy man. This company dates its organization as far back as 1811. Mr. Astor not only wished to enrich himself, but was ambitious to people the country west of the Rocky mountains with an intelligent and energetic class of men, and connect the commerce of the Atlantic with that of the Pacific. His high standing as a man of integrity and his prominence as a commercial man had placed him high in the estimation of the people, and he asked that the Government sanction and protect a company, by which means they might further the interests of the trade across the continent and make the transfer of peltries more easy of conveyance to the Chinese Empire. He accordingly laid his plans before Thomas Jefferson, then the Chief Executive of the United States. His proposition met with the hearty approval of the President and his cabinet. And subsequently this man of pluck and energy established his trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river, so called as the first vessel entering its waters bore that name. Here the town of Astoria now stands as a monument of the unfailing push and industry of one of the greatest men known in the commercial world.

This somewhat lengthy account of the Great Fur Trad-

ing Company is perhaps admissible, as Captain Rocky was in their employ for a series of years, enjoying its pleasures, suffering its hardships, and bearing upon his body the scars left from the ravages of scurvy which followed the use of improper food and lack of vegetables.

CHAPTER VIII.

Trapping on the Columbia River—Camp Life—The Evening Meal—Novel Canoes.

I remained at the fort but a short time as a party of thirty-two was organized to go up on the Milk river, a branch of the Upper Missouri, situated in the northern part of what is now known as Montana Territory. As the most of us were experienced trappers, as a matter of expediency we decided not to remain longer in the employ of the fur company, but to go out for ourselves, feeling confident that at the close of the trapping season our pecuniary condition would be bettered. Before many days had elapsed we were well equipped for our work and buoyant with hope.

After reaching the place chosen we arranged for our camp, making ourselves as comfortable as possible. We were very successful, and had procured a large quantity of rich furs, and by spring felt well repaid for our winter's toil. Our first attempt had proven such a success that we were arranging the subsequent autumn, to go up to the head waters of the Columbia to spend the winter in trapping.

We now numbered over forty men, and by common consent I had been chosen leader. A more merry lot of men it would be difficult to find, with the prospect of rich remuneration for our efforts, and in all the glow of young manhood upon us, breathing the pure, cold and bracing air of a northern climate, and our hearts attuned to the inaudible music all about us, we were altogether a happy, reckless crowd.

Nowhere in the milder latitudes do the inhabitants enjoy half so much of exuberant pleasure as in the cold climates where the rich, warm blood permeates the entire physical make-up and whitens the complexion, puts roses in the cheeks, carmine on the lip and brilliancy in the eye.

Almost the entire company consisted of native Canadians, with a few exceptions, as prominent among them was a typical Vermonter whose long, lank person loomed awkwardly up with an air of disjointedness and a certain shambling gait accompanying it, giving to its possessor an exceedingly uncouth appearance, yet withal, a shrewd expression which seemed to sit upon the face as a sort of an apology for the rest of his shortcomings. Evidently our friend from the Green Mountains is a favorite among his comrades, as his trite sayings are greeted with laughter and his sound judgment deferred to in matters of grave moment, when some of the jesting, fun-loving fellows can

be made to listen long enough to hear his conclusive but droll arguments which never fail to convince and at the same time are invested with added interest, as he has that pleasant faculty of presenting an amusing and funny side to nearly every subject under consideration, and the company unanimously declare if Jonathan Sims did nothing in the way of adding pecuniary value to the organization, his genial manner would insure him a welcome among them.

In strong contrast to the last named character is the little "Frenchman" Batiste Lozure, small of stature, effeminate in appearance, not bringing the scales up to a hundred pounds; of an impulsive, highly excitable nature. His rage at some trivial occurrence would have seemed simply terrible in a man had his stature been like "old Goliah tall;" but from him, of such apparent insignificance, it afforded amusement for the entire camp. The volubility with which he poured forth invectives, emphasized with words which we will withhold, as they are not for ears polite, was simply startling; yet one cannot help admiring the French Canadian, whose relations to the camp, can, if not so elegantly, at least not inappropriately be compared with those which the bantam holds to the balance of the feathered bipeds in the barnyard, all self-importance, and yet giving a sort of breezy stir and excitement to everything within range of his circuit. This man firmly believ-

ed in my ability and was one of my most faithful and tried followers. In this way we might go on describing first one and then another of the company and picture a miniature world in the hunter's camp, inhabited by men very much the same as those in the world at home, circumstances there as well as here making in most of cases the character of the man.

Arriving at the designated point for trapping the men under my direction first sought out a suitable location for the tents, protected by undergrowth and heavier, larger trees, choosing a point easily accessible to a stream of water as a matter of convenience for camp purposes, also to the more successful trapping of the beaver. At length a spot was found which met these requirements. Then began the bustle and consequent stir and confusion of relieving the ponies of their burdens, which were not self-imposed, and they patiently waited with heads drooping, limbs relaxed and eyes closed, seeming to understand that they were soon to have the freedom of the woods, and lest some "faithless Thomas" may right here inquire how did you maintain your horses where feed could not be procured? to dispel all doubts will say the long grass standing above the snow served to supply them with some of their food, but not adequate to their entire demands; the young cottonwood first felled and piled sufficiently near

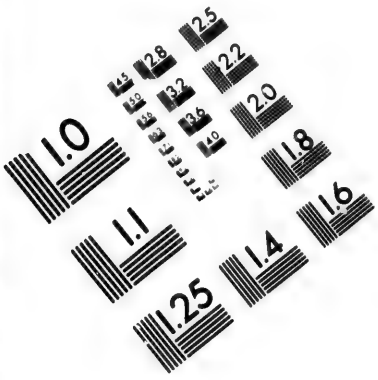
the fire to partially thaw the bark served as an article of diet, which they ate with apparent relish, and an occasional dessert from the tail of the beaver, which when dried they will eat.

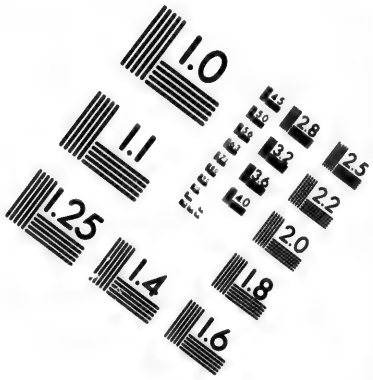
The buffalo robes as tent covers and sundry articles necessary to the comfort of the men, are unloaded from the animal's back, these going to make up our simple life as adventurers.

Paramount over all the rest was the care exercised for the powder, as upon its preservation from the rain and moisture depended even the life of the entire company; and unless due care was exercised it was liable to be exposed unless properly cared for, and as hundreds of miles intervened between us and the nearest fort it behooved us to exercise much caution to preserve it. Oftentimes quite large quantities would be taken upon starting out upon a season's hunt, as not unfrequently an attack from the Indians necessitated free use of the powder, and it was no uncommon occurrence to start with a supply of from seventy to eighty pounds. The powder is packed for conveyance after this manner: A piece of strong tent cloth is first firmly sewed into a sack and filled with the powder; this inserted into a second, made from the tanned hide of the buffalo, which is also made in the same way as the first, again protected by being placed in a third sack made from

the skin covering the neck of the buffalo with the hair outside, serving as a good waterproof from the rain, and as we had just experienced a severe storm through which we had traveled, but which had now cleared away, leaving the air delightfully pure and clear, the first duty of Batiste, after unpacking the powder, was to examine the contents of the sacks, which he did with dextrous, cat-like rapidity, keeping up all the time a brisk run of talk, half French, half English, accompanied with numerous ejaculations which will not be repeated and which the conventionalities of society would not recognize as the most thoroughly refined, and savoring very strongly of the profane. After sundry pulls and jerks the powder was pronounced in perfect condition.

Now began the digging of the trenches for the setting of the tents, the covering consisting of the almost indispensible buffalo skin, which, turned and well stretched makes a most comfortable protection from cold and rain. The various tents now having been pitched other arrangements were soon made and the camp presented a lively appearance, with its horses nibbling hungrily at the tender boughs of the shrubs, the late riders busying themselves in cleaning their guns, which if they become foul are useless. Each man's saddle is kept in its designated place, that at a moments warning he can throw it upon the back





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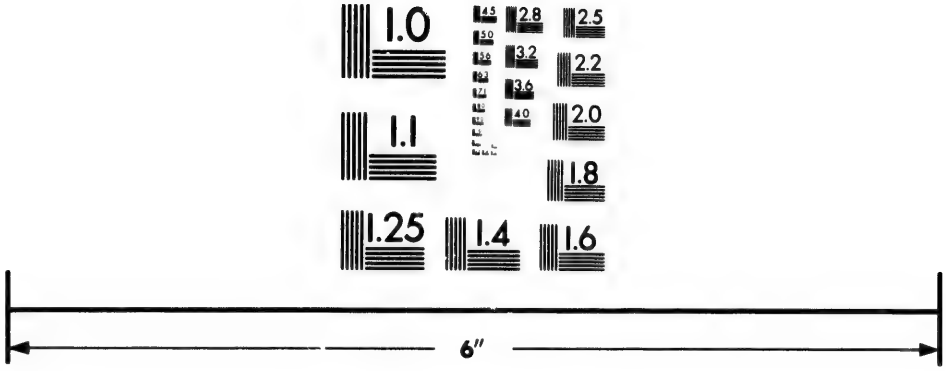

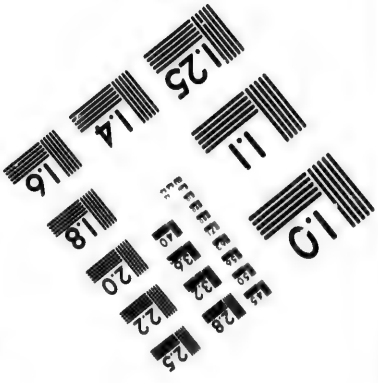

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of his pony; his trusty firearms at his side when he sleeps in order that he may grasp his gun upon an alarm being given, which consists of a sharp whistle from the outside guard, answered by the inside in a similar manner. When any new danger threatens, an extra guard is stationed farther out.

Again the buffalo skin is called into requisition, this time as a mattress filled with the downy substance, which when stripped from the catkin makes a bed equalling that of feathers. If the reader will step with me we will enter a tent where the evening meal is being prepared. A fire has just been built upon the ground, in the center; first kindled with grass, which is ignited by the medium of a flint, and wood being abundant a cheerful blaze is soon followed by a warm glow throughout the entire department, the smoke emerging from the fire at the top of the lodge. An upright stick is driven into the ground close to one side of the fire of sufficient strength to fasten a rod in a horizontal position, projecting far enough to hang upon the end a kettle filled with meat, from which delicious and suggestive odors of "something the palate to please" issues, and roasting near the fire upon a forked stick is a haunch of venison, which at intervals is turned by the cook as it assumes a tempting brown, and when thoroughly done would suit the taste of

the most fastidious epicure, for all its rich juice is retained. Cooking upon another improvised crane is a kettle of Sioux root, similar in growth to that of a beet, the bulb growing long and tapering to a point, white in color and something of the nature of the Irish potato. A quantity having been dug and the roots sliced into pieces lengthwise and hung up to dry for winter use; and now the bill of fare is before us, no time being necessary to decide upon what you will order, for at a glance you will observe that a choice is not the fashion among the trappers, but as an alternative they accept with thankfulness what can be obtained; flour and meal being out of the question, owing to the fact of its bulkiness and the great distance from which it must be carried.

Seated around a rude table the men partake—with a relish unknown to the pampered appetites of the highbred city brother—of the meats and only vegetable obtainable, quaffing Adam's ale, which serves as a delightful beverage. Strange to say among all the members, most of whom have been brought up in the Catholic faith, there is but one at the table who observes the rites of the church. The lack of restraint which this life engenders has become manifest in the lives and deportment of the men. Nels, before mentioned, faithfully adhered to his early training, and when rallied upon the subject replied that the promise

given his mother to religiously remember his duty to his church and to God he fully intended to keep, and at the mention of that name the faces of many of the men would soften, a tear glisten in the eye, but only for a moment, and apparently the softening influences would be gone only to be replaced by a more reckless and abandoned manner.

Should it become necessary to replenish the ammunition, fifteen or twenty men are detailed to go to the fort and procure it. Each man provided himself with a canoe made from the hide of the buffalo, a hoop or split sappling being fastened around the top, making it circular, slightly drawn in where the hoop is inserted. This is then packed with furs, which are to be taken to the fort to exchange for powder. Each canoe similarly loaded, one man being the only occupant, twenty of these singular looking canoes present a truly novel appearance, the boatman paddling from the front, as oars used in the ordinary way will produce a spinning motion of the canoe. After arriving at the fort, should it be found that the price of the furs are in excess of the powder, the trappers are credited upon the books for the balance which remains until such time as the money can be used to good advantage.

When stopping for the night the canoes are hung in the trees in order that the muskrat may not gnaw them, which

they are almost sure to do if left in the water. Should a rain occur the canoe is converted into a temporary shelter for the furs.

This particular region was chosen as it was in a locality which had been much avoided by hunters on account of the British Indians, who were exceedingly hostile and cruel, the result was the beaver and otter had increased in large quantities, and while it was unsafe, game was abundant, and the temptation was so great that we made the attempt.

We had our horses guarded, and from the way in which they gathered in squads I felt quite confident Indians were lurking about, and told my men my fears and was about to put more guards around them, but they complained to such an extent that I would no longer consent to remain as Captain and resigned.

The enemy were not slow to see their advantage and as soon as the discipline was relaxed they made good use of it. I warned the camp that if extreme care was not exercised that we would be surp. 'sed and captured.

For the benefit of the boys who may read this, I will describe the way in which the traps are set, they are placed in the water and baited with peppermint, the beaver being very fond of the herb, finds it through his olfactories, and reaches for it with his fore feet and just as he thinks this

tempting morsel is his the trap shuts its ugly jaws and the poor fellow is fast. He is classed among the rodents. His cutting teeth are remarkably strong, the front being of a bright orange color and hard, the back of the tooth of a softer substance and easily worn down, presenting at its edge the shape of the chisel, and has the peculiar power of growth, something like the finger nail; a very wise provision as by constant use it wears away.

The precaution is taken to set the trap in water so that he will drown himself, for if set on land he cuts off his foot with these sharp teeth and escapes.

The hind feet are webbed like those of the goose which serve the purpose of paddles when swimming, making use of these alone, the front feet hanging useless and close together.

CHAPTER IX.

Capture—Arrival at Indian Camp—Poma—Execution of Captives—To be burned—Saved for further council.

Five of our number went out one morning to examine the traps which had been set the night previous, and found that we had secured both beaver and otter. Finding an unusually large beaver in one of the traps which had been set under a projecting bank, I jumped from my horse, the rest following me; as we were congratulating ourselves on our success the air was rent with the unearthly yells of Indians. I made one desperate stroke at the nearest one with the hatchet which I had brought to kill the beaver, but it slipped from my hand and fell useless into the water.

A percipitous rush was next made for our horses, but to our dismay we found them already in the hands of the enemy. For a short time I did not fully comprehend our situation until we were taken into the presence of hundreds of warriors. I then began to realize that instant death would have been preferable to captivity and the slow torture that is sure to follow, for the delight of the Indian knows no bounds when his victim is subjected to

prolonged suffering. In the few moments which passed as I stood amid these surroundings I thought what will be our fate, will we be roasted, scalped, or brutally hacked with knives or beaten with clubs until death comes to our relief? But little time was given us to conjecture our future, but the present was bad enough; horses were brought to us and we were placed in the saddle, our hands being tied, our bodies bent forward in order to reach the saddle horn. The thongs which held us were cut in long narrow strips from the hide of the buffalo when fresh and tied firmly about the wrist. Our feet were secured beneath the horse with the same kind of cords, making our positition exceedingly uncomfortable.

We started in a northerly direction, whither we did not know, but supposed our captors to be from one of the British tribes, which fact did not add to our complacency, should they prove to be of these, which we conjectured they were, we were indeed in the hands of merciless foes.

We traveled all day and at night were taken from our horses and tied to trees until morning; the change of position for a time being something of a relief, but the thongs with which we were bound had shrunken and became imbedded in the flesh, making it very painful. The next morning we were again secured to the horses in the same manner as at first. Finally, on the evening of the third

day, just before the setting of the sun we reached the camp as near dead as alive, and so worn and exhausted that death would have seemed welcome.

Those who had remained at the camp during the absence of the warriors, now gathered around to see what trophies they had brought as evidence of their bravery, as on such occasions the brave who can display the most scalps or who brings anything as proof of his superior skill can then claim a new name indicative of his advancement as a warrior, the title being considered and approved by the tribe. The same thirst for position and rank is manifested by the unlettered savage as by the Caucasian.

Among those who crowded around looking at us critically was a young Indian girl about sixteen years of age, who watched me curiously, coming close to me and retreating a few steps then returning again and finally going to the chief—who was her father—and saying something which I could not understand, but I noticed he made that peculiar gutteral noise signifying his approval; she then came to me and commenced untying my hands, then proceeded to unfasten my feet and signed to me to dismount which I did. She next led me into a lodge and gave me the simple garments of the Indian which I donned, my own clothing being carried away. I was then bound securely, the girl never leaving me for one moment. I could

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not understand why she should seem so attentive. My hair which had been allowed to grow until two feet in length, had been braided when I was captured and had now become loosened and hung in curls about my shoulders, my beard and mustache were very long, black and curly, the latter completely obscuring my mouth. I suppose I was altogether different from anything she had ever seen, although it would now be considered almost barbarous to allow the beard and hair to grow to such a length, I should not be living to tell my simple story had it not been that she so admired their unusual length and luxuriance that she had pleaded with her father for at least some degree of leniency toward me.

She still continued to come near me and finally ventured to lift my hair, coiling it about her swarthy fingers into long ringlets, seeming pleased as she would laugh as they slipped from her hand onto my shoulder. A new thought seemed to possess her, for she stood a moment looking me in the face, and suddenly lifted my mustache, peering curiously beneath, and laughed again as she discovered my mouth, she had evidently thought me as much of a living wonder as Barnum's futile brain has represented some of his curiosities to be.

On the afternoon of the third day after our arrival my unfortunate friends were taken away from the camp, and

were never seen again. Despair now seized upon me, my comrades were gone, I pictured to myself their tortures, and wished I had been one of the number, but here I was left among blood-thirsty savages awaiting my fate, praying that I might die. But experience has taught me that our plans are not the best, but "God's plans and purposes unfold like lilies pure and white."

My suspense came to an end on the fourth day. As I was taken out of the tent, I saw a horse standing at the the door, with two poles crossed, and fastened to the horn of the saddle. I was tied to the ends resting on the ground and dragged to the place of execution about four miles distant. It was a beautiful spot, adjacent to a clear little stream which washed the green knol' on which I was secured, and under different circumstances I should have enjoyed the sight.

"Poma" did not leave me from the time we started, walking by my side, and when I was loosened from my uncomfortable position and tied hand and foot, she remained with me stroking my hair with her hand, all the time accompanying it with a sort of pitiful moan.

The warriors commenced their war dance, and after they had concluded they began to prepare their stake, and I saw at once that I was to be burned, as the fire had already been kindled. Afterwards forming in a circle they

began their death council. I watched all this with sinking heart and only wished they would hasten my death as the mental suffering was even as great as I thought the agony of burning would be. There had been such a tension of my nerves for seven days and I had eaten so little that I was completely unfitted for the trying ordeal through which I was about to pass.

While this council was going on the little Indian girl left my side, and going directly in front of her father knelt down and pointed her finger at him and began to talk hurriedly for some time. The old chief stopped and listened with unmoved countenance, but finally his head dropped upon his bosom and he seemed in some way disturbed. His daughter now rising and looking upward appeared to be imploring the Great Spirit to intercede with the chief, as she alternately looked up and then pointed to her father. As I afterward learned, she said: "Father, the Great Spirit is angry. He will be avenged if you burn this pale face. You could look up and see Him if you were as pure as I am, and could see Him frown on you. He will send His curse on your braves. The storm-clouds will darken to-morrow's sun and the Thunder God will come and you will die."

The chief vouchsafed no reply, but turned and moved slowly away, followed by his warriors, leaving Poma and

myself alone. I have often wished that I could produce on canvass the novel picture which we must have presented, the wild, young girl in all her native grace standing irresolute and shy, while my face must have been utterly hopeless in its expression, if my thoughts were mirrored thereon. My feet had become so painful that I sank to the ground and groaned. She seemed to understand me, as she went to the stream, and filling her mouth with water softened the knots and loosened them with her teeth. I motioned that my hands hurt me, and she untied them in the same manner. I still remained bound hand and foot, but the thongs were loose enough to be more comfortable.

The strange conduct of the warriors surprised me, but I thought I was yet to be tortured by a slow and terrible death when it might suit their fancy.

CHAPTER X.

Suspense—Life in an Indian Lodge—Startling Proposal—Plans of Escape.

A few months after I ascertained why the words of Poma seemed to be so magical. On previous occasions, when the braves had been ready to start either to war or on a hunt, she had warned them when evil was to be the result, and encouraged them when the opposite, and her predictions having proven correct in every instance, their superstition had led them to believe that she was endowed with the gift of sorcery, and they were afraid to disregard her counsel, and had come to look upon her as a superior being.

I hardly knew whether to be rejoiced or otherwise at being released for the present, as that terrible feeling of suspense took hold of me again, and I felt that to know the worst was even better than this awful uncertainty. She allowed me to rest for some time, coming to me and lifting my head from the ground where I had sunk from exhaustion and took it tenderly in her lap. She arranged the cords with which my feet were tied, so that I was enabled to walk, but could not run. She started toward the

camp, motioning me to follow. After arriving I was taken to the lodge of Poma and again tied. I seemed to be given entirely into her keeping for the braves did not notice me farther than to grunt at me significantly, as much as to say, I would like to see you roasted.

The young girl prepared some broth which I would not drink, as I did not care to live, and I was already so weak that I thought it would not take long to starve, and that would be better than death at their hands, or worse, to remain a captive.

Her countenance expressed real distress when I refused to take the soup, trying again and again to get me to eat. She gave me to understand by closing her eyes and slowly dropping to the ground that I would die. At last a faint perception of her feelings began to dawn upon me. I thought there might be a possible shadow of a chance of life and escape through her. I took the bowl which she brought, eating its contents, and she indicated her pleasure by patting my hand.

Feeling somewhat refreshed and a little more hopeful, I began to take an inventory of the lodge and furniture—a small sheet-iron kettle and two or three little wooden bowls or trays, a spoon made from the horn of the mountain goat, sawed lengthwise, served the double purpose of ladle and soup plate, and held about a gill. These arti-

cles constituted the cooking utensils. The saw which is used to perform this work is made from an old steel blade, with teeth hacked into it, and sharpened on a flat stone. The stomach of a buffalo served as a vessel for carrying water. A leather string is drawn in at the top, thus preventing the liquid from spilling, and also serving the purpose of a handle by which it is carried. A curiously woven bed of willow occupied one side of the lodge, made much like the wicker chairs now in use. Two wooden sticks, eight feet in length, formed the frame over which the willows were brought, and by interlacing made the bottom of the bed. It had no legs; the ends of these rods projecting a foot at each end and resting in crotched sticks driven into the ground. The whole was constructed much like a wardrobe, without a top. A buffalo skin was fastened over it, serving as a protection from dust and insects. A door opened to admit the sleeper and was fastened by a little willow latch. The bedding consisted of dried grass; over this a buffalo robe; a blanket serving as a covering. The lodge was cone shaped, and an aperture at the top served as a chimney for the egress of the smoke, as the fire is built in the center of the wigwam on the floor, which is pounded while damp, making it smooth and hard almost as stone.

My condition was by this time somewhat bettered and

I began to hope that they did not intend to put an end to my life as I felt sure that the time might come when I would be free again, but the constant vigilance of the young girl made it impossible to even make the attempt now. I knew that it behooved me not to offend my dusky companion, for although I could not tell in just what manner she would either directly or indirectly be the principal factor in my plan of escape, I felt at least that I must conciliate her.

She treated me with the greatest kindness, cooking my food and serving me with such comforts as her mode of life provided. She brought me an immense pipe of stone with a hatchet on one side and the pipe on the other, always filling and lighting it for me, but as soon as I was through smoking, putting it away. I was never allowed to have anything by which I could injure her. By my good behavior I was rewarded by having my hands free, but my feet were still bound so that I could not run, but could walk with comparative ease.

Never for one moment did she allow me to get far away from her, and when going out from the lodge to walk about the camp she was my constant attendant, carrying her gun, as I suppose, in case I might attempt to escape she could shoot me; but I did not intend to do so imprudent a thing as that; while I did not feel any more dispos-

ed to remain than at first, I proposed to make the attempt when there was some prospect of escape, and I wanted to disarm her of all suspicion; first trying to get her confidence and convincing her that I wanted to remain and become one of the braves; but the Indian is so trained in cunning and deceit that he cannot trust others, and it was many months before I could see that I had gained any vantage ground.

I began to manifest an interest in what was going on in camp life, and was very anxious to learn her tongue. She took great pains to teach me, first the names of the few articles about the tent, and my vocabulary increased to quite an extent as we would wander into the woods many new objects presenting themselves, the names of which I would ask, repeating them after her with such accuracy that she would become almost gleeful.

After I had been in bondage for several months she took me to gather some berries which form one of the ingredients of what is known as "*pemmican*," a food much in favor with all tribes, especially when going on long trips, as it is not bulky to carry and very nutritious, answering both as food and drink, composed of dried meat pounded to a powder, rolled with marrow from the bone of the buffalo and a free admixture of the fruit of which we were in quest, also the dried root of the Sioux plant.

This seemed to be a propitious time for me to ascertain from her, why I had been released from burning, and to try and find if she were not the true cause of my reprieve.

She told me what the Great Spirit had revealed to her and what she had said to her father that had changed his intentions in regard to my execution. I asked her why she wanted to save my life, with something of maidenly delicacy she answered, "I wanted you for my brave," while I was not entirely unprepared for this declaration, I was a little startled, fearing to offend her and at the same time determined not to accede to her proposal. I felt that it required more tact than I possessed to bridge over this chasm. Something in my manner aroused her suspicion, that I was averse to her proposition, the intuitions of the savage are very acute, and she began looking upward and implored the Great Spirit to soften the heart of the pale face. I concluded she did not get the comfort she sought as she began cutting her limbs with a flint until I begged her to desist, I told her that the God which we worshipped did not require such a sacrifice, and after a time she became quiet and, to all outward appearances, the same as usual.

It has often been a question whether my indifference toward her, had not left a little pain at her heart; at times I pitied her, and earnestly wished that some change in

my surroundings might offer me an opportunity to compensate her for all her kindness.

One of the most trying things which I had to endure was the uncleanliness of the Indians; I have frequently picked from my soup at one meal from three to a dozen worms, which the dried meat contained. The filthiness of the cooking utensils were a source of much annoyance to me. I told Poma that the white girls did work very differently from her, and as she was tractable it was not long before she became quite neat, both in cooking and as to her person. I always insisted upon going to the stream to wash before our meals, and of course as she accompanied me I requested that she perform her ablutions. She was never repulsive to me, her expression was kind and her manner gentle, her hair straight and black which she wore braided and always greased. "How was she dressed"? I think I hear the more favored girl of the period ask: A sleeveless dress, cut *decollette*, in this respect just like your last ball dress. A pair of leggins, beaded moccasins, and her toilet is completed, except when the weather demands a mantle thrown about her, the entire suit being made from the skin of some animal. She took a feminine pride in plaiting her hair in long braids, and to encourage her in anything toward a more respectable manner of life I made her a comb from the

horn of a buffalo, straightening it by placing it between two flat stones, sawing the teeth by means of an old knife blade, making it smooth by polishing on a stone. She then wanted a box for it, which I also made. She cherished them as a wonderful test of my skill.

The prospect of ending my days with this tribe became more and more revolting to me, and a plan of escape began to assume tangible form in my mind. After being in camp for about six months I was untied and allowed the freedom of the grounds surrounding the lodge, but my faithful attendant was with me night and day. I begged at different times to be allowed to go out alone, telling her I would return, but she would shake her head doubtfully and say: "White man got two tongues." I wanted to go a little farther south than she had been with me, in order to see if I could locate a mountain over which we came when I first arrived at the camp, and wished to be convinced that I was correct as to the direction in which it lay in order to know what course to take if my plans worked out as I hoped they might; but I found that it was useless to plead with her to allow me to go out alone, and not wishing to awaken her suspicion I said nothing more concerning it, but would induce her to prolong our walks in that direction, first upon one pretext and then another, for un-

less she became alarmed for fear that I would leave her she was my willing slave.

My conscience, even now, smites me to think of the deception I practiced upon the woman, to whom I owe my life, but as an excuse I will plead that being a white man and she an Indian was sufficient grounds for not wishing to take her as my wife, and the only way that seemed to suggest to me a path out of the difficulty was to take my flight, and the way to liberty must be through her agency, and she must not know that she was an assistant in the matter of my escape, hence I must use some deceit.

At last, a few weeks after I had asked permission to go out alone, we went far enough to enable me to see the mountain, and I satisfied myself that it was the veritable one over which I had passed months before. I pointed it out to her and asked her how many miles away. She raised both her hands, indicating that it was ten miles distant. I felt sure that it was farther and asked her to go with me. She shook her head, saying, "You never come back." I said, "Why do you watch me so closely; I want to become a brave warrior and go out to hunt with your father. I can shoot equal to his best brave. Why will you not test my skill? Go with me to the mountain and let me prove to you all that I say is true. I will surely return and bring back some proof that I am a brave hun-

ter." She at length promised that before many "moons" she would go with me to the mountain.

I felt that I had gained the first step, however small it might be, toward the accomplishment of my designs, for I know she would keep her promise, although it might be slow in coming. It had been made, and that I counted quite a victory. I did not think it wise to refer too soon to our proposed trip to the mountain as she might think me too anxious, and attribute it to something in regard to my escape, for she seemed to understand as well as though I had told her, that I was restless and chafing under my confinement.

Months rolled away and she maintained perfect silence on the subject uppermost in my mind. We had settled down to our old life at the lodge, and a monotonous one it had become to me. The first little ray of hope which had encouraged me had unfitted me for enduring my captivity with any thing like fortitude. At times I almost despaired of ever being able to break away from the bondage which held me, and should I succeed I would be alone and unarmed in a strange country among the savages. But I finally decided to appear to take my usual assumed interest in what passed around me.

For some time our tent was not visited by any other of the tribe excepting some members of Poma's family, who

at first brought our food to the lodge cooked, but I protested against this and asked my companion to cook it herself, wishing it to be prepared under my supervision, knowing that it would be less free from filth. To this she readily agreed. After a few more months young girls came occasionally to the lodge, and to while away the dreary hours I talked with them and received in return shy looks and equally shy answers. One who was considered the beauty of the tribe finally became almost our daily visitor, and began certain little Indian coquetries with me, which Poma with an unchanged countenance and haughty manner appeared not to notice. I watched the two swarthy maidens and wondered what the outcome would be, wisely refraining as much as possible from exchanging more words with the visitor than absolute necessity demanded. I thought I detected in the eye of the intruder a look of triumph, but nothing in Poma's appearance showed any unusual disturbance; the next day came, but not our guest, and the next, and she never came again. What plan my silent attendant adopted to frustrate this aboriginal beauty in her little love plot I never knew, but was assured by the manner of the latter, who kept at a respectful distance from us, always averting her face, that Poma had outwitted her in some manner. To the fair beauty who may read this, who is so practiced in these arts

and counts upon her fingers her victims as a savage counts the number of scalps he has won, is it not admissible that you be interrogated and only a mental answer to the query is all that be demanded, is our dusky friend excusable for being engaged in coquetries? Is our cultured, intellectual, fortune-favored, Anglo-Saxon beauty excusable for her coquetries? Imagine if all your deceits, falsehoods and numberless treacheries should come to you in all their hydra-headed hideousness and pull at your heartstrings with one-tenth the humiliation and pain you have caused others; could you be awakened to a realizing sense of how you mar the best of your nature by training all your better faculties to a hardening, degrading process, then this little exhortation will not have been in vain. "Will you have us live the life of a recluse?" you ask. We would have you enjoy the healthful, sweet pleasures of youth, for God has so ordained that all the young shall laugh, and sing, and play. Make yourself as beautiful and sweet and winning as you wish, so that the spring from whence issues all this attraction is pure, and noble, and high, that with the charms which nature has vouchsafed to youth you add a desire to,

> "Count that day lost, whose low, descending sun,
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

The warriors were about to go out for game and wanted

Poma to plead with the Great Spirit for success. She asked me to sit by her side, and look up, and with her, ask that game be plenty, and upon their return with a good supply of meats she said: "See! the braves have brought much game, two asked instead of one." A choice mountain bird was brought to our tent, which my little Indian girl cooked, first rolling it, feathers and all, in water and then in ashes, and digging a place in the earth of sufficient size to receive it, she covered it with live coals and when cooked the feathers and skin came off together, the meat was indeed savory, although without seasoning, but I had become so accustomed to eating food without it, that it was years after coming back to civilization before I learned to relish it again.

At the expiration of fifteen months from the time of my arrival the warriors were making preparations to go out to war with another tribe, and left none but the women, children and old men; this was the first time since my stay that all the able bodied men had left the camp and it seemed to be the first good opportunity to try and venture on my plan of action.

CHAPTER XI.

Killing Buffalo—A ray of hope—Out of the Lodge—On the trail to Liberty—Nels in Camp.

We had been for some time without fresh meat and I told Poma the second day after the departure of the warriors, that I wanted some buffalo meat and after some persuasion on my part I succeeded in getting her consent to go out with me and see if we could not kill some, she prepared two ponies, the one which she rode being fleet and young, the one which she gave me old and stiff, but I accepted even this thankfully; she carrying the gun and knife. I mounted my pony feeling a certain sense of freedom which I had not experienced for over a year, while I was still under the watchful eye of my companion, I was traveling in the direction of liberty. I was in the highest spirits, and while we were looking for game the mountain came into view and I proposed that we go in that direction as we might find some buffalo. Having ridden some distance we espied a herd feeding quietly on a little eminence a short way off. I asked her to let me go out and shoot one; she rode by my side until within range and after considerable parley she gave me the gun and an extra ball. I was successful as at the first shot I killed a

full grown cow. Poma came galloping toward me expressing her surprise and pleasure that I could shoot so well and calling me brave. As Indian women perform all the drudgery, she at once set about dressing the buffalo which I had killed, cutting the skin lengthwise of the vertebra, and was about to take out the choicest meat when I noticed it was not as fat as I had thought, and just then I saw a partly grown calf farther on and wanted to try my luck with that. I had proved myself brave from an Indians standpoint, and risen in her estimation to such an extent that she gave me the loaded gun without any objections. Again I was successful, killing the calf which I had seen. This time she came to me lavish with praises and filled and lighted my pipe, while she busied herself cutting out such of the meat as we could carry. I reminded her of her promise to go with me to the mountain, and said "we are so near we will go to-day." She seemed startled and refused; "let me go alone if you will not go with me," "white man never come back" she said mournfully. I made a promise to return before the sun sunk behind the western hills. I asked the privilege of riding her pony which she refused but did not make any objections when I proposed using the old one, evidently thinking I could not make much progress with so old and useless an animal

I started in the direction of the mountain, going as rapidly as the old horse could travel. The distance proved greater than I thought, but at last I reached the mountain, passed over it, and found a trail which, after some time, led to another, which I thought to be that of the white man, and was soon convinced that such was the case, as there were evidences of horses with shoes having traveled over it. The Indian does not shoe his horse, and in that way I detected the white man's trail at once. The thought that I was on ground recently trodden by those of my own race was a joy to me. I felt that my prospect at least for reaching friends was flattering. I retraced my steps and arrived where I had left Poma, later than I had promised, and when I found her she was sitting in a dejected position, crying bitterly. When she saw me she ran to meet me, exclaiming, "I thought you had left me!" "I told you I would come back," I said. She pointed to the reddened sky, saying, "the sun is gone." I explained to her the distance had been greater than I supposed, and she seemed satisfied with the explanation.

Poor girl! I cannot think of her now without a feeling of regret that I was obliged to resort to deception that I might gain my freedom. As we rode side by side that night I doubt not her mind was filled with plans of conjugal bliss—mine full of schemes as to how I should pro-

ceed to put distance between us, and already the plot was laid by which to-morrow's sun would see me far away, if I were favored in my plans. It was late before we reached the camp, and the ride had been a long and hard one. She staked out the horses and I accompanied her and watched closely to see where the chief's pony had been secured, it being the best in the camp and reserved for long, tiresome trips.

She cooked my supper, after which she brought my pipe, and after I had enjoyed the smoke she proposed that I sleep, as she had the meat to care for. I acted upon this suggestion, for well I knew how valuable a little rest was to me at this particular time. After sleeping for over an hour I awakened and she retired. As she was exhausted from her long ride and late hours she soon fell into a heavy sleep, which was indicated by her manner of breathing. She had woven my long hair about her fingers, as she had always done, in order that she might take the alarm the instant there was any movement on my part. I did not sleep, but waited until I was assured that she was sleeping, and very cautiously commenced slipping the coils from her fingers, yet she slept on. After a time I stepped with a cat-like tread upon the floor, and had just reached the lodge door when she called me to stop. I pleaded sickness, but she was at my side in an instant and

ordered me to return to bed. I urged that my ride had been so long that I was considerably lamed, and asked permission to rest on the front of the bed, to which she consented, seeming to be too sleepy to have her usual precaution. But a short time had elapsed until her heavy breathing announced that she was again asleep. I peered into her face to see if it would be safe to attempt to go out on my perilous trip, and as before, unbound my hair from her fingers, and opening the door of the bed which she had secured, stepped out, waiting a moment to see if she had heard me, then passed quietly to the lodge door again, pausing to see if she had been disturbed, but her breathing was still indicative of slumber. I went hurriedly out, and silently as I could, to where I had seen the horse, and hastily mounting him rode slowly until well out of hearing, then urged him to his utmost speed, never stopping for one moment. It was not long before I reached the trail which I had found the day before. The pony occasionally lost it, but by slackening his speed and allowing him to put his nose to the ground he scented it out again. Then striking into a swinging, rapid gait, as every thing depended upon my finding friends as soon as possible, and time was life to me, every mile which I left behind was so much farther from bondage and so much nearer freedom. On, on, over hill and stream, down into

a valley, then through low wooded plains, the brush crackling and rattling as we passed; the faithful animal keeping up his speed remarkably well, but when we had ridden until noon the next day he began to lag and I would urge him on, not even stopping to give him a drink; as I feared that if he drank he might not be able to finish the journey.

After riding two days, just as we were emerging from a ravine, my tired horse whinnied. I soon recognized two horses belonging to my company, and my surprise and joy I cannot express. No words can convey to the reader that moment of ecstacy, for Nels' was the first face I saw. I was so changed he did not know me, supposing me to be an Indian, and thought me long since dead. I threw up my hands in token of surrender, and as he came toward me he exclaimed, "Joe, I thought you were dead!" and lifted me from the horse, and with the aid of others carried me to the camp.

The excoriation caused from riding so great a distance was terrible, and aggravated by the sweat from the horse left me as helpless as a child. I was cared for as kindly as one could well be, but my sufferings were almost past endurance. My old friends flocked around me asking me numberless questions, and all did what lay in their power to alleviate my sufferings. My pony had given his life for

mine, as he lived but a short time, but was well cared for, and could I have done so, I would have erected a slab to his memory bearing an inscription, which if not so classically worded as some eulogies seen in our cemeteries, at least equalling them in truth.

It was several months before I so far recovered as to go out with the balance of the camp, and my first trips were on a kind of litter made for the purpose of carrying me; but I accepted my present condition with grateful heart as compared with that of a few months previous.

We all made a solemn vow never to be taken alive by the Indians; my experience having been so bitter we were exceedingly cautious thereafter, and after being together some years our promise remained unbroken. Some fears were entertained that upon the return of the warriors of the tribe which I had left they might attempt to capture me, but the supposition is they did not, as nothing indicated that I had been followed.

CHAPTER XII.

Through the Pass—Bruin—The Digger Indian—Religious Customs.

Having followed our wanderers this far we will be obliged, in order to pursue our account of their journeys, to accompany them on their trip toward the mouth of the Columbia river. Clark, its northern branch, finds its source in the Rockies, and is environed by high, heavily-timbered mountains. At Walla-Walla it forms a junction with another tributary—the Lewis; these two rivers being named in honor of the explorers who visited it as early as 1804. Reaching the Cascade mountains, their course lay to the south until coming to the Pass discovered by Lewis and Clark, and situated 46° 30' north, but not so easy of access as the pass farther on known as South Pass, discovered by Col. Fremont, and becoming later the great thoroughfare from the States to Oregon.

This trip was made with ponies for which the company had traded and were being taken to California, some of which had been procured for the trifling sum of a red cotton handkerchief each.

After the safe passage of the Gap the company arrived

on the other side of the mountain and securing their horses and making preparations for the night, they were not a little surprised to come upon a large grizzly bear. Bruin was quietly and lazily resting his head on his fore paws, but arose with some haste when he discovered his antagonists; turning with his face toward them with an air that seemed to say, I am ready for you when you see fit to make the attack. This species being twice the size of the black bear which he somewhat resembles in his full forehead and narrow, flat, elongated, nose. His feet are exceedingly large, the breadth of the fore foot more than nine inches, the length of the hind foot exclusive of the claws eleven inches and three quarters, and its breadth seven inches, the talons sometimes measuring six inches. While he is well adapted for digging in the earth, his is the only species known that cannot climb trees. All the intermediate shades between gray and dark brown are seen in his furry coat, but the usual color is the dark shade, being somewhat grizzled by a mixture of grayish hairs, the brown ones tipped with gray. The Indian regards him with the utmost terror on account of his great muscular strength, for when wounded his rage knows no bounds and he is so tenacious of life that even after receiving several balls in different parts of the body—unless it be in the head—he is still a formidable foe. While we

are describing the shaggy fellow our adventurers are making the most of their time finding trees to which they may retreat before commencing the attack. A report from two of the rifles is heard and two balls enter his body, one through the lungs, the other a slight flesh wound, he becomes infuriated and with open mouth and quick racking gait pursues one of the party who has not yet found a tree, but with little ceremony drops his gun and now commences a race for life; it seems that the bear is about to grasp him in his strong embrace, but a tree is scaled in time to elude the claws of the angry beast, and an instant after, the report of a rifle is heard, the ball this time entering the brain of the animal and after a few desperate efforts he falls lifeless to the ground. Our nimrods now descend , not however without some trepidation, fearing that others might be near, but the night passed and nothing disturbed them.

Their route of travel being somewhat south of Salem, situated on the Williamette, passing through the section of Oregon so abundant with natural meadow lands, affording fine pasturage for immense herds of cattle, the soil evincing great productiveness which has developed into a rich agricultural country, under the hand of cultivation.

About this time the United States Government granted one half section of land in Oregon to any married couple

who would settle thereon, the result being a large emigration to that locality. Here might be seen the shrewd Kankee, who evidently said to you, by the tender manner in which he glided over his "r's," that he hailed from New England. The "Buckeye," whose horses bore the unmistakable marks of coming from Ohio by the harness of broad straps, in which a surplus of leather seemed to predominate without any practical value, certainly not beauty; and from nearly every State in the Union might be seen representatives eager to make for themselves homes in this rich agricultural country. So thorough has become this admixture from all the States that localisms in speech do not cling especially to any one class, but associations have been so thorough that the Indianian has fallen into the use of the word "draw" instead of "haul," and, on the other hand, the man from Maine now drinks from a "bucket" instead of a "pail." Indeed it will be difficult a few years hence to tell whether one hails from beyond the Alleghenies or Rockies by his speech.

They found water power sufficiently great to carry on milling industries to a great extent. An abundance of deer, elk, antelope and other game abounded, and the streams afforded ducks and geese which supplied them with palatable meats.

After reaching California the company encountered a

tribe of Indians known as Digger Indians, who live among the mountains, digging caves in the sides of hills into which they creep, the entrance being small and almost covered by an overhanging tree to prevent discovery. They subsist upon roots, bugs, ants and grasshoppers, also snakes, which they kill and hang up until they become tender by age, which they then eat. They are exceedingly timid and have no means of defense excepting bows and arrows, the latter made from a kind of weed, sharpened at the end by a flint. If a number of them are surprised by the whites they will disappear here and there, hiding under shrubs and grass, and otherwise retreating, it being almost a marvel how quickly they disappear, as in a few moments they are nowhere to be seen. Although among the lowest tribes, they hold in reverence the Great Being, to whom they do not pray, but say, "He knows better than they what is needed." They are shocked when hearing the white man speak irreverently of God.

One incident related by Captain Rocky in reference to some of the customs of the different tribes is invested with considerable interest. As they were on one of their trips they found an aged Indian woman wholly isolated from her tribe in an old, dilapidated tent, with scanty clothing and very little food, where she had been left to die, as is a prevailing custom among some of the tribes. The

hunters gave the poor creature a liberal supply of meats and made a dress for her from some tent cloth which they had with them, and when breaking up camp were obliged to leave the unfortunate woman to her fate.

"O mighty Great Spirit
Thy gateways unfold,
From the wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor spirit whose journey is o'er."

At another time they witnessed what seemed to them a most inhuman occurrence. An Indian woman had placed her baby upon her back within a wicker basket, which is made for the purpose of carrying their young, only the head emerging, which in cold wather is protected by a blanket thrown over it. As the baby Indian seldom cries, this one did not manifest any particular discomfort, and the wind blew the cover from the little head. The woman trudged on with that peculiar gait which so surely indicates lack of intellectual development; not seeming to notice the poor little fellow, but at last, when ready to stop, she unfastened the basket and found the child frozen to death. She lamented his loss with loud and savage cries, and wrapping it in a blanket secured it well up in the boughs of a tree in order that it might be nearer the "Great Spirit" who is supposed by the superstitious, ignorant creatures to come down and carry to the happy hunting

grounds the departed spirits. The poor mother vainly imagines her child playing amid the verdant canopy of trees and basking in the sunlight of the Indian heaven.

On another occasion the party found two Indians engaged in mortal combat, the victor taking the body of the dead victim and wrapping it in a buffalo skin, placing it well up in a tree and tying it securely. The murderer coming back after some time has elapsed, urges him to awaken, saying, "Come, you have slept long enough; come down." He then leaves tobacco and meat, again going away, and perhaps upon his return, finding the body gone, it having become the prey to some wild animal, he exclaims, "Aha! aha! you have gone up at last, have you?"

After reaching the coast the company proceeded in a southerly direction, nothing of note occurring, the journey having been an unusually favorable one.

On the arrival of the party at San Francisco we found a village of less than four hundred people, with nothing to recommend it, either to the adventurer or the pleasure seeker, although it had now been more than sixty years since two Spanish monks had founded here the Mission of St. Francis. Twenty years before this visit of our traders, the Mission had under its charge one thousand Indians and possessed very valuable herds and flocks. Gold had not yet been discovered in California and it was still in the

possession of Mexico, and one might need a very elastic imagination to see within the next five years the eyes of the whole continent turned to this veritable spot; and yet this is only one link in the great chain of phenomena that has made the grandest nation now under the sun, from what was but a century before a few straggling settlements.

After a sojourn of ten days in San Francisco the entire party embarked on a schooner for Australia, where fortunes were being made in a day in the gold and diamond fields, and where the restless tide of enterprise had turned. By an unexplained detention in San Francisco harbor the vessel lay for some time before leaving the shore, on its outward bound passage, and, as usual, the passengers fretted at the delay. While waiting a most singular appearing man and woman, both in dress and manners, came to the landing and began an exhortation to the sailors and crew to "repent." The jeers and derisive laughter of the men were at first the only response which they received, but at last the woman sang in a peculiarly sweet and touching voice the hymn beginning "Turn ye! O turn ye, why will ye die," &c. The soft notes bringing back childish memories of home and native land, impressed these reckless men, and before the hymn was finished many eyes were misted with tears, and as the ship started out from the harbor the

words sang by this unknown woman rang out across the water in a weird manner—

"Tossed upon life's tempestuous billow,
Sweet it is, O, Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow—
Thou didst feel a sailor's woe."

the last line being but imperfectly heard in the distance. A silence of a few moments ensued, followed by oaths and imprecations as a sort of mask for the tender feelings this strange woman's words had awakened.

But only a few days out and a terrible storm was encountered, from which the crew as well as the passengers were very much disturbed—all on board becoming sick. After a few hours it was considerably abated, only to be followed by another more violent. This in turn was succeeded by a third even more terrible, in which the masts were broken off and the rigging completely demolished. The stores were all damaged so they were unfit for use, and the water casks were broken and leaking so badly that enough only could be saved to supply them for a day or two. The vessel was now wholly unmanageable and was entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves. After two days' drifting they hailed a vessel bound for San Francisco, were taken on board with as much of the cargo as could be easily transferred, and after three days' rough sailing they again found themselves in San Francisco.

After a short delay a council was held and it was decided that the entire company should embark for Panama, cross the Isthmus, and reach the Mississippi by way of the Gulf. It was with some difficulty that passage was secured for the entire party—forty-four—on one vessel, but the necessary arrangements were finally made and the voyage entered upon.

I have wondered many times if the inspiration—

> "A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep,"

were not imbibed by some forlorn landsman while crossing an Illinois prairie with an ox team. We might suggest that subjects akin to this will be fully as likely to suggest themselves while swinging in a hammock at Long Branch or Cape May as while "in front of the mast" on a Pacific coaster.

The vessel was well out and all was going nicely, with a smooth sea and good sail, and Joe was feeling that fortune was again smiling on his plans, but the revelation at this noonday of success of a condition of affairs wholly unlooked for, cast quite a shadow over the whole company. Up to this time it had been noticeable that the crew had constantly communicated in Spanish unless addressed by some of the passengers in English, and as the party on board was from the north it was evidently taken for grant-

ed that they had no knowledge of the Spanish tongue, and it had been the good fortune of those on board not to correct the erroneous impression.

One afternoon as the captain stood talking with the man at the helm, he said rather carelessly in Spanish, "You are keeping to far too the left." "No," responded the other, "we are on the usual line for the Peninsula." "But I don't want to touch the Peninsula," responded the captain. "Well, what about the men on board who are to be landed at Panama?" was the response of the astonished sailor. "We'll take them around the cape, and when we get the other men on board we can dispose of them very handsomely." Here the conversation ended and the stolid trappers, not in the least disconcerted, made their way to their companions below with a piece of information that was of considerable value.

A council was called below while the sailors were about their duties above. It was very apparent that they were in the hands of a crew of pirates, and they were to be disposed of as soon as sufficient reinforcements were received to successfully attend to the matter. How to get out of the difficulty was now the important question. All the circumstances were taken into account, and while it was generally agreed that the capture and execution of the entire crew was no more than dealing out justice to a

merciless band of villains, it was a fact beyond dispute that a company of landsmen would be in a helpless condition in a trackless ocean, with no knowledge of navigation or the management of a ship. Not a man on board could climb a mast or adjust a sail, and the remembrances of the recent storms added to their timidity.

At the end of the conference it was decided to surprise the crew and take control of the ship. A few of the men came on deck, then a few more, and in a short time, without creating any surprise, the entire party was in position. The signal was given, and in an instant the crew found themselves confronted by a line of revolvers and a demand to surrender at once. The surprise was complete, and as the crew was without arms resistance was out of the question. The captain was tied and taken to the hold and the ship was examined for arms. After the vessel was thoroughly searched and all the arms were secured the crew was instructed that they were to run into the nearest port, and that they would be kept on one-third rations until the same was accomplished.

The men were divided into two detachments, one of which was to remain on guard while the others were at rest. A guard was stationed at every point where it was thought any advantage could be taken. No conversation was tolerated among the captives except in the presence

of some member of the company; in fact every precaution was taken to prevent an insurrection, for well did the party know how summarily they would be dealt with if they should be overpowered.

After four days of this vigilant and anxious management the anchor was heaved two miles off Panama. A pilot came on board and finding the situation went back to port. He soon returned with an officer and a company of soldiers, who took charge of the vessel and put a guard over the crew, after which the Americans were allowed to go on shore. The officer searched the ship and found two pirate flags and many other evidences of its character.

After a stay of a week in Panama they secured ponies and a guide and began the journey over the pass to Aspinwall. In the early days of travel across the isthmus the only passage was made by donkeys, or on foot. As years have passed away civilization has worn down this path as it has others, and finally laid down the iron rail across this rugged barrier.

During the gold excitement in California this route was constantly traversed by the gold hunters on their way to and from San Francisco, and while the distance is but forty-nine miles, it was in all those early days one of the dreaded parts of the journey. Men died suddenly of diseases that were entirely unlike any they had known before;

others were murdered and robbed, while others worn out and discouraged with a day's travel on the rugged mountain path turned back and took the chance of passage round the cape or reshipped for their homes in the States.

An exploit of this kind however was a matter of no special importance to men who had spent a lifetime on the frontier, and the company accomplished the journey with no incidents of interest and but little inconvenience to themselves.

After a delay of several days at Aspinwall, there seeming to be no vessels to the West Indies or the Mississippi, it was decided to go up the Isthmus to Mexico. Preparations were at once made for the journey, and with a guide and two horses each, the whole party started for the Mexican frontier. The route taken was along the border of the flat coast country, as this section was much healthier than the low land close to the sea, and also was not so difficult to travel as the route at the foot of the mountains. The roads were without improvement, and the streams were all to be forded. Many of them were quite deep, and in many places the banks were steep and rough. In many localities great difficulty was found in procuring food. The habits of the people, their way of living, and all that pertained to their culinary matters was so distasteful that but little could be procured

from them that was desirable in camp. A kid, a sheep or a calf, was occasionally purchased and killed, and sometimes a few inferior vegetables procured. This constituted about all that the natives could afford that could be utilized. Every ranch was supplied with milk, but the filthy manner in which it was cared for, was not tolerated by those who had enjoyed the cleanliness of even a semi-civilization.

One of the annoyances of travel through this section was the political disturbance which soon after this terminated in the overthrow of the government and a reign of anarchy until about 1848. The people of these states at this time were like those of most Indo-Spanish countries, engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the chief source of their wealth seemed to lie in the immense herds of cattle and horses that roamed at pleasure over the prairies and in the edges of the mountains. Sheep, goats and hogs were abundant, but were inferior in quality and poorly cared for.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mexico and the Mexicans—Creoles—Native Indian Population—Dress and Habits—The Church—Early History—Founding the City of Mexico—The Aztecs—Cortez—The Republic—Chihuahua—The "Trail"—Santa Fe—Great Salt Lake—Selling the Herd—Down the River.

Passing on through the lower states of Mexico, no change is noticeable, except that the proportion of Indian population seems to decrease, and the new element—The Creoles—which at this time constituted about one sixth of the entire population of Mexico and included by far the wealthy and most intelligent of the natives, many of them being remarkable for their beauty. The empress Josephine of France, whose grand son, Louis Napoleon, has been so prominent in the events of continental Europe as Napoleon III, was descended from the same race. The Indian, or native element, constituting about one half the population, are the lower classes; and are the common laborers, herders and ranchmen. They are ignorant and superstitious in the extreme; and, with the single exception of their religion, they are precisely the same beings

that they were when the cruel and daring Cortez, with his little band of Spaniards, penetrated, and terrified the empire.

They are content to dwell in a make-shift of a bamboo hut, scarcely sufficient to hide them from the passer-by, and hardly entitled to the name of shelter. He lives because the rich soil and salubrious climate of his native land, make famine quite out of the question, even with the indolent and wasteful.

The wardrobe consists of not more than two, and sometimes only one garment. A skirt or covering for the lower limbs, and a loose woolen cloak, called a scarf, which is thrown over the shoulders in day time, and is used for a bed cover at night.

The matter of food is an item that is of but little mo ment, as a family can be bountifully supplied with bananas, chili and maize, almost without labor, grown in a little enclosure around his hut.

Each has what he calls his horse, a dilapidated poverty stricken beast, which has the unrestricted privilege of the open country, and is always ready for use when needed.

Labor of all description occupies a very small part of the time of the native Indian. He drinks, sleeps, plays upon his mandolin and occasionally carries native chaplets to deck the altar of his village church.

The robberies and murders which are committed without impunity along the public road, and at the very gates of the most, populous cities, or the riots and outbreaks which keep this country continually in the throes of revolution, and rapine, are passed in dreamy indifference, are at most matters for conversation or the theme for a ditty.

In religion, however, he follows the leadership of his priest with blind cupidity; and the forms and ceremonies of his church are as enthusiastically performed as were the hideous orgies of his primeval worship. The mystic rights of the Romish Church are of a character that at once awe into complete obedience, the native Mexican in his untrained and superstitious condition and right well the priest improves the vantage ground.

Mexico is in many respects a remarkable country. It was probably settled as early as 770, A. D. by a tribe of Indians from the Rocky mountains. They located themselves in the vicinity of the present capitol, and for four hundred years were the undisputed possessors of the country, and left some traces of a rude civilization.

About the beginning of the thirteenth century the Aztecs were located in California, and soon began to drift southward to the more congenial latitudes; and in 1325 founded their capitol in the valley of Lake Tezcuco, at an elevation of more than 7000 feet above the sea level, and

named the new city Mexico, in honor of Mexitili, their war God.

Two hundred years later Cortez conquered the country in the name of Spain, and for three hundred years the Spanish standard floated over the palaces of the Montezumas. Then came the establishment of the Republic, a government so weak that it has seemed on the very verge of dissolution ever since its formation. Thus a country possessed of a soil and climate not excelled on any part of the globe, with mineral wealth unlimited, on the great international thoroughfare of commerce, yet from the fact of being badly governed, is without influence or strength at home or abroad. And when a war was declared only a few years later, between Mexico and the United States, it required but little sagacity on the part of an observing traveler to foresee the result.

After a brief sojourn in and about the capitol the party moved on northward, after a long tiresome journey to Chihuahua. Here it was learned that ponies could be obtained for two dollars each, and the whole party invested and started with a drove for the great basin. Chihuahua was at one time one of the great cities of the continent, and had a population of 70,000. At the beginning of the ninteenth century it is said to have been as large as New York and Brooklyn together, but at this time it had dwin-

dled to a town of 30,000. The streets are laid off at right angles, and the buildings are many of them elegant and massive. The most imposing building in the city is the cathedral, erected at a cost of $1,500,000, the most of which was collected as duty on the mines in the state. Although the country around Chihuahua has the richest soil and a delightful climate, making it capable of unlimited agricultural production, that branch of industry is in a most undeveloped condition.

A lapse of forty years, with the advent of railroads and improved machinery, has made great developments in every line of enterprise in northern Mexico, as well as the far southwest of our own country, but at the date of this visit, the farmer of the Upper Rio Grande was about as much of an agriculturalist as were the Indians of our Atlantic seaboards in the time of Columbus.

Leaving Chihuahua with two hundred ponies for Utah, a journey of twelve hundred miles, was an undertaking of no small moment.

The old trail from Chihuahua to Santa Fe was at this time the great thoroughfare of the frontier, and like most routes of its character, was a continuous line of skeletons, broken down vehicles and general wreck of the travel of the plains. Here we met the great "freighting" wagon with its high bows and soiled ducking cover, drawn by

eight or ten yoke of oxen, all under the care of a single teamster, who not only directs the movements of the team through its snail-like journey of the day, but as night comes on, becomes the herder of the stock as it is liberated and allowed to feed by the side of the trail. Sometimes several trains are taken along in companies; then the stock is all herded together at night and the men are fed in a mess, while the wagons are placed in a circle in which the cattle can be enclosed.

Again we meet the emigrant wagon with its occupants of men, women and children, with its coop of chickens suspended in the rear, numerous implements of husbandry attached to the sides of the wagon, and the usual complement of dogs keeping in close proximity to their nomadic habitations. The wagon is sometimes drawn by oxen, sometimes by two or four mules, but not unfrequently by a yoke of cows, or a cow and a horse. Again, a traveler has loaded all his effects upon a pony and walks happily by the side of his beast, very much after the style of the Arab with his camel.

The most novel outfit which the travelers met, however, was two young men with their effects on a cart, furnishing the propelling power themselves. They had traveled over a thousand miles, and were in a better condition than many of the mules and oxen that had traveled only half so far.

Santa Fe, while it is the oldest town on the continent except one, is in some particulars a place of much interest, but as so much has been before the public in regard to it through the press it will not be best to weary the reader with it here.

The same one-story adobe houses, with the flat roof, the same irregular streets that we find to-day, with the marks of 45 years still exist. The population consisted at this time of the native Spaniards and Indians and their amalgamated progeny; having but seven hundred native citizens of the United States in the territory. It was estimated that but one out of a hundred could read.

After a short stay at Santa Fe the company moved on toward Great Salt Lake. The route was not so well traveled as those before reaching Santa Fe, and was continually beset with dangers.

At the end of this journey the herd was sold to an agent of the American Fur Company, and our adventurers made their way with such baggage as they could carry to the head waters of the Yellowstone. Here they made bark canoes, in which they went down the river to Fort Buford, thence down the Missouri to St. Joseph.

Thus ended a long and eventful journey of over seven thousand miles, more than half of which was made overland and

much of it through a half civilized and badly governed country.

Mrs. Welton, with whom Joe boarded while at St. Joseph, and whose extreme kindness had so endeared her to him that she seemed to fill the place of his mother, whom he still mourned with reverent love; often took occasion to admonish him to fix upon some definite plan in life's work, urging upon him the necessity of fixedness of purpose and strict principles as an anchor in life. She had herself felt the bitter pangs of the loss of a son who in more thoughtful moments assured his mother that somewhere in the indefinite future he would become more to her liking, but in one hour from the time of leaving her side he met his death in the turbid waters of the Missouri; the shock well nigh bereft Mrs. Welton of her reason, and when Joe came to make his home with her she saw in the bright fun-loving young man so much that reminded her of her own son that she naturally slipped into a mother's place to him. Joe like many others in the exuberance of animal spirits, gave himself over with hearty abandon to the less practical things in life, and it is well that in the human heart is planted that germ which buds and blossoms into laughter, song, and cheerful words, for when properly held in check it blinds the eye to revolting sights, deafens the ear to unjust and cruel censure

and covers the thorns amid our path with roses, but the danger is, that the participant plunge too deeply into pleasures, while God did not design that we should pharisaically disfigure our faces into solemn grim fixedness, neither did He intend that we so prodigally use his gifts of gladness and cheer as to become frivolous and utterly thoughtless. In nature everything is beautiful, and if it be right that God pencil the lily with exquisite touch, laden the rose with sweetest perfume, and cover the songster with royal colored plumage, should not His thinking creatures exercise their reason to beautify the human form with symmetrical covering, enrich the mind with gems of thought and the heart with a well spring of purity which will send out good deeds, ennobling thoughts and inspiring counsel to weaker ones with burdened hearts, and weary feet, and inspire them to come onto a higher plane of life.

When Joe was making preparations for his departure for the west, a letter reached him containing the announcement of the marriage of Anna Dripper, which somewhat disconcerted him for a time, but being of a nature which could not long entertain sadness, he put away this tender sentiment which he had cherished, and, although it left a regretful feeling, he knew that a few sterotyped, legalized words had placed a barrier between them,

and honor forbade him to look upon her longer, only as a friend.

At so early a time, the facilities for conveying mail were limited; being carried, in part by pony express, and by stage line. Anna had written two letters to Joe while on the Columbia river, which had not reached him, from the fact that he had left there before their arrival; and when they did finally reach him, nearly two years had elapsed since they had been written, and that was the reason she assigned for her marriage, supposing him to be dead, as she had heard nothing for so long a time.

As he was about to go out into the almost unexplored "Beyond the Mississippi," he laughingly told Mrs. Welton that she would not know him upon his return, and that he would leave in her keeping, his watch, trunk, and other articles, which he did not need on his journey; hardly thinking that his assertion would be verified, for she assured him that she would know him anywhere and under any circumstances. When he did return, many years after, with one, Charles Carovia, he came disguised as an Indian Chief, and in consequence Mrs. Welton did not recognize him.

While sitting at the table he awkwardly spilled his soup upon the clean table linen, much to the annoyance of the lady, who was proverbial for her cleanliness and systematic

housewifely qualities. Her husband looked sharply at the young Indian, and exchanged intelligent glances with Mr. Carovia; a gleam of fun lit up his face, to see the curious mixture of fear and disgust with which his wife regarded the intruder, who did certainly present a novel and semi-barbarous appearance with his painted face and long black hair. After the trying meal was over, the young chief was introduced to the hostess as her old friend Joe. Two ladies of former acquaintance came in, and not a little disconcerted he received them in aboriginal costume. One of the ladies, having as a result of recent illness lost the natural covering for the head, accepted the proffered jet black curls of Joe as a chignon, of which he was shorn, and under a skillful hairdresser she boasted a beautiful coiffure.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prophetic Words of an English Poet—Mormons—Feigned Miracle—Death of Joseph Smith—Edna Hinman—Brigham Young—Doctrines of the Saints.

It will be necessary to leave our wanderers for a time, and as a prelude to the subject matter with which we shall deal in the future, introduce the following from the pen of an English writer:

"The next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom out of the overgrown territories of the Union may discern that *fanaticism* is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces.

Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope, or fairer, than in that part of the Anglo-American Union, into which the older States continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can, for in the march of modern civilization both are left behind."

This English poet uttered these sentiments long before

Mormonism was known, and while we cannot fully indorse the fling at American immorality, his words as to the remainder have seemed to prove almost prophetic.

About the year 1839 a tract of land was granted to the Prophet Smith, at Commerce, Illinois, afterwards called Nauvoo, which was sold to his followers who settled there.

The lives of these people had been of such a revolting nature, and the murder of Lieutenant-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, at their hands had exasperated the people to such an extent that it was no longer safe for them to remain. Governor Ford, of Illinois, induced Smith and his brother to give up their arms, and sent them to Carthage as prisoners.

Their friends pleaded that they did not want them confined in cells, and accordingly they were allowed to occupy the debtor's room, protected by guards.

But public sentiment had reached such a climax of contempt and hate, that it gave vent to its feelings in the form of a mob, consisting of great numbers, disguised and painted, taking the law into its own hands and speedily put an end to the matter by killing both Joseph and Hiram Smith.

Great consternation followed the death of the Prophet, but the election of Brigham Young shortly after as their leader, brought order out of chaos.

Mr. Lyman Hinman, of Massachusetts, who had embraced Christianity early, and became a member of the Presbyterian church, afterwards, with his family, was converted to the Mormon faith and was with them at Nauvoo and also at Carthage. His young daughter distinctly remembers the death of Smith. After a few years she became the wife of the subject of our narrative.

An instance related to her husband is worthy of note. A widow residing in Nauvoo, a Gentile, had an attractive young daughter who was sought in marriage by one of the Mormons. The mother consented to the proposal on condition that he should transfer to her a brick residence and the ground on which it stood, which was accordingly done, leaving the avaricious woman the owner of a little of this worlds goods, and on the other hand the man the possessor of the poor girl, who eventually became one of a number of wives.

I cannot refrain from speaking at length upon a subject which for years has disturbed my equanimity to such a degree, that words are not adequate to express my feelings upon a subject which has entailed so much misery upon my own sex.

Joseph Smith, the founder of this sect, while residing at Palmyra, N. Y., bore a very unenviable reputation for his idleness, intemperance, dishonesty and other immoral-

ities. Having received little or no education, he was exceedingly illiterate, and any work purporting to be from his pen is simply a fraud, and merely the production of some other author. He claimed to have been religiously awakened when about eighteen years of age, the Angel Morani revealing to him that he should become a spiritual leader; at different times having remarkable visions, pretending at these periods to receive inspiration, even claiming to be endowed with power to perform miracles, such as bringing the dead to life, and at one time he did seem to do so, which his deluded followers accepted without further investigation, and ascribed to him powers almost equal to one divine.

But little had been known previous to this time of animal magnetism, and those who exercised mesmeric influences were looked upon by many as something more than human.

Smith's frequent declarations that he could heal the halt and blind, and breathe life into the inanimate form of the dead, had up to this time not been practically illustrated. Some of the more thoughtful of his followers became suspicious of his ability to do so, and urged upon him the necessity of making good his promises. Thus pressed, Smith, with his usual cunning and deceit, planned a way out of the difficulty.

A beautiful young girl, a daughter of one of his converts, had at different times when alone with the Prophet become aware of a certain unexplainable feeling of quietly sinking away, and upon restoration to consciousness Smith was always at her side. After having robbed her of her purity, the base impostor told her that it had been revealed to him that she must die. The girl had been convalescing from recent illness, and it seemed a very propitious time to prove to his followers his miraculous gifts. The Prophet was at her bedside, and she really did appear to breathe her last, her parents mourning her loss with many outward signs of grief, but were comforted by his assurance that she should be restored to them.

At the time appointed a large assemblage gathered, and after the usual rites the body of the young girl was brought in, to every appearance dead.

The following is from the pen of an eye witness:

"Whose child is this?" said Smith.

"Mine," answered one of the men.

"Did she die suddenly?"

"She did."

"When."

"This afternoon."

"Believest thou?"

"I believe," said the man, impressively; "help thou my unbelief."

"Did this child believe?"

"She was a believer."

"'Tis well; thy child shall be restored."

While the audience was engaged in singing, Smith pressed and stroked the head, breathed into the mouth, and rubbed the limbs of the girl, saying, "live thou." Gradually breathing became apparent, and finally the girl sat erect, and was soon walking about. Through false representations he had convinced his followers that he had performed a miracle when he had really only used his mesmeric powers.

It is authentically stated that the Mormon Bible had its origin in the following manner: Rev. Solomon Spaulding becoming financially embarrassed, and as a means of liquidation of debt, wrote for publication a book of romance, interspersed with historical facts, pertaining to the early settlement of America, and sent it to a publishing house in Philadelphia. Shortly after, the author died, the manuscript remaining in the printing office in which Rigdon was employed, and who afterward became a leading Mormon, and it is supposed he took the original, making such changes as inserting portions of scripture. Aside from that, it bears the impress of the copy sent by the clergyman before referred to for print.

Smith's successor, while he could not exceed him in

immorality, was his superior intellectually; he is described as being somewhat prepossessing in appearance, and with an indomitable will, impressing strangers with his power.

While his reputation, before becoming a Mormon, was no worse than that of Smith, it was no better.

This article, copied from one of our first authors, shows conclusively, the character of Young. He says, in speaking of Smith: "The doctrine he teaches is all I know about the matter. Bring anything against that if you can? As to anything else, I do not care if he acts like a devil; he has brought forth a doctrine that will save us if we will only abide by it. He may get drunk every day in the week, take his neighbors wife for his own, run horses and gamble; I do not care anything about that, for I never embrace any man in my faith."

As an American citizen and a women, my cheek mantles with shame, that a sect taking as its leader, a man of so thoroughly immoral, indecent and lawless a character as to emit from his vile lips, sentiments so degrading, should ever have polluted the American soil with its presence. And if not rooted out by legislation, or otherwise, the harm it may do cannot be estimated. Rigdon evinced the same utter disregard for the right which was breathed forth in these words, but, more in the form of a threat. In a sermon preached by him, he says: We take God and

the Holy Angels to witness, that we warn all men, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come on us, no more forever. The man, or set of men, who attempt it, do it at the expense of their lives. And that mob that comes on us to disturb us, it shall be between them and us, a war of extermination, for we will follow them till the last drop of blood is spilled, or else they will have to exterminate us. We will carry the seat of war to their own houses and their own families, and one party or the other shall be utterly destroyed."

It has always been a matter of surprise, that Millard Fillmore, then the chief executive of the United States should have appointed Brigam Young governor of the territory of Utah. Could he have fully understood the principles by which he was actuated, and the immense evil he was capable of doing, not only as a polygamist, but in promulgating the doctrines which guided their church, the appointment, would, in all probability, never have been made. He, persistently, up to the time of his death, even defied the government. And, although polygamy is prohibited, under his reign it assumed immense proportions, bringing untold anguish of heart to numberless women, whose intuitions, monitor like, tell them of its injustice and wrong, but women, as a class, from time immemorial, have been wont to accept the

statements of men as correct, and have ascribed to them superior knowledge, when if they would improve their God given powers of thought and reason, they would not allow their eyes to be blinded to facts so startling as those connected with this infamous practice. They teach to their people that polygamy is of Divine origin. Cloaking their unholy teachings under a show of religeous sentiment. Would that they were the only Iscariots wearing garments, which they vainly imagine, cover from the eyes of the world, their true intent and character.

CHAPTER XV.

The Exit — Murmurs — The Baffled Father — Vows — A Wedding.

It was now considered expedient by the Mormons to emigrate to the "Promised Land"—Brigham Young assuming to hold the same relations to them that Moses did to the children of Israel.

They started out with high hopes, as the land in the distance seemed fair, the waters sweet and the pastures green.

The saints had been but a few days on the road when they were overtaken by officers and four of the leaders arrested and taken back, which created not a little excitement among those left behind. One of the number was Mr. Hinman; another, a man by the name of Emmet, who made loud pretensions as to his peculiarly holy life, and claimed to be endowed with the gift of interpretation of tongues, healing, seeing visions, &c., who, when hotly pursued by the officials took refuge under a bed, but was soon discovered and taken with the rest to be tried for some depredations supposed to have been committed by the Mormons; but as sufficient proof of guilt was not estab-

lished they were released after a few days and returned to the anxious, waiting travelers.

Crossing the Mississippi in mid-winter, most of the company being unused to the privations attendant on an overland trip, and unfitted for its exposures, many sickened and died. The cold became so extreme they were compelled to halt and seek a suitable place where they might rest themselves and recruit their already exhausted horses. They wandered on and on, hoping to find a sheltered spot in which to spend the winter. Many murmurs began to be heard, and insinuations as to the inability of Young to be a leader of the people.

They finally discovered that they were lost, and all the revelations which the Prophet claimed to have, predicting a bright future and speedy relief from present want, failed to quiet their complaints.

Captain Rocky, after leaving St. Joseph, in company with others, took a herd of horses to Fort Vermilion with a view to trading for furs and buffalo robes.

One of the company from the fort went out for some game and found a party of emigrants in a needy condition, being poorly supplied with clothing and food. They were brought to the fort and present wants supplied. After a time they were found to be the company of Mormons

which had been lost. The Gentiles were surprised to learn how completely their leader controlled them, and in conversation with them, found out something of their peculiar belief. Among other things, they claimed that the husband was saved by faith, and the wife saved through the husband; but very little was known of their *true* belief, and they became objects of considerable curiosity.

After the Prophet and his followers had reached a place of present security, and real want and serious privations no longer confronted them, faith in their President seemed to be restored; forgetting that the Prophet had failed to accomplish his part in leading them to the Jordan by his sagacity and faith. When questioned too closely, he always shielded himself by saying that the people lacked the faith required, and, in consequence, he could not perform the acts which he could have done had his followers been imbued with the requisite amount of faith. He was too wily to assume to perform miracles as his predecessor had done, but could far overreach him in cruelty, as will be seen later by reference to a work written by the wife of a Mormon.

Next in power to the Presidency, which consists of the president and two counsellors, is the Apostolic College, consisting of twelve apostles, forming a sort of church council; next come the high priests, who, with the elders,

enforce the laws of the church; this body being divided into divisions called seventies, keeping on their books a record of the lineage of each member.

Edna Hinman had been promised by her parents when becoming of marriageable age as the wife of one of the twelve. The girl's natural feelings prompted her to shrink from a union with one whom she only feared, and had been taught to respect his position, but felt an instinctive repugnance for him.

The delicate young girl often pictured for herself a different future, but only ended her day dreams with a regretful sigh, wondering in her girlish innocence if in heaven girls would be permitted to choose companions for themselves, and if there, but one wife was allowed. She thoughf if that were so it would be heaven indeed.

A vague unrest took possession of her, as she remembered as in a dream the far off New England home, and wondered why they had left it, where it seemed to her they had been so happy, as nightly she knelt at her mother's knee and prayed to be forgiven.

"Oh God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne,
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will *our* wild errors be forgiven!"

As the time for the fulfillment of the promise given by the parents was drawing near, the daughter, in frequent conversations with the mother, said, "I do not love this man whom you wish me to marry. Is it right for me to enter the marriage relation with this feeling? Did you not love father, and did you marry the choice of your parents instead of your own? And, mother, it cannot be right for a woman to become the wife of a man already having one."

While the mother's heart echoed the sentiments of the daughter, she crushed out the purer, better part of her nature—just as we sometimes see the sweet, white blossom trampled in the dust—and with practical straightforwardness—for sentiment is not admissible among the Mormons—she sought to reconcile her daughter to her fate, saying that the upbuilding of the church demanded it, and that in her union with a spiritual leader, she, through him, would be saved; such interviews ending in Edna remaining unconvinced and the mother's increased tenderness toward her daughter, as a sort of quietus on her conscience; for all along, had Mrs. Hinman allowed a true and thorough analysis of her feelings, she would have looked upon the Mormon leaders and their doctrines as illogical and base. But like many other people, she swallowed the sugar-coated pill compounded by some would-be gospel-

vender. Sad to say, there are too many Mrs. Hinman's.

Thanks to the rigid Puritan training which Mr. Hinman had received in his youth, during his stay with the Mormons he remembered the vows made to his faithful wife and never brought to his fireside another companion.

The "Frenchman"—as the captain was familiarly known—had first noticed the slight girlish figure of Edna seated near one of the wagons, and by some mysterious sympathy was attracted toward her. Finding through the loquaciousness of one of the Mormon women something of her history, and with his native impulsiveness he went directly to her and commenced advances toward an acquaintance. The young girl received his attentions with some surprise, but not with displeasure. He became so pleased with her childish confidence in him that he made a proposal of marriage, consenting to wait one week for a decision. The acquiescence of the girl was easily won, but the parents must be consulted. Edna informed them of the unexpected interview with the attractive Frenchman, its nature, and her consent. The father angrily refused any union outside of the Church. The mother being expected to make at least a show of aiding the father's authority, pleaded the short acquaintance which she had with him. Edna claimed that marriage on short acquaintance with a man having no wife was not so hazardous as with one of

longer acquaintance having a plurality of wives. The intense look of suffering on the fair face of the young girl when saying this found an answering chord in the mothers heart, and she remained silent. That this silence boded no good to the plans of the father will be seen.

The daughter, encouraged by the mother's inaction in the matter, when urged by her father to relinquish all thought of uniting herself to a gentile, said, "Father, give me your blessing on this marriage, for I can never consent to be the wife of a polygamist. If need be, I can go out from among you with the husband of my choice, but the thoughts of a union with this Apostle is worse to me than death."

The father, for a time baffled but not entirely discouraged, began to arrange his manner of attack.

Another force was at work in the interests of the young people. A friend both of Edna and "the Frenchman," as well as the parents, became an unwilling listener to their conversation.

The young girl giving her suitor an account of the interview with her parents, he offered to release her from her promise as a test of her attachment to him, but she declared that it was not alone the repugnance which she felt for a marriage with a polygamist, but her attachment for him; and if consent could not be gained from her father, she

would marry him and they would leave the Saints. After some talk it was decided that if their approval could not be obtained, they would go to the nearest settlement and be married.

These facts were conveyed to the father by the "mutual friend" and a little gratuitous advice given, which induced the old gentleman to call a council of some of the leaders, and the young man was sent for and a reluctant consent given to the marriage.

About this time an incident occurred which made the Mormons feel something of a sense of gratitude toward the captain, and, in consequence, the approaching wedding was looked upon with more favor. In coming to the west the Saints had encountered a tribe of Indians, to whom they had traded a pony which proved to be worthless. The tribe had followed them in a spirit of revenge, and would have massacred the entire camp had it not been for the timely interposition of the captain, whose acquaintance with the customs and dispositions of the savages had been so extensive. He found no difficulty in effecting a compromise with them, and they were induced to retire without any farther attempt at harm to the travelers. Another important fact also mollified them. As experience had taught them that they would not dare venture out on their journey to Salt Lake without an efficient guide, and

one who could protect them from the Indians, "the Frenchman" was looked upon as a valuable acquisition to the party as a guide, and the leaders had already counseled together in regard to employing him in that capacity.

CHAPTER XVI.

Marriage Vows—Journey to Salt Lake—The Revelation—Flight of Captain Rocky—Protected by United States Troops.

Preparations were completed in the course of a couple of weeks, and the marriage of Edna and the captain was consummated—a few of the most intimate friends of the family being present.

The rites could not be performed under the Mormon marriage service, as the groom had not adopted their faith. No minister of other religious faith could be procured nearer than a remote settlement; but just at this juncture one of the leaders of whom we have before spoken—Emmet—professed to be a justice of the peace, and said he was still empowered by the authorities to perform the ceremony, and consequently the words were uttered which released Edna Hinman from any obligation to become the wife of one of the twelve, and which bound her, to her chosen companion till death should part them.

After a short time they left the camp and settled in a small house, where the husband commenced farming.

The young girl wife knew but little of the cares of a

home, but she was happy in her surroundings, and gradually assumed the responsibilities of a house-keeper, and merrily sang at her work, often assuring her husband that death would have been preferable to union with a Mormon, denouncing in the strongest terms, their baseness, for she felt deeply the danger from which she had so recently escaped, and which had come so near wrecking her happiness.

Quickly and happily the summer was passing. Brigham Young was constantly having remarkable visions of the fruitfulness of the "Promised Land," and in one of these he told his followers it had been revealed to him that they must hasten thither. The Prophet well knew that their guide must be one familiar with the country, and some one who could be of the most service to them in every way, and he must be secured at once.

Up to this time "the Frenchman" had been suspiciously watched by the Prophet, and although he did not relish any business connection with a gentile it was considered policy to secure him.

A dinner was given to which "the Frenchman" and his wife were invited, and, to the utter disgust of both, several of the Prophet's wives were seated at the table.

After considerable talk and consultation on the part of the Mormon leaders it was decided to emp loy him, if they

could agree upon the price, which was finally fixed upon, the amount being even more than he had anticipated.

The young people lingered long and tenderly around the spot which had been their home, and with moistened eyes they left it, and in the bustle of preparation for the coming journey the little home was not forgotten—only lost sight of in their present employment.

The work of organizing and setting in motion such a train was no light task, but in time preparations were completed, and at last they were on their way, making but little progress, as so much time was consumed each morning in starting, and a still longer time at night, as the wagons had to be corralled. To add to their discouragement, just upon arriving at the north fork of the Platte river the Indians stole their horses, and they were obliged to go back to the Pawnee Mission and procure more. This detained them for some time, but gave those who remained a chance to get the rest which they so much needed. Finally they were in motion again, but they could not be induced by the guide to hasten in the morning, in order to travel as great a distance as possible before the hour for camping at night. Time after time they were urged by the guide that it was imperative that they be more expeditious, as a long distance lay between them and the "Promised Land," and, at this rate of travel they could not possibly reach

there before cold weather. He did not wish to have his wife and babe exposed to the sharp, piercing winds of the plains, as he knew from past experience the sufferings which would follow were they obliged to pursue their journey in the winter.

The disposition of the party was thoroughly tested, as in crossing the country in wagons on an extended journey it is apt to bring to the surface the weak points in a person's nature, and many who had been apparently the most amiable became morose and quarrelsome.

But where was Brigham? He had again lost control of the band, and be it to the credit of some of his followers the scales began to fall from their eyes, and many were the murmurs and questionings as to the reasonableness of some of his proceedings; but after leaving Nauvoo some more bold than the rest had dared to assert opinions in opposition to the Prophet, and paid the penalty by a mysterious death. Although the dissenters did not feel any more reconciled than on former occasions of trial, prudence bid them use great care that the Prophet did not hear their complaints.

Still the train crept on at a snail's pace, and already weeks had been consumed in journeying a distance which might have been accomplished in a few days.

One evening the party camped in a beautiful spot, the

scenery bringing to mind the home-like valleys of the east, and notwithstanding the worries and discomforts connected with the journey it had its pleasures as well. The evening was unusually lovely, and the merry shouts of the children at being once more freed from the wagons to play upon the grass, mingled with the chatting of the mothers, busily employed in cooking the supper, the fathers and other male portions of the camp engaged in caring for the stock.

With the surrounding country clothed in its garb of autumn, the foliage already having been lit up with all the rich shades, varying from lively green to rich purple, red, brown and gold. The glory of a northern forest, where there is a free intermingling of the sugar maple, after having been visited by the frosts, cannot be described, but must be seen, just as the amateur must see the beautiful painting, to appreciate it, as words are not adequate to bring out its beauty. Into such a scene as this had come our wanderers, and they were not wholly insensible to their surroundings, as a sort of undefinable joy seemed to pervade the company.

But in one of the tents an altogether different scene was passing. The elders had assembled with some of the leading Mormons, and angry, hot discussions followed; but those outside knew nothing of its nature. The

conference lasted for some time, and at length one after another came out and the tent was vacated. Edna's little sister, with childish curiosity, had listened and heard the subject under discussion. They had become so angered, by what they termed the interference of the guide, that they held a council, and had decided to keep him until they could travel without his aid, and dark threats as to the disposition they would then make of him, were uttered.

The child, with unusual precocity for one of her years, knew that danger threatened her sister's husband, to whom she had become very much attached, and hastened to his wagon to tell him of what she had heard.

After a little consideration he silently formed his plans, and asked as a special favor from his mother-in-law that she send to his wagon two loaves of bread and some boiled meat, to which she agreed, wondering what it could mean.

He then offered to stand guard in place of a friend, which the man gladly accepted, and when the entire camp was wrapped in slumber he hurriedly kissed his sleeping wife and child, and was gone. Much as he longed to take them with him, he could not do so with safety, and with a heavy heart he left them, supposing they would not suffer as her parents were with her.

During the time in which he had been with the Mor-

mons, he had learned that they were not to be tr...d, and he felt confident that upon the least provocation, they would kill him, and while it might seem that it was not just the right thing to leave his young wife and infant daughter, they were far better off for the present and he had weighed the matter well before acting. He felt confident that they could not pursue their journey further and would retrace their steps as far at least as Council Bluffs and remain until the next spring, and he could then easily get his wife and child, and his conjecture was correct, as they did return.

However, upon finding that their victim had fled they determined upon following him, and executing vengance. He had made good use of his time and reached the Bluffs the third day after his flight. Learning that scouts had been out in search of him but a few hours before, he was advised by a friend to go to Ft. Kearney and claim protection from the United States soldiers, which he did, and reached there in safety.

Edna having learned from her little sister what she had heard, enjoined perfect silence, but told her to keep a sharp lookout on the movements of the leaders. The forenoon of the day after the departure of the young hus-band, a number of the Mormons started out, no one in the camp seeming to know where, but Edna was not long in

interpreting their movements and anxiously awaited their return, her thoughts busy with the past, and almost dreading what the future might reveal. But under these trying circumstances, the girlish wife seemed to develope in a few days, into a self reliant little woman; although much mental suffering was crowded into those hours of anxious suspense she nerved herself for the worst, whatever that might be.

Many times during the civil war when father, or older brothers, or perhaps both, went out from the fireside to save the "old flag" from disgrace, have I seen the hitherto care free girl scarely yet in her teens grow as if by magic into a capable, thoughtful girl woman and in her loyal little heart long to do for the wounded and suffering soldiers something, as assurance of her patriotism. And the boy who had always relied upon father's superior judgment suddenly assuming the responsibilities of the farm, with remarkable manliness which singularly contrasted with his slight figure and boyish face.

The soldier on the field was not alone in his suffering; the children during those times *did* suffer unworded pain, their pillows often wet with tears which mother must not see, for her pale face already bore the impress of too much care.

Many strong characters were moulded through that four

years struggle, which, had they lived at another and less eventful period might have remained comparatively undeveloped.

Ex-Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, said in a speech delivered in the west a few years since: "Is it possible for the youth of the present generation to fully comprehend what the civil war has done for them? Can they, living in this era of peace, know how dearly was bought this government?" God grant that our children may never live to see the time of international strife. But much has been said and written by thinking men, of coming danger threatening our government, who speak at least within the bounds of reason and judgment, and these assertions are no more incredible than those uttered in "Helper's Impending Crisis," which was so largely read before the civil war.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The Frenchman's" Flight—Vows Renewed—Return of the Mormons—Brigham's Early Life—Mary—Doubts.

With her babe pressed to her heart Edna passed a sleepless night before the arrival of her husband's pursuers, who came into camp about midday; but their stolid faces revealed nothing to the anxious wife. Things went on in this manner for a week, but the mother's quick eye saw that her daughter was suffering acutely, and she resolved to know something of the result of their journey, and asked that her husband give her such information as he had in his possession, for she could not see Edna's haggard face without feeling that she was guilty, in the sense that they were connected with a band of men whom she had about concluded were no better than murderers, and for the first time since they had joined them, said:

"I wish we were well back in our old home, and no sect, no matter what their pretensions, could tempt me to leave it." Edna's father promised to ascertain such facts as would satisfy his daughter, for the loving father heart still beat the same in the breast of Mr. Hinman, but that affection-blighting doctrine had well nigh smothered his better feelings.

The mother awaited almost breathlessly the result of the conference, and he brought to her the statement that they had failed to find their victim, who was in all probability safe; saying to his wife, "You cannot understand the awful risk that I am taking in divulging this secret, for if one word from you reaches their ears my family and myself are doomed. Had I known what I now do I would never have brought you here. Polygamy is not the only bad feature of their system, and now I solemnly vow that your heart shall never be pained by my choosing another wife, for I shall remain true to you till death shall part us. Even now my blood runs cold to think how near I came to sacrificing my own child to this base custom, and marrying her to one whom she only abhorred."

To Mrs. Hinman these were precious words—sweeter than those to which she listened when that other vow was made in the old New England church years ago. It was not necessary to urge silence on the part of the wife, for her husband's interests were hers.

Edna received the news which her mother brought with an exclamation of joy, feeling from that time that her husband lived, and felt that as soon as it was safe for him he would return to her.

Already the chilling October nights began to come, and the Saints appealed to their Prophet to lead them into win-

ter quarters, he assuming to have a vision, in which it was revealed to him that their journey must be postponed for a time, and they must return to Council Bluffs. A remarkable fact was, that Brigham's visions were made to conform to surrounding circumstances, not the existing conditions to the visions; hence the entire company may have been seen in a few d· slowly retracing its steps toward the Bluffs, where they established a grist mill, as they must have some means of subsistence through the winter. Their accommodations were of the poorest, and they really suffered great privations. But in the main they were patient, for they were looking forward to the time of their arrival to the "Promised Land," and these hardships were preparing them for a fuller enjoyment when they should reach the "delectable spot."

How like children we are constantly pursuing the bright-hued bubbles which only, upon reaching them, vanish into mid-air. The poor deluded followers of Brigham vainly imagined that the land toward which they were traveling would be a haven of rest and joy, but which they found worse even than grasping empty handed the bright colored bubbles, for they met with sufferings untold and unwritten.

To a woman who spent some years among them as the

wife of one of the leaders I am indebted for the following facts, which occurred after their arrival in Utah:

Emigrants crossing to the gold fields of California often camped in Salt Lake, the Mormons always regarding them with much disfavor. Before long, bands of hostile Indians *who spoke good English* began to massacre these innocent people, whose only crime had been seeing and hearing too much.

It is said that Brigham Young, when a youth, married a young girl whose beauty had attracted him, and taking her to a large city deserted her. She found her way back to her mother's home, who shortly before had died. The young woman was taken to the poor house, living but a few hours, and leaving an infant daughter, who was adopted by a lady of wealth and education. After her death the girl became a member of a family who eventually joined the Mormons, taking Mary with them. A young man of the company wished to marry her, and while she was not averse to his proposal she firmly refused until such time as they might find an opportunity to leave them, as she would not remain with a sect who practiced polygamy.

Upon the death of the mother a sealed letter had been left by her, to be given to her daughter, which, upon arriving at her majority, she was to open and read its contents.

Brigham being struck with her beauty and accomplishments, wanted to add her to his already numerous household. On the ground of his having other wives, and also as the affianced of another, she could not accede to his demand. But, the overbearing prophet, having been accustomed to rule, tried by threats, to force her to submission; finally giving her a month in which to decide. At the expiration of the time she still remained unchanged; but, in the interview between them, the letter was opened, and its contents revealed the st ırtling fact that Brigham Young was the father of Mary. This released her from farther embarrassment, so far as marriage with the prophet was concerned. But now comes the most shocking part of the account. The young man to whom Mary had become attached, had boldly denounced both Brigham and his doctrines, and had incurred the displeasures of the leaders by so doing.

Mary, her suitor, and other disaffected members, were arranging to go to California, and the prophet with a bland smile, advised them to go at once, offering to assist them in every possible way. They departed with the apparent good will of the Mormons. But before many miles on their way the band of Indians, "*who spoke good English*," attacked them, and they never reached their destination. The lady under whose personal observation these facts

came, had unwittingly become cognizant of some dark deeds which had been committed, and, being the possessor of this dangerous knowledge, her husband, who was one of the few who remained true to his wife, warned her of impending danger, and she escaped and went to her friends in the east.

The long cold winter finally came to an end. Still Edna watched for tidings of her absent husband, knowing all the time that he could not send her a message without fear of detection, and yet, looking and hoping, that by some means, tidings of the absent one might be obtained. Month after month dragged slowly along, and yet she did not know whether he was still living, and if so, where he was.

Gardener Potter, her sisters husband, had shown her such marked kindness during her trials, that she had learned to talk to him as if he were a brother, and treated him as such; and time after time told him that her husband must certainly be living, and he would come back to her: Potter never failing to tell her at such times, that unless her husband had long since died, he would either have come to her, or in some manner have sent some reminder of his existence and love. He knew full well that it would be useless to attempt to poison her mind by filling her heart with distrust of her husband, and reasoned from

the position which would seem to her the most logical. This reasoning began to have its weight; but again, a certain something, which she could not define, told her that he still lived. Potter, seeing that he had gained a little by this indecision, began to make advances, which in her innocence she did not understand to signify anything more than brotherly regard; but soon noticed that these demonstrations were never in the presence of her sister, for which she could not see the cause; which was, however, explained, as in a few days he came to her room and offered her his hand in marriage. Edna's regard for him had been only pure sisterly affection, and her surprise, indignation and grief, at such a revelation, found vent in a few sharply chosen words, which it is not necessary to repeat. But suffice it to say, they were of such a nature that the humiliated brother-in-law never after ventured anything more than courteous politeness toward her.

The prattling little one was a source of much comfort to the lonely wife, as, gradually doubts began to enter her mind, as her friends hinted at desertion, and the wifely instincts were wounded. Although she rejected all advances made toward her, always saying, "I will never marry, even if my husband is not living; and I certainly will not prove so base and untrue as to accept another while mine still lives." She was sought by others than her brother-in-

law, never failing to express herself freely and with contempt, that such a condition of things existed that would make it possible to countenance a plurality of wives.

The doubts which she had entertained began to take deep root in her mind, and her friends allowed no opportunity to pass, without trying to strengthen them. She, with true wifely sagacity, would say that she knew he was true to her, and would return; her face and manner always belying her words.

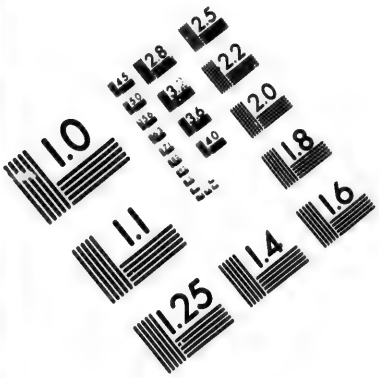
CHAPTER XVIII.

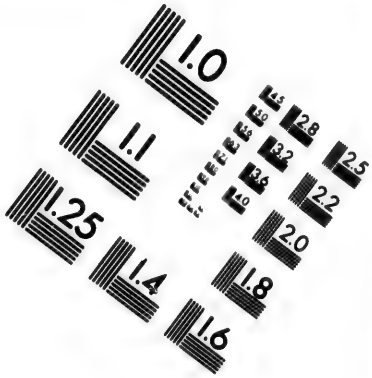
Arrival at Fort Kearney—Defence Against Indians—Lost —Resulting in Insanity.

Shortly after the arrival of the captain at the fort, he found that the Mormons, as he had predicted, had returned to Council Bluffs; and he felt at rest as to his wife and babe, but learned through his friend, who had warned him before of his danger, that the Mormons were on the alert for him and to remain quiet as to his whereabouts, which advice he acted upon, only venturing out occasionally on a hunt.

While at the fort a party of five went out in search of some of the wild plums growing so abundantly in the vicinity of streams and familiarly known as sand-plums. One of the party was the wife of a member of the camp, who with the rest went several miles from the fort on horseback. The fruit not being very plenty the party separated, scattering in different directions, hoping thereby to secure it in greater quantities, wandering about for some time, when all at once a savage yell announced the presence of Indians.

Each man for himself started for the fort as rapid-





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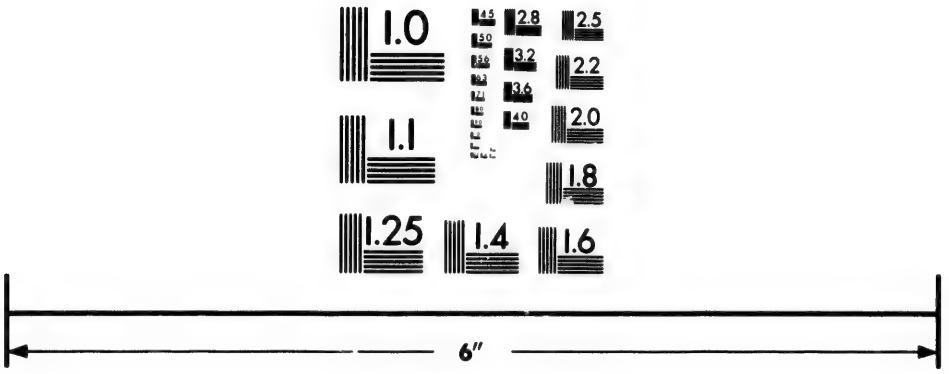

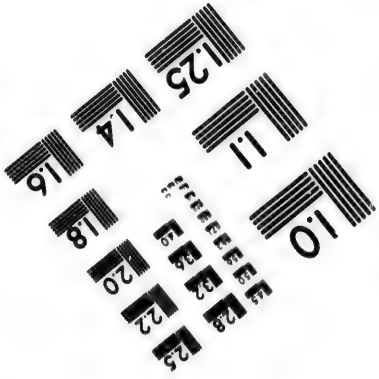

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ly as his horse could carry him, where they arrived in safety, with the exception of the man and his wife, who did not return, and, as it was nearly night, they could not get aid to them at that late hour, and consequently it was arranged to send a number of armed men to find, if possible, the fate of the two early in the morning, which was done as soon as light. Upon reaching the point near the attack, they found the Indians apparently kept at bay, as they were gathered around in clumps of bushes, seeming afraid to venture out; and upon seeing a number of soldiers they beat a precipitate retreat, followed by the troops. But upon finding that they had not captured their friends they gave up the chase and came back, supposing they would find them dead and terribly mutilated, but to their utter surprise they were safe and unharmed.

It seems almost incredible that a man and woman could defend themselves against the enemy so unequally divided as to numbers, and they could not have done so had they not exercised great presence of mind.

As soon as they discovered that they could not retreat from the Indians they jumped from their horses, protecting themselves behind a sandy knoll by lying close to the ground. He directed his wife to take his knife and dig an excavation in the sand as rapidly as possible, while he protected her by picking off every Indian who came near

enough, and his gun being a long range, the assailants were greatly at a disadvantage. By this time the hole had been made deep enough for protection, where they lay, she taking his gun as soon as empty and handing hers reloaded.

Several of the Indian forms lay dead, as significant reminders to their companions that a distance beyond the reach of the white man's gun was the safest plan, and knowing that he could not have much ammunition, they tried by every savage device to tempt him to shoot, hoping that his supply would become exhausted and they would then have no difficulty in overcoming the two. But the emergency gave to the man great coolness and executive ability, and he did not shoot until he was well convinced that a redskin was beneath the disguise which they exposed in sight and range of his gun. He had but few balls left, and much now depended upon his coolness, feeling that not only his life was endangered but that of his wife, whose white, scared face betrayed her fright; and when the soldiers appeared the man's overstrained nerves relaxed and he sank almost helpless to the ground.

The woman's love of adventure was fully satisfied, as nothing could induce her to again leave the fort under any pretext during the stay of the captain.

A sad incident occurred about this time. One of the

men from the fort went, in company with others, to hunt, and at night he did not return, but as this was no unusual occurrence there was no especial cause for alarm, as hunters often wandered some distance in pursuit of game, and at night they might be too far out to reach the camp and frequently staid until the next morning.

But when the third day had passed without his arrival much uneasiness was felt and search at once instituted for him. Scouring the country for a radius of several miles thinking that perhaps he had been surprised and captured by the Indians; but as no evidences were found to substantiate this theory it was concluded that he was lost, as he had been on the frontier but a short time and was unfamiliar with the country.

A party was at once sent out in search of the missing man, and meeting some hunters learned that they had seen a man running up the stream like one demented. They had watched him until they saw him enter a clump of bushes, which the party upon finding, under the direction of one of the hunters, surrounded and tried to induce him to come out and go back with them, but he ran, cowering and shrinking away, showing the utmost terror, and shrieking and fighting desperately. It was in vain they assured him that they were friends, and at last they caught him while

fleeing from his hiding place by throwing a lasso as they would for a wild horse.

After reaching the fort with him it was pitiable to hear him rave, his comrades trying to soothe and comfort him. But they were only talking to a madman.

He was kept confined several months, but as reason did not return it became necessary to send him back to the states. They accounted for his abberration of mind in this manner: Supposing he had lost his way, and upon trying to reach the fort had become more and more confused, and as a result his reason was dethroned.

Those who have experienced the peculiar feeling upon being lost say that the points of the compass are directly opposite from what they seem, and any one so confused, by using the will against the reason, will usually find his way out safely.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the Trail to Santa Fe—Captain Rocky as Guide—Novel Costume—Death by Freezing—Comanches.

About Christmas time the captain was employed by the commander of the fort to guide a party to Santa Fe. The object of the trip was to take to the Mexican soldiers their monthly pay, the amount paid each one being seven dollars per month, which small sum was not particularly enticing, but yet men accepted even this and enjoyed this kind of life, so free from social restraints, as in many cases broken and shattered ruins of what had been to them most dear in life was all that remained for them at home. The sundering of ties which clustered around those of homes of refinement and luxury were nothing compared with lingering near the grave of buried hopes; but some there were who, from the real love of that kind of life, enlisted for a term of five years.

These men, assuming the utmost indifference to physical suffering, or anything evincing a tenderness of heart; but away down in some hidden corner a warm, tender spot still lay, for

> "Men are only boys grown tall;
> Hearts don't change much after all."

Outward signs are only garbs to be put on and off at pleasure. Occasionally we see, however, those by whom these worldly and deceitful guises are never donned, and how refreshing to spend a few hours in the presence of such an one.

But to our subject.

As the route of travel lay directly in the way of the Comanche country it was exceedingly dangerous, as that tribe was a terror to the whites, and every precaution was used to elude them. Another impediment to the journey was the severity of the weather at that season of the year. Taking these things into account, the captain did not care to accept the proposition, and wished the commander to find some one else to take the responsibility; but as no one could be found so capable to take them through, he finally consented on condition that he might have entire charge of the outfit, and set to work at once, choosing as many frontiersmen as could be found to join the party.

The guide asked that a quantity of coffee and sugar, as well as tobacco and liquor, be placed in the wagon. To the two latter the commander objected, as he did not consider either necessary to the comfort of the men, and had he lived in this era of reforms he would undoubtedly have been a radical on the subject of prohibition. The guide urged that the good will of the Indian could more readily

be bought in this way, and succeeded in having these added to the load.

Plenty of thick blankets and oil cloths being provided, not only as a protection from storm and cold for themselves but also for their horses, as storms were common and violent, and if well protected there was little danger of freezing unless something unusual occurred.

The suit in which the guide was arrayed, while it did not bear the marks of finish which a fashionable tailor can give, nor of the style which would suit the dude of these times, comfort and utility had been studied regardless of beauty. The goods of which it was made was the heaviest and warmest to be found, being cut something in the style of outer garments worn by gentlemen, and over this a cape completely enveloping the body, and a hood providing a covering for the head, in which openings were cut for the eyes, mouth and nose. Then by way of grotesque ornamentation, a horn on either side of the head and three smaller ones on the outer seam of each pant leg, suggesting thoughts of the inmates of the region of hades, and to a person of highly imaginative powers, had they encountered him in some remote spot, might have been led to exclaim in the language of the Scottish Poet Burns :

"Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
Far ken'd and noted is thy name;
And though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
And, faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
Tirbin' the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

Langsyne, in Eden's bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
And all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant flowery swaird,
In shady bower.

Then you, ye auld sneck-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog,
And played on man a cussed brogue,
(Black be your fa!)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruined a'"

Captain Murphy, having command of the men, sixteen in number, found the experience of his guide so thorough and his capacity for finding his way out of an emergency so good, that he came to defer to his judgment in matters pertaining to his trip. Leaving the fort, they travelled in a southwesterly direction, crossing the Kaw or Kansas river at the point where the historic town of Lawrence now stands, following thence, the old Santa Fe trail until

reaching Santa Fe, New Mexico. The men did not look forward with much pleasure to their somewhat unpromising journey. After being out several days they were prospered, and all went unusually well, with the exception of extreme cold. But they were well fortified against the weather and had been quite comfortable.

One evening the party met a man so nearly paralyzed with the cold that he could scarcely articulate. By dint of much effort he make them understand that the company to which he belonged would certainly freeze if they were not rescued, and he had started out to get assistance. Already the snow was filling the air so densely, that one could see but a few feet in advance, and it was now near sun set, and although the poor man pleaded so piteously to have some of the party go with him, as his father was one of the company, and, notwithstanding the fact that they were mostly old frontiersman, inured to suffering, and to outward appearances obtuse in matters eliciting sympathy, the sight of the son's suffering brought tears to the eyes of his listeners. They reasoned with him of the impossibility of aiding them as it would be a useless exposure of more lives, and as the trail had become so indistinct by the snow fall that they could not follow it, at last, he was induced to remain, and try and get some rest, with the promise of starting out early the next morning in search of

his father. He became more quiet. By day break the storm had abated and they set out early. They had proceeded but a few miles when they discovered a man lying by the side of a horse, both frozen. The young man recognized his father, and gazed at him with a mutely agonized look, and quietly turned away. The men thought to hear some loud lamentations of grief but he had undoubtedly settled in his own mind the night before, of the almost sure death of his father. The body was taken into the wagon and at night when they camped the remains were buried in the best manner which the circumstances would admit. The Captain offered a prayer; the son the only mourner.

The next day they travelled until late in the afternoon, when the guide saw evidences of a coming storm, and gave orders to drive at once to the timber before it commenced; which upon reaching, the wagons were drawn up by the side of a steep bank, and preparations were rapidly made to build a fire, the men busying themselves with axes, preparing wood, which, piled high and set on fire soon made a cheerful heat. Before long the storm commenced with great fury, raging for hours; until it seemed with the dreadful cold attending it, that the men must perish. But, as is usual when the snow has fallen, the

cold is not quite so severe, and before morning the weather was somewhat moderated.

It being quite late before the men ventured out the next morning, the sun was well up, shining brilliantly on an expanse of spotless, glistening white, presenting to the spectator a charmingly beautiful sight, one sea of pure crystal flakes as far as the vision extended on every side; made silvery by the bright morning sun. While one of the men mounted a wagon in order to have a better view of the country, he announced to his companions that he espied a herd of buffalo in the distance. The guide had his suspicions as to whether they would prove to be buffalo, and taking from a wagon a small field glass located it steadily, and getting it in range with the dark object looming up against the clear horizon, looked intently for a time and discovered coming directly toward them a band of Indians riding rapidly, which he recognized as being Comanches.

CHAPTER XX.

The Panic—The Treaty—First Experiences in Hunting.

What now was to be done? Confusion reigned for a few moments but the guide knowing the need of great coolness, himself calmly gave orders, as the captain seemed entirely unfitted to do anything; men rushed wildly around not realizing what they were doing, while others were hiding in the wagons. The guide ordered the men to fall into line, which needed some threats to accomplish, and explained to them the plan of action. They were to stand as before described and when the Indians had reached a point indicated, the guide would advance twenty steps in front—the men remaining standing—in order to stop the advance of the foe if possible and get the chief to meet him and effect a treaty if terms could be agreed upon.

The guide warned the men of the necessity of each standing to his post manfully, as a little decision now meant much and wavering and fright was equivalent to surrender, for the Indian respects nothing so much as being brave, and there was some hopes of effecting amicable terms. In case the guide could not stop the Indians, he

would first shoot and the men were to fire a volley and retreat to the wagons for protection, as then it must be a desperate struggle in which either death would follow or peace be established, as at just those trying times men's bravery bear the test. Those with the most bravado are not usually the ones who look unflinchingly into the cannon's mouth, but often those with pallid faces and trembling limbs are the best soldiers in the fight.

The captain seemed to have regained his composure and stood quiet, but pale. The advancing foe was now coming at full gallop about two hundred yards distant, in full dress and hideous war paint. The guide stepped ahead of his men, signaling to the savages to halt, to which they gave no heed. The third time he signified unless they stopped that he would shoot, at which they halted and seemed to be consulting. The guide then asked that the chief advance with three warriors, but he signified his wish to bring three hundred instead of three. The guide then told him to bring six, to which the chief agreed, and they smoked the pipe of peace as a token of good will, looking back to see how the men were deporting themselves, and was pleased to see every one stand unflinchingly.

He now took them to the wagons and had some weak coffee prepared and well sweetened, as the Indian is par-

ticularly fond of sweets, and all partook of the hot beverage, and sitting about the fire the pipe was again smoked. The chief extended an invitation, by means of signs, to the captain and guide to accompany him to his lodge, which the poor captain was not inclined to do, but the guide assured him there was no danger, for even among the savages there is some honor, and was told that acceptance of the invitation was safer than to refuse. They started with the party, and upon arriving at the lodge the pipe was again smoked and a squaw brought in a wooden dish containing four buffalo tongues, and sitting in a circle upon the ground the dish was placed in the center. Two of the tongues were given to the captain and the others to the guide, who, taking his knife from his belt, told the captain to eat his, and commenced peeling the skin of those which had been given him, and ate them. The captain being somewhat of an epicure, and not much accustomed to their style of cooking, ate but little, not knowing that he was incurring their displeasure by eating so daintily. At the suggestion of the guide the captain gave the balance to the chief. The guide, after finishing his repast, reversed his dish, and the chief showed his pleasure by taking his chin in his hand and shaking his head, meaning you are a good man; I do not want to kill you. When the captain's unfinished meat was pushed to-

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ward the chief his angry looks seemed to say, you are nothing but a child; you need scalping. The chief ate the meat, then turned his plate over that of the guide, which was a token of friendship. Finally all the formalities of an Indian treaty were over, and the but partially mollified chief would glance pityingly at the poor captain, who was innocent of any breach of etiquette.

As evidence of the respect which he had for the guide, he brought an otter and two bear hides, as well as a quarter of dried meat, as a present. Matters now having been peaceably adjusted, the chief was invited to go to the wagon, and they mounted their horses and found that the train had already started, as it had been ordered, and overtaking it, the chief was invited to take his blanket from his shoulders, and a quantity of sugar was tied in one corner and some coffee in another, and as the captain must do something to redeem himself in the eyes of the chief, the guide told him to have one of the men get a good supply of tobacco from the wagon, and he must then present it to the old chief in return for his hospitality. As he received the tobacco he grunted his satisfaction and looked a little more approvingly upon him.

Having now done all in their power to conciliate them, the guide asked that the chief should not let his warriors follow them, as the white men knew how to shoot. The

chief put a hand on each side of his head, at the same time making a gurgling noise, which meant you may all sleep soundly; my braves shall not disturb you. He now departed and the men felt a sense of relief, but the more experienced guide was not so easily satisfied, knowing the treachery and duplicity of the Indian, feared that even though the chief might be disposed to keep his promise inviolate he might not be able to control them, and the warriors might evade his vigilance and pursue them; but unusual care was taken when camping that they might not be surprised and massacred; but nothing more was seen of them, and after they felt they were safe from pursuit they were not quite so cautious in regard to the place in which they camped.

Christmas morning proved to be a beautiful one, and they were just wishing for something more savory than usual for their dinner when they saw a herd of buffalo, and the captain and guide, with others, went out and shot one, only wounding it. It became infuriated and fought terribly. The captain attempted to stab it, but it turned upon him. The guide called to him to throw himself to the ground, which he did, and the buffalo went over him, at which the captain mounted his horse with more haste than grace. The buffalo then made another attack, the guide calling loudly to the captain to use his knife, but, seated upon his horse, he very coolly told the guide if he wished

to make that sort of a venture to do so, but for himself he preferred to remain where he was, and at the same time saying, do it yourself if you relish it; as for me I have had enough of that sport for the present. The guide finally shot it and the meat proved to be excellent, but the captain could scarcely be induced to taste it, as the shock which he had received did not prove to be much of an appetizer. The result of the hunt became known to the balance of the company, and the captain's sudden lack of relish for the sport was a standing joke, and when showing any signs of retreating from what seemed to him to be somewhat startling—but to the frontiersman a matter of jest—the simple mention of the "buffalo hunt" would bring the laugh against him and nerve him to a little more of the nonchalance of his companions.

While crossing the Sangre De Cristo mountains a wholly unlooked for cold wave struck them, and the temperature having been very mild they were not prepared for it. The guide wanted to stop and not attempt to travel until the weather became more moderate, but the captain thought that they could venture upon their journey. The cold however proved so intense that the mules began breathing hard, which was occasioned by the freezing of the breath, and already the captain, who was seated in one of the wagons, was apparently falling into a heavy sleep,

but was really freezing. By applying brandy, chafing him and wrapping in heavy blankets, and putting underneath the coverings a large New Foundland dog belonging to one of the company, the warmth from its body was sufficient to aid in once more setting the blood in circulation and save the poor captain from death.

The ascent of the mountains was so difficult that several teams were attached to one wagon, going back and bringing one at a time until all were safely secured.

Upon reaching the top a large, flat surface was found, upon which was a basin containing a spring which appeared so clear and inviting that the men hastened with their cups to drink of it, but to their surprise, found it contained quite a quantity of salt, as well as some other minerals, making it wholly unfit for use.

When the party reached a little town in New Mexico they were attacked by a party of Mexican Indians, who finally retreated to an old stone structure, the walls of which were built of sufficient thickness for a fort. After a little skirmish, one of the company was killed, and his comrades were so exasperated that they beat down the door of the building and took twenty prisoners.

The trip was at last completed, reaching Santa Fe with the money and no loss of life, with the exception of the man of whom there has been mention.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Guide Visits Mrs. Murphy—The Reception—Explanations—Mormon Crime—Farewells—Escape of Elizabeth Cole—More Mormon Duplicity.

The services of the captain were needed elsewhere and as he could not return with the company, he gave the guide a letter of introduction to his wife, who resided at Weston, which lay on the route of travel back, requesting him to call without making his toilet, wishing his wife to judge from the guide's appearance how he looked on the frontier, and upon arriving and presenting his letter she would not allow him to depart as by an especial request contained in the epistle, he was invited to stop and dine. The lady asked if her husband really presented that sort of a figure, to which he replied Yes! only worse, as when we dress game he wipes his knife on his sleve, while I am somewhat more particular. The lady looked incredulous and finally indulged in a hearty laugh in which several guests joined.

Captain Rocky wished to excuse himself from the honor of dining with Mrs. Murphy but the good lady insisted, and at length he emerged from his room, and was seated at the table altogether a presentable man despite his

soiled clothing; his bearing being that of a gentleman. The man who can come from the rude life of a frontiersman, by which he has been surrounded for years, and at once appear to advantage in polite society, has the inborn nature of the gentleman, and just as surely will the vulgar person be betrayed, for "All the polish of the town can't smooth the the roughness of the barnyard clown."

After arriving at the fort the longing to once more see his wife and child became so great that he decided to face the danger of meeting the Mormons; but whether this was the case or not he had fully determined to go even should it prove unsafe. The entire camp was still at the point where they had returned after he had left them. He began to arrange his matters in such a manner that he might be gone some time if necessary, and also made provision for his wife and child in case he never returned.

After everything was in readiness he went to an old friend and told him of his plans and asked him to accompany him to the Mormon camp, telling him that life had lost all charms without those he held most dear. Captain Rocky told his friend that though the undertaking would be extremely hazardous yet still he was anxious that he should go with him, and as recompense, a lifelong debt of gratitude was all he could offer. Both expected that they

might have serious trouble and were prepared for the worst.

Upon reaching the camp they rode into the place, thinking it would be the better way to profess to know nothing of the danger threatening them.

They passed several houses before inquiring for the captain's wife, and just as they were riding by a small house they had a glimpse of the retreating form of a woman, but passed on and found by inquiry that the same woman who had seemed in such haste to escape the eyes of the two men was the captain's wife, who had been so overcome with fear and conflicting emotions, she had fled to her room where her husband had found her, and asked his sister-in-law if she were sick, to which he received an answer in the negative.

Two babies of about the same age were in the room and he asked which was his. The woman did not answer directly, but said: "She will not go to you, as she is afraid of strangers;" but he extended his hands to the little one nearest him and with a little crow of pleasure she put up her little dimpled hands to receive the caresses and kisses of her papa, whose name she uttered, as the mother had taught her to repeat. The peculiar conduct of his wife accorded strangely with the proof which the baby's prattle had revealed—that his memory was still dear

Taking the little one to the door, he placed it upon the horse and opened a bundle, from which he took some toys and placed in its hands. Edna's motherly instincts were aroused, and she followed her husband and child with a half-frightened feeling that the baby was about to be taken from her, and lifting the child in her arms went into the house, followed by her husband, bringing cloth, which he wished to be made into garments for herself and child, and enjoining upon her the necessity of using it exclusively for herself and baby, and threatening vengeance upon the one who appropriated any of the articles. This only added to the terror of the poor woman, for she had heard so many threats against her husband if he ever returned, and she treated him kindly, as she feared that some of his words might be heard and conveyed to the leaders and serious trouble might come of it.

Much as she longed to tell him all her grief at his absence, and why she had fled at his approach, the vigilant sister was present and no opportunity seemed to present itself. "The Frenchman's" blood was up, for he had faced peril and endured hardships and risked his life for her—his wife—and he justly expected a warm welcome rather than to be received as an intruder, and apparently regarded with suspicion. He was preparing to end the unpleas-

ant interview by departing, when the child cried for something to eat, and it was given a piece of corn bread.

The father asked, "Is that all you can give the child? Have you no milk?"

"No; there is none in the house."

"Where is the cow which I left you?"

"I do not know."

Here a string of invectives followed, in which the principles of the Mormons were clearly set forth in no flattering terms.

He now passed out to where his friend still stood, and after a short conference they mounted their horses and rode rapidly away. His friend advised him not to attempt to take his family at present, as the singular reception which his wife had given him left some doubts as to whether she would be willing to leave her people and go with him, but gave as his belief that she had been frightened into taking such action, and to go back and try and ascertain her real feelings toward him.

The two men left the camp, and Edna watched them with mingled feelings of gladness and pain—the former, as she felt that her husband was comparatively safe from an attack from the Mormons when he left the town, and pain that he might never return, and regret that she had not faced the displeasure of her friends and told him all.

The captain and his companion in the meantime had proceeded to where they could purchase two cows, and the next morning drove them into the Mormon camp. Edna saw her husband coming, and running to meet him, grasped his hand, telling him how much she had wanted to disclose to him all she had suffered, and that he was more to her than all her friends who had intimidated her. "And now," said she, "whenever and wherever you go I will go with you; and what is more, I have learned from my father that you need fear nothing from the Mormons, as they will not molest you."

These assurances of his wife's affection disarmed him of all useless pride, and with the advice of his friend he concluded to stay and profess to make arrangements to emigrate in the early spring with the saints to Utah. Accordingly he accompanied his wife to the house and asked her that he might have something to eat, as he had tasted nothing since morning, and found to his astonishment that there was nothing but corn meal with which to prepare food; but as edibles could be obtained at a provision store he soon had a sufficient supply, dnd felt conscience-stricken that he had not before found out how his wife fared and taken her to more comfortable quarters.

What was the cause of the change of feeling toward him? He did not know, but suspected that they wanted to

be friendly in order to again engage him as guide, but he had no intention of acting in that capacity. He began to arrange to secure a wagon suitable for traveling and learned that his father-in-law had the wood prepared for three wagons with the exception of ironing, and advanced the money that he might finish them and he would take one which he could use to go to Salt Lake.

At first he felt some fears that he could not trust his wife, as the influences which surrounded her were all Mormon, and he was somewhat suspicious that they had made lasting impressions. He decided that at east he would be somewhat reserved as to what he would do and say, even yet he had not told her of his plans, but as weeks passed and he began to understand her better, he finally disclosed to her his intentions of telling her father that he would like to take her to the fort for a time to enable her to prepare sufficient clothing to last through the journey to Utah without the necessity of washing. Mr. Hinman at first made some objections, but the plan seemed so plausible that at last the father consented. Edna told her husband without reserve of the propositions of marriage she had received and of her contempt for the men who had sought to induce her to prove untrue to him, not revealing the name of her brother-in-law, knowing that her husband's sense of honor was such that he would seek to

deal out punishment on the offender's head, and as her sister was blissfully ignorant of the occurrence she thought it best that she remain so. She pitied her that she was the wife of a man with so little respect for himself and so little love for his wife, and although he did not openly mistreat her he was indifferent, which is worse.

During the absence of the captain three young adventurers from the east visited the Mormons, and like many others were curious to know something of this strange people who had created so much excitement in Illinois and Missouri. In the absence of the prophet, they were seen riding in company with some of Brigham's wives, and upon his return they disappeared very mysteriously. Their friends came out in search of some clue but nothing could be ascertained further than that they were last seen going west from the camp. Thus the matter ended with suspicions that all was not right, but yet as no evidence could be produced farther than the circumstances surrounding it, nothing could be done.

The captain now decided to take his wife at once, as it seemed to him as if in some way they might succeed in getting her beyond his reach, and consequently the wagon was ready in a few days which was to convey them to the fort. As it was no secret that they were about to depart a young orphan girl by the name of Elizabeth Cole, who

had often visited Edna, came to her in tears imploring her to allow her to go with them; as one of the Mormons already having four wives wanted her for a fifth, and the girl pleaded that a life of toil, no matter how hard it might be, would be sweet compared with the one before her. Edna promised to talk with her husband and let her know the result of the interview, her sympathetic heart was so touched by the girl's earnest appeal for help that she determined to use all her powers of persuasion to induce her husband to take her with them, and upon laying the matter before him she was told that there was some risk attending it as he feared they would not easily give up so promising a girl; but the wife pleaded that even though the risk be great they must devise some means by which the poor girl could be saved from so sad a fate. The captain finally hit upon the plan of engaging her as help for his wife and nothing was suspected as it was a very reasonable wish. All necessary arrangements having been made for their trip Edna's mother embraced her children and with eyes full of tears said farewell. You will never return, and oh, that I might go with you; but I cannot and our parting is forever, but you will be happier from this people and in your happiness I shall find pleasure.

The driver was directed to drive as rapidly as possible to a point designated by the captain, and then to stop,

leaving the women and child, and asking that they be allowed to remain for a time, as he was bringing his stock and would be obliged to travel slowly. The wagon which his father-in-law had engaged to make was to be completed at a stated time, and he was to go for it, as he wished to do some necessary hauling preparatory to starting to the Jordan, but found that it had been sold to another man, who refused to let him have it without the payment of twenty-five dollars, which was an unjust exaction; but with a view to getting along without further trouble he paid it, and taking his wagon turned his back upon the camp, intending never more to return.

Toward spring, as the Mormons began to get restless and anxious to get to the "Promised Land," a letter came from Mr. Hinman stating that they were about ready to commence their journey, and urging that he come immediately with his wife and child and go with them, to which he paid no attention, but anxiously awaited the result. In a short time another letter came, in which they threatened to come after Edna and the child if they were not brought immediately.

Captain Rocky now went to the commander of the fort and gave him the letter which he had received and asked his advice, which was about this: "If your wife wishes to go you cannot reasonably detain her, but I should keep

the child." The captain acted upon the suggestion, and showed his wife the letter, saying, "You know I cannot go with the Mormons, but if you wish to go I will give you a conveyance and enough provisions for a year, but you cannot take the child. She shall never be surrounded by Mormon influences and subjected to the debasing practices of their church."

Edna assured him that she had no desire to follow them; that she disliked their faith even more than he, and said: "You need have no fear; my promises to you will be sacredly kept so long as life lasts and you are true."

Elizabeth Cole emphasized all that Edna said concerning the Mormons by song, and smile, and happiness, for she seemed to fully realize the sorrow, disgrace and shame of the Mormon women.

The captain apprehended no danger of an attempt on the part of the Mormons to follow him and take the women and child, for they were protected by the U. S. soldiers; and fully appreciating the trueisms, that discretion is the better part of valor, he remained about the fort until word came that they had started for Utah.

When the news came that the Mormons were gone he gave a sigh of relief, and felt that he might now live with his family and for the first time in his life have a home of

his own, free from Mormon influences and the dangers by which he had ever been surrounded.

The following is from Mr. Seacat, who furnished it for insertion, and for the authenticity of which he vouches:

"In 1878 the Mormons visited, and preached in Crawford county, Indiana, and during that time converted and baptized a man by the name of Bywater, allowing him to rest fifteen minutes, after which he immersed him the second time, the object being the pardon of his mother's sins, who had died in London, England, fifteen years previous."

This is only one of the many instances of their superstitious dogmas which might be recorded, showing either great and unpardonable ignorance or lack of principle, it might be, a savoring of both.

Having in mind another instance related by a worthy gentleman, whose veracity is unquestionable, for sake of the argument, it is hereby stated. In passing yearly on a route of travel, which brought him not many miles from Salt Lake, he was one day surprised by the appearance of two young girls accompanied by a younger brother, begging him to protect them from the Mormons, from whom they had fled, and wanted to get back to the states. The gentleman knew that if he consented to take them through that he was subjecting the whole train to liability of an attack, and perhaps of entire extinction, and

told the young women his fears, but was so moved by their look of despair that he decided to consult with his men in regard to the matter, but found no encouragement. He had become so enlisted in their pleadings that he decided to take them, and also the consequences. On the same trip a half-starved man, also a fugitive from the Mormons, had come out of a thick clump of underbrush, begging for something to eat, as they were passing. He had been pursued, and had been so much in fear of capture that he had remained secreted until hunger drove him from his hiding place. He was found to be so much reduced that it was unsafe to allow him all the food he could eat, although he pleaded for more. When the camp retired he could not be found, and supposing he had returned to the woods no search was made for him, but the next morning the sutler found his body in the wagon containing the supplies, from which he had evidently eaten until he died. Fortunately the train was not molested in search of the girls and boy, and they reached their destination without harm either to themselves or the company.

CHAPTER XXII.

Colonel Fremont—A Disastrous Trip—Establishing Forts —Lieutenant Woodbury.

As the captain was still in the employ of the U. S. Government he was occasionally called upon to take a train across the plains. Long experience had made him one of the first and best known guides in the west and at that time gave him ready employment and good salary.

In about the year 1848 occurred an event which displayed some interesting traits of character which were common to both Captain Rocky and John C. Fremont. By the student of history Fremont will be regarded more as an explorer and soldier than as a statesman. Both of these men were vigorous, restless and resolute. In the year referred to, Fremont planned an expedition to the far west and asked Captain Rocky to accompany him as guide. The invitation was accepted and as preparations for the trip were in progress the captain dropped a word which gave Col. Fremont to understand that if he acted as guide he must have entire control of the movement of the train. Fremont soon informed him that the command and glory was his and that he would not share with an-

other. A guide was soon found to take the captain's place, but the change proved disastrous for the new guide was unskilled, and in attempting to cross the mountains between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, he misled the expedition and Fremont lost all his animals and one half of his men.

Captain Rocky, like Fremont, was a man of great native talents and iron will, for whom no labor was too arduous and no responsibility too great, hence it was not strange that they failed to agree, for it was a characteristic of each to draw a line by which his course of action proceeded; and on that plan he worked irrespective of the opinions of others.

Had not the captain been so thoroughly fixed in his own views I should have the pleasure of narrating to our readers his experience as guide to one of our most daring and world renowned explorers—"The Pathfinder."

This marked feature in his character is not objectionable; it is the one which brought him success in the line of work in which he was engaged.

On his return from New Mexico he bore on his body the evidence of great hardship and suffering. His wonderfully rugged constitution was broken. The exposure through which he had passed and the government rations which he had eaten gave him the scurvy which will pro-

bably affect him all his life as he still suffers from its effects.

His roving disposition now seemed fully satisfied and he determined to settle down and enjoy life with his family —a good resolution; but habits are stronger than resolutions, and like all persons at his age, his character was fixed, or in other words, he was moving in a rut. The business an individual follows fixes his rut. Twenty years of wandering—years fraught with danger and thrilling adventures—had made him thoroughly acquainted with the wild unsettled west, and very skillful as a scout and a guide, but had also unfitted him for the peaceful pursuits of home life.

When he had been at home but a short time a party was organized to go to Grand Island, Nebraska, to establish a fort. So much has been said thus far of forts that something more definite concerning the construction of the western fortifications may be of some interest to the reader. These bear no resemblance to the strong fortresses which guard our eastern ports, but were generally rude stockades, some of them enclosing three or four acres of land with a double row of posts or logs rising from ten to eighteen feet above the ground; on the interior of the stockade was one or more block houses. These houses were flat on the top, affording elevated po-

sitions for artillery , that it might easily command the surrounding country. While these forts gave perfect security from the Indians, they would have offered little resistance to an invading army. Kansas now boasts of several more modernly constructed forts, one at Leavenworth, on the bluffs of the Missouri river, another at Ft. Scott on the Marmiton river, and Ft. Dodge, all of which were built during the rebellion, and are to-day of little use or importance.

The place which the company was to fortify is on the Platte river, below the present site of Kearney.

With his fast declining health Captain Rocky did not consider it practicable to attempt the trip, especially as he had resolved to remain with his family. But it seemed impossible to get any one else who was able to conduct the expedition, and an offer so tempting was made him that he finally agreed to go, upon condition than an ambulance be furnished him in which he might ride and also a horse for his use when he was able to go on horseback.

Captain Sublett and Lieut. Woodbury, of Washington, D. C., were highest in rank and Captain Rocky acted as guide. There were one hundred and twenty soldiers under their command. After having been out a few days the much improved condition of the captain's health enabled him to be out with the men, and he did much to make the

long and dreary hours and days pleasant to the soldiers. Captain Sublett had also been quite a frontiersman. He was of genial disposition and thoroughly enjoyed a joke; he and Captain Rocky were rival story tellers, and jokes did much to relieve the monotony of camp life, and the long tiresome march.

In rehearsing their experiences of the past, at different times the conversation turned on the bills of fare which they had enjoyed, (a good while after they were eaten). They declared that on one occasion they had, in the absence of other food, eaten a boiled dog, and ate it with a relish. They thought it a good feast. If it was, it is fair to suppose that it was a dogged good feast.

Lieutenant Woodbury, who had been a silent listener up to this time, expressed himself in strong terms, declaring that he felt sure that before he could be induced to eat the meat of a dog he would eat nothing.

The lieutenant was a gentleman of refined and scholarly attainments, and to one of æsthetic tastes, who had lived all his life among the learned and cultured of the land, this feature of western life was especially disgusting. Many other things were unpleasant to him, but being a gentleman of sterling qualities he strove to fit himself for his environments.

His comrades laughingly assured him that he might be glad to eat a canine before many months elapsed, to which he replied, "No! Never! Never!!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Supper of Dog Meat—Perils on the Platte—Rescue—Atrocities of the Pawnees.

They were on the road but a few days more when it was decided that rest was necessary, and a halt was ordered. After being in camp but a few days a herd of buffalo was discovered coming toward the camp. Lieutenant Woodbury, with all the impatience of an experienced hunter, wished to be off at once to kill a few of them, and coming eagerly to the guide asked him to go with him before the much-coveted prize could retreat; but as his horse had fallen with him and injured him only a few days before so that he could not ride horseback, he suggested that he ask Captain Sublett to accompany him. The lieutenant answered, "I have already done so and he refuses simply because he is too indolent to enjoy a buffalo hunt." It might be observed here that Captain Sublett's love for the ridiculous was only equalled by his untiring love for rest. He was always ready to play a joke or go into camp for a few days of repose.

Just then a band of friendly Indians were seen not far away, and the guide thought of a plan at once, and said:

"I will go and persuade the captain to go out with you. It would be too bad for you to miss the sport of a buffalo hunt." He then proceeded to the tent and told the captain if he would go out with the lieutenant he would trade with the Indians for a fat dog and dress and cook it before they returned from the hunt.

The captain, whose experience with buffalo had not been the most agreeable, and having no relish for that kind of sport, would exercise his ingenuity and put forth much energy if he was sure that thereby he might perpetrate a joke on some victim of his company; hence the captain and lieutenant might have been seen a few minutes later riding in the direction of the buffalo. The latter hurriedly took the lead, the former leisurely bringing up the rear, while in the camp might be seen the guide—the personification of mischief—bartering with the Indians for a fat puppy, giving them a little sugar, tobacco and coffee in exchange for it.

The negro cook was enjoined to silence as to the kind of game prepared for the coming meal, and to impress the importance of reticence, a small silver coin was slipped into his hand, for which he acknowledged gratitude by a full display of ivory and unusual alacrity in obeying orders.

One-half of the carcass was dressed and the balance

rolled in the hide and secreted beneath one of the wagons on the coupling-pole. About three o'clock the sportsmen returned from a long, exciting chase, tired and with appetites not unlike the hungry schoolboy's, whose capacity for storing away large quantities of edibles is proverbial.

In hunting, the captain had been successful, as he had killed a buffalo; but the lieutenant, who had gone out with such visions of success awaiting him, had returned rather crestfallen, not even having wounded a buffalo, and himself the target for many not unamiable, but perhaps not gracefully rendered jokes concerning his lack of skill as a hunter.

The lieutenant's olfactories were very acute—so acute indeed that he had often amused the company on the way, by telling the kind of flowers and herbs growing by the wayside, but not in sight. It was often remarked that if he would follow his nose it would lead him aright.

He had not been long in camp before the savory odors from the cook's tent attracted his attention, and at once proceeded thither to interrogate Sambo as to the kind of meat he was cooking, saying, "That meat sends out a peculiar but delicious odor. What is it?"

"Dunno, mas'r," replied the cook. "It do smell mighty nice, don't it?"

He asked the guide what it was, and was told that it was

a little animal which was very much prized and which he had killed that day, but that he could not recall its name.

Dinner was soon announced and the officers, unusually mirthful—the provoking cause apparently being the exciting chase of the morning and the lieutenant's ill luck as a sportsman—immediately answered the call.

> "Around the board they range in line
> And only wait a given sign"

to begin the feast.

The lieutenant passed his plate and a generous deal of the meat was made to him which he ate, and passed his plate for another supply, wondering as he did so if the hunt had not added to their appreciation of the most excellent dinner, and asked if animals of that species were abundant, saying that he would like to try his skill in shooting one, as perhaps he might have better success with small game than with the bison. He was told that they were abundant in some localities and easily killed, and that the chances were good for many such feasts.

The lieutenant brought some cigars and the captain told him that he had saved enough of the animal for another meal, and would show it to him as soon as they had enjoyed their Havanas. Lingering for a time to laugh and chat, the guide said: "Now, come and see the kind of meat of which you are so fond."

They proceeded to the wagon, and he told the lieutenant to kneel down and look up, the guide at the same time giving the remains a quick jerk. The dog's head still remained unsevered from the body and presented a fierce appearance with its grinning teeth and staring eyes. The lieutenant stood still for a moment, looking puzzled, then said:

"That *looks* to me much like a dog."

"Yes, that's just what it is, and you have relished a feast on what you said you never could be induced to taste," said the guide.

The lieutenant felt that the fun had been a little severe, for his senses of smell and taste were epicurean, and he had always had the means with which to gratify them. The thought that those senses, so finely developed, had actually been captivated by a thing so gross as "boiled dog" was unpleasant, to say the least. Still he had the good sense to let the matter pass good naturedly; but he insisted on the cook taking all the cooking utensils to the creek, near by, and give them a thorough scouring with sand, and warned the colored boy to assist in no more pranks upon him. He was also very careful thereafter to find to a certainty just what he was eating.

The world is filled with victims who, though not literally partaking of such food, are tasting of bitter fruits which

circumstances are pressing to their lips, and usually the very ones which in their undisciplined hearts they have said, "I will never taste," yet in the economy of nature it is well, for,

> "Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour
> Till crushed by pain's relentless power."

The Pawnee tribe of Indians became somewhat troublesome and measures were taken to effect a treaty with them, but in the time that intervened between the first attempt at a treaty and its final conclusion they made the company serious trouble with their stock, seeming to take especial pleasure in scattering it in every direction, thereby making much trouble in getting it together, and otherwise annoying the men by every device that savage fancy might dictate. But at last a treaty was made and the soldiers were no longer vexed by their depredations.

At that early date the country was one vast, almost boundless expanse of prairie, inhabited by wild animals and reptiles, the rattlesnake being very common, and the horses suffered much from their venom—many dying.

The guide's health was so much improved that he was now sent out on important missions, such as carrying messages from fort to fort. Many times these trips were of a dangerous character, as he went alone without the aid of any soldiers, but years of experience on the plains had so

prepared him for the work, that, though in constant peril, several times encountering hostile Indians, and more than once being an interested party in a close race, yet he was always on the alert for danger and always made good his escape.

He often traveled for days, his only companion being his gun. At one time he was sent up the Platte river some seven miles, expecting to return the next day. When about ready to retrace his steps he was surprised by a party of Indians. The first notice he had of their approach was their fiendish yell, and immediately the race began. The Indians were mounted and he was on foot, but owing to the broken surface of the country he had a decided advantage. At this point on the river the timber is small and grows in clumps. At first he ran into one of these patches of underbrush, then into a ravine which ran in the direction of another clump of timber, but knowing that the Indians would attempt to cut him off from the shelter of the woods, shielded himself under the high banks of the ravine, and ran until he came to a place which had been worn and hollowed by the water and filled by a drift of grass. Under this he crept and anxiously awaited the result.

The Indians were evidently baffled, and with great pleasure the captain heard them going in the direction of

the woods; their exultant yells ceased and the tone of their voices indicated that they had become serious, after a time the sounds died away, but the silence did not last long, and in a few minutes he became certain that they were searching for him in the ravine. He began to fear that they might fire the dry drift under which he was concealed, the sound came nearer and nearer and coming to his hiding place stopped and talked; his very heart beats seemed loud enough to be heard by his dreadful foe. The crisis had come, he felt that they had found him and now he had the choice of dying there at their hands without a struggle, or of springing to his feet and die fighting. The latter plan was his choice but while he lay dreading the fearful results, dreading more for wife and child than for self, to his utter astonishment the Indians moved on, but it was not long until they returned, then they divided into small squads, dismounted, secured their ponies and a more careful search commenced. Night came on and brought hopes of escape. Thirst and hunger were adding greatly to his discomfort, and when a party of the fiends prepared their supper and camped for the night by him he felt that his doom was sealed.

All night he lay and listened and waited, and the morning renewed his hopes and fears, hopes that as he had promised to return the previous day a search might be

made for him, and fear lest the Indians would fire the drift or discover him, but the long summer day passed much as the previous day had done. He dare not move,and his suffering was intense. Thirst burned and hunger, like an imprisoned wolf, gnawed his vitals. Night again came and as his tormenters gathered to camp by him, hope fled, and the pa[illegible]d victim awaited the fearful torture and death which [illegible] felt was inevitable. Minutes seemed hours, the night dragged slowly by; morning came. The Indians manifested no intention of leaving; momentarily he expected to be burned. A little before noon there was a great stir in the camp as though the savages had discovered new victims. There was a rush for the ponies and in a moment the hoof beat of two or three hundred horses told him that the foe had fled. He listened a moment and the clanking of arms told him that deliverance had come, but not too soon; for the dust which he had breathed from the dry drift, the intense heat, and remaining in one position so long had so weakened him that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could move or get from his hiding place. He came forth as from the dead. Capt. Sublett fearing something had happened to him, had that morning decided on going in search of him. When the captain returned with him to the fort his appearance told his suffering plainer than words could have done and tender care

and smiles and tears told the love and sympathy of his wife and comrades.

The Pawnee tribe of Indians were then on the war path and many poor fellows suffered a horrid death at their hands. About two weeks after the event just narrated the Indians fell upon the U. S. mail carrier, whose route lay between Ft.'s Leavenworth and Kearney, and murdered him then plundered the mail and escaped with team and wagon. The Government then ordered the soldiers to punish the tribe until the offenders should be given up and a treaty of peace signed which was done, but the Indians disregarded the treaty and continued to depredate as we shall soon see. This murder was committed near the border line of Kansas and Nebraska, where the old stage road crossed the Big Blue river. Such scenes were then common. If the price of land can be paid by the blood of heroes, America has been dearly bought.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Life of the Frontiersman—Domestic Quiet—The Marriage Vows Repeated—Escape of Agnes Arnold—Discovery of Gold in California—Society From a Clergyman's Standpoint.

A frontiersman life, though so full of danger, is said to be fascinating in the extreme, and when one has lived for years with only the society of the rough, hardy, but generous hearted pioneers, the busy hum of civilization loses its charms for him, and as the hut is changed for a home, the wigwams give place to the city and the hunting grounds are converted into corn fields a spirit of restlessness takes possession of him and he again turns his face to the setting sun and with his few effects loaded into his wagon he seeks "Some quiet spot unchanged by art to fit the taste of man.

"Some sweet wild land adorned on natures plan," and when he finds it he is happy. It is well that he is, for he is the fore-runner going to prepare the way for civilization. Few men have the hardihood and courage to endure the hardships and privations which must be undergone in the settling of any new country.

"It ain't the funniest thing a man can do—
Existing in a country when it's new;
Nature—who moved in first—a good long while—
Has things already somewhat her own style,
And she don't want her woodland splendors battered,
Her rustic furniture broken up and scattered,
Her paintings, which long years ago were done
By that old splendid artist—King, the Sun—
Torn down and dragged in Civilization's gutter,
Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter.
She don't want things exposed from porch to closet,
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.
She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds.
She sends her blackbirds in the earliest morn
To superintend his fields of planted corn.
She gives her rain, past any duck's desire,
Then may-be several weeks of quiet fire;
She sends mosquitoes—leeeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague-muscle to display,
And shake him up—say every other day.
With thoughtful, conscientious care she makes
Those travelin' poison-bottles, ra'tlesnakes;
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,
To keep in stock good wildcats, wolves and bears;
She spurns his offered hand with silent gibes,
And compromises with the Indian tribes,
(For they who've wrestled with his bloody art
SayN ature always takes an Indian's part).
In short, her toil is every day increased,
To scare him out and hustle him back east;
Till finally, it appears to her some day
That he has made arrangements for to stay;
Then she turns 'round, as sweet as anything,
And takes her new-made friend into the ring,
And changes from a snarl into a purr—
From mother-in-law to mother, as it were."

And when that time comes immigration begins to pour in bringing pluck, enterprise and sobriety; this class usually being the bone and sinew of the land, and in the fertile valleys and uplands of the west are reared beautiful homes, where not only utility but æsthetic tastes are gratified and cultivated. The love of flowers and ornamental shrubs is a growing passion with the American people, and any one of this day and age professing much advancement can no more afford to be without these, than can the literary man dispense wit the current news of the day from his center table.

During the time of this last trip the captain's family was at Fort Kearney, where he returned and removed with them to St. Joseph, Mo., at that time being quite small compared with its present size, which now numbers 55,785 inhabitants, having that remarkably rapid growth which so many western cities show, by the census, to be almost beyond the comprehension, in so short a period of time.

Life with his wife and children now seemed to begin with all its enjoyments, as he had never fully realized before the pleasures attendant upon a life of domestic quiet; but his health again began to fail and he became so much reduced that fears were entertained that he might not recover, and wishing to arrange his business in such a manner as best to protect his family from want, he sent for a lawyer to adjust his affairs.

Shortly before this, he had learned that Emmett, who had united them in marriage at Vermilion, was not empowered to do so, and consequently their marriage was void. His wife as well as himself was shocked upon learning this, and hastened to repair the wrong which had been done by at once procuring legal advice, and upon learning the case the lawyer informed them that the ceremony was not binding, and advised them to take the proper steps to be united legally, whereupon a clergyman was summoned, and with the sick man in his bed, his wife standing by his side, they were married, this time no doubts surrounding its validity.

After a few weeks the captain was out of danger, but still remained feeble. One evening as his wife was seated with her children and Elizabeth, after the toils of the day, she was startled to see at the door a young man of slight figure, with something strikingly familiar both in voice and manner, asking for work. He was informed that the husband was absent, but would return before long.

All this time the lady was trying to solve the enigma as to where she had seen that face and heard the voice before, feeling sure that she was sitting face to face, not with a stranger, but with an old familiar friend, yet she could not settle it in her own mind. In the meantime the captain came in, and the lad asked that he might be furnished

employment. He was told that he had nothing for him to do, but he might remain with him over night, and if he wished to perform some little labor about the grounds for his lodging he could do so, to which he cheerfully consented.

The youth was seated later in the evening engaged in conversation with the ladies when he exclaimed: "Edna, do you not know me? You must remember Agnes Arnold, a young girl among the Mormons at the time of your departure for the fort!"

In her own words, she related the following:

"I went with the saints, in company with my family, to Utah, shortly after you left us. I lived the happy, careless life of a young girl with my affectionate parents and brothers, when my father, after a short illness, died. It seemed then that my grief at his loss was an affliction which could not be equalled; but I have since learned that the death of a Christian, while we may mourn the loss deeply, is not the saddest thing in life. My mother married a year after. He, being a man of wealth, we were placed beyond want, and by his kind manner I was won to confidence in him, and came to look upon him as a father, owing to his advanced years and his seemingly disinterested kindness for me. My mother appeared to have unbounded confidence in him, and our relations were alto-

gether agreeable and harmonious, when I began to notice a change in his manner toward me which I could not interpret, but in time, to my astonishment and grief, he wished to marry me. A hundred conflicting emotions filled my heart! I felt for him a daughter's regard, for he had seemed to take the place--so far as any one could—of that of my dearly loved father who had died. I was in the deepest trouble, which I dared not disclose to my mother, whom I loved equally well with my sainted father. I could not tell her of the duplicity of her husband, as she still appeared to hold him in the highest esteem. I spent no time in idle tears, but knew that some decisive step must be taken at once. I almost felt at times that the God whom I had been taught in early childhood to revere would not look upon the act of suicide as past being forgiven; but after a time a healthier condition of mind took the place of the morbid one and I began to cast aside all unreasonable intentions. I tried to look at the matter in a sensible light, and with no one to whom I could go for counsel but Him who hears the cry of the troubled and weary, I at length decided upon a plan of action. My mother and her husband were absent from home, and I attired myself in my brother's garments, and taking a small amount of money proceeded on foot for a short distance on the line which I knew to be the route traversed by

wagons conveying freight to Atchison, and engaged as teamster to drive through. The train-master treated me with the greatest consideration, always shielding me from anything which required much heavy labor, and in every way showed his generous nature by favoring me. I sometimes wondered if he did not suspect that I was fleeing from the horrors of polygamy—at least, I shall always regard him with the sincerest gratitude for his studied kindness to me. I always felt when he was near that I was safe. My own consciousness of disguise and the fear of detection made me unusually watchful and sensitive; while I knew that I was justifiable in protecting myself I felt nervous dread of exposure and ridicule. I would have been glad to kiss my mother good bye, who had always been kind and affectionate to me, but I could not do so without fear of detection. On the evening of my departure my little brother Harry whom I loved so tenderly, whose soft arms were about my neck, and whose childish prattle, which had always been so sweet before, now cut me to the very heart, for I knew that I must soon leave him. How much I wanted to take him in my arms and bring him with me! But I could not long indulge in tender sentiments, for I must hasten my preparations for flight, and when the rosy little fellow was asleep I kissed him for the last time, with my heart well nigh bursting with grief."

"In what way did you learn of our residence in St. Joseph?" asked Edna.

"A letter came to your father from you the day before I started and I heard its contents read while there. I had been waiting for some developments—I hardly knew what—by which an avenue of escape would be opened, and this seemed the very one for which I had been waiting, and notwithstanding I was conscious that I was taking a fearful risk I was so distressed with the condition of matters at home that I acted at once upon my decision. And now, here I am ready and but too willing to earn enough to reach my uncle residing in Philadelphia, and to whom I shall write, telling him of my coming," and the tired homeless girl, with her arms about Edna's neck, sobbed out her pent up sorrow.

She was now among friends, and their assurances of assistance, and, more than all else, their kind reception—which is not of necessity expressed in words—impressed her with a sense of welcome.

Upon the arrival of the captain the story was rehearsed to him by his wife, and the generous hearted man furnished money with which to purchase a plain but substantial wardrobe, and after the expiration of two weeks Agnes was restless to start for her uncle's home. The captain engaged passage on a river boat which took her to St.

Louis, thence to Cairo, at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, thence on the Ohio to Wheeling, West Virginia, from which point she took stage to Baltimore, Md., and from that place to Philadelphia, where she was warmly welcomed by her uncle's family.

In time a letter came from her to the captain and his wife full of grateful expressions for their sympathy as well as the timely aid which they had rendered her when she so much needed it, the lines in many places being blotted by her tears.

The captain had but partially recovered as yet, and thought that a trip to the west might prove beneficial. Just at this juncture the gold excitement of California began to bring crowds of people from every conceivable direction in the United States, who were wild with the thoughts of filling their coffers with gold in a brief period of time, many leaving lucrative positions to rush to the gold fields, some even fancying that the precious metal lay but a little way beneath the surface, and others, that it could be collected in nuggets lying promiscuously about and could be had by simply gathering it up.

St. Joseph being a point on the Missouri easy of access, and much traveled, being a thoroughfare for the hopeful gold seekers, the wharves were packed with every conceivable style of team and conveyance—from the antiqu-

ated ox-cart to the best equipped wagon, neatly painted, and protected by a substantial cover, drawn by sleek, shining horses, in fine condition, who, like their owner, seemed to be eager to be on their way. The crowd was so great that thronged the landing places that the militia was called into requisition to clear away the throng in order to enable the merchants to load their goods into drays to be conveyed to their respective destination, and also that the outgoing vessels might be loaded with the desired freight. The officials were obliged to drive the emigrants back from the ferryboats that the ferryman might not be crowded and annoyed by the importunities of the eager multitude determined to cross the river, that they might arrive in California in time to secure the much coveted gold. The greatest confusion prevailed, as the impatient, excited and waiting people ran hither and thither vainly trying to elude the officers and in some way get across the Missouri river, which was such a barrier between them and the far distant and promising country. To make the distress still greater, that dreaded disease—cholera—began to prevail among the people waiting to cross the river, and whose crowded condition made it almost impossible for them to observe the laws of health.

The city was quarantined, and as a result the supply of vegetables and fruit became scarce, but by an arrangemen

soon made between the producer and dealers, supplies were left where the grocerymen could go out and bring in the much-needed edibles, so that the distress in that direction was only of temporary duration. All possible manner of sanitary measures were employed that the mortality might decrease, but notwithstanding this, many died —sometimes sweeping away a whole family—in one instance, out of a family of ten, only two remaining.

People from the east, with very crude ideas of crossing the plains, came with wagons laden with quantities of feed, flour, bacon and other kindred bulky articles, not realizing as they proceeded on their journey, and their horses became worn with the trip, that every additional pound was a burden to the fast wearying animals, already having traveled many miles, and many more before them.

Captain Rocky was employed to direct a company of these adventurers out as far as the Blue river. After crossing the Missouri and proceeding to the summit of the hill lying just west of St. Joseph, the road began to present a strange appearance, being strewn with sacks of flour and bacon which had been thrown away in order to lighten the loads which had become too much of a burden, as they daily became more weary, disheartened, and in many instances, sick. The farther on the journey they proceeded the evidences of more discouragement became

evident by the increased quantities of feed, flour and bacon, which in some places assumed quite large proportions; but it was not only in this particular spot, but all along for fifty miles out he saw this terrible waste which in utter hopelessness had been placed in piles on either side of the road. But the most sickening sight which they beheld was that of a cayote crossing the road and fleeing at their approach across the prairie, carrying in its mouth the bone of a human being; the victim undoutedly dying from cholera contracted when crowded in the hot, stifling air of St. Joseph. The remains had been so imperfectly buried—if at all—that it became the prey of the wolf. Another heart-rending sight was that of a man whose horses had died, leaving him sick in his wagon, with no one but an occasional passer-by to give him a few draughts of water to cool his fevered, parched tongue. The party stopped and lifted him from the wagon, and, as far as possible, cleansed and aired his scanty bedding, bathed his filthy hands and face, over which the flies and gnats swarmed in great numbers, and leaving a small supply of water, replaced him again in the wagon. One of the more thoughtful wrote in a legible hand the words: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward," and placed it conspicu-

ously on the wagon that the outgoing travelers might read the words and be touched with a Samaritan spirit and minister to his needs.

Upon the captain's return he was quite curious to learn of the fate of the poor man, but as both the wagon and its occupant were gone he could only conjecture what the sequel might have been.

He had scarcely commenced his return journey, which was accomplished on horseback, before he was urged to carry to St. Joseph letters which the anxious travelers wished to have mailed. As he had provided himself with a sack for the purpose, being aware of the eagerness of the travelers to send back to waiting friends tidings of their progress, health and hopes. The remuneration for carrying these messages being one dollar each for their safe entrance to the office, he realized a handsome sum for his trouble, as he was constantly meeting those who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity of sending a few words to the loved ones, and by the time he reached St. Joseph the sack was packed to its utmost capacity.

Some few of these gold seekers accumulated fortunes in a few months, while many others spent all they brought with them and returned home poorer, but wiser, than when they left.

One route was by the Isthmus of Panama, that line of

travel being fraught with danger of which the hopeful adventurer was partially unacquainted, and although many promising youth and gray-haired men who inhaled the poisonous air pervading that particular locality, contracted diseases which terminated fatally, yet, as the poet has it: "Each man thinks all men mortal but himself." Not learning from the experiences of the past, they ventured on the same ground which had proved the last resting place of hundreds who had gone before him, and often to himself.

The valley of the San Joaquin not only showed immense deposits of gold, but also of quicksilver, as well as iron ore. So rich did the gold mines prove that in 1850 the United States mint had received $32,500,000 worth of gold from California.

The first mail sent to the state—leaving New York city in October, 1848—was conveyed by way of Cape Horn, one bag being sufficient to contain the amount of mail matter on that trip. The next was taken across the Isthmus of Panama, and the remarkable immigration to California in the intervening time made it necessary, in order to accommodate the increased amount, to provide one hundred and sixty bags for its conveyance.

The postage from one point to another within the state, or from there to Oregon, was at that time 12 1-4 cents; to any other point in the United States, 40 cents. The natu-

ral results of so large a number of men from all the walks of life being thrown together with the prime object—love of wealth—would not tend to bring out the better part of the nature, but the condition of society was perhaps not so bad as one might imagine. As a resident clergyman says:

"No sober man can look candidly upon a community gathered so rapidly as ours without, seeming to speak entirely within bounds, as fair a representation, in every class of our citizens, of enterprise, of capacity, of love of order, respect for law, and reverence for religion, as can be found among the same classes at home; and this, too, with gigantic temptations to encounter, with no strong force of settled public opinion to bear upon them, removed from the sacred guardianship of home, and from the thousand refined and delightful resources which are there everywhere opened for the mind and heart."

CHAPTER XXV.

Proposed Trip to the Gold Fields of California—News from Home—Visit to Wisconsin—Lead Mines—Return Trip—Sterling Price's Raid.

Complete arrangements now having been made, even to the loading of the wagons with provisions and other articles adequate to the success of so extended a trip, the captain sauntered down to the landing the day before his intended departure for California, and was watching the passengers as they stepped from the steamer onto the pier.

The much traveled lady and gentleman, apparently perfectly at home, leisurely moving out to a waiting carriage, followed by a colored waiter, bringing sundry paraphernalia of travel, when immediately behind them, by way of contrast, the excited, nervous, elderly lady, who is making her first trip by steam, and remembers of reading from her well-worn bible in her quiet country home something of "Babel," and wonders if it were anything to compare with the confusion which every where greets her ears. The discordant cries of the hackmen, mingled with the murmur of voices, and the shrill whistle of the steamer unite to make the din more unbearable. She appears to think her baggage—consisting of a band-box, a big and little satchel, lunch basket and umbrella—is in imminent danger

of being taken by the swarm of porters, setting forth in glowing terms their respective hotels, and she grimly holds fast her possessions. With a look of anxious, solicitous inquiry on her furrowed face, which gives place to one of pleasure as a sturdy, sun-burned man, apparently about thirty-five years of age, pronounces the name—mother. Her cherished baggage is now forgotten and the mother's arms are about John's neck, whom she has not seen since he left his Ohio home, years since, and came west to try his fortunes with the restless tide coming from the crowded towns and farms. Apparently the man's love is "just the same as of old," for he gently and deferentially stoops and returns her embrace in as knightly a manner as did James A. Garfield greet his mother upon the day of his inauguration. In fact it has now become an axiom that old-time love, as a rule, exists in families in its native simplicity, where fame, fashion and wealth have not overgrown the sweet flower of "love."

As the captain is standing looking at the crowd a gentleman touches him upon the arm, inquiring for a man named Mooso. The interrogator was found to be an old acquaintance of the captain's, bringing a letter which contained the news of the dangerous illness of his father, who now resided in Wisconsin, and wished to see him at once.

So many years had elapsed since he had left his home and during that time he had not seen his father, that he decided upon a visit thence, wishing to see him before his death, if it were not already too late.

The trip to California was now only in the prospective, and Edna, who all the time had been averse to it, urged that he go at once to visit his father. After some hasty plans in reference to the proposed journey it was decided that the family accompany him, including the young girl who had left the Mormons when they first went to the fort and still remained with them. In a few days the family embarked on a steamer at St. Joseph, going on to St. Louis, from there up the Mississippi, then taking a boat on he Fever river to Galena, Ills. In their route they passed through that portion of the state wearing upon its bosom the four gem lakes now environing the city of Madison.

To one going from the prairies of the west to this garden of loveliness the scene is enchanting—almost elysian—standing on the eminence containing the University buildings and overlooking the capitol and the four lakes, now presenting a panorama of unrivalled beauty, what must it have been at the time our travelers beheld it before the hand of Art had intruded to any great extent!

Mother Nature knows just how much light and shade, gold and green, sunliht and ebon darkness, will show up

her landscapes to the best advantage. What can be more attractive than true nature! for has it not been verified time without number that the orator, the musician, or the actor who holds the greatest power over the people—were the secret to be analyzed—would sum up in few words, "true to nature."

J. G. Holland was asked by a young man why the most of the charming women were among the married ladies, to which he replied, "They are not; there is no incentive to practice those little arts in which the single lady indulges, and as a result they appear natural, which is a synonym for fascination."

As the trip had taken upwards of ten days his father's health had improved and danger was now past. Upon arriving the captain went immediately to his father's house, leaving the family at the hotel. The father and son conversed for some time, before the old gentleman could realize that the slender youth whom he had bid God speed on that bright spring morning, years ago was the one and the same as the man who stood before him. Now followed inquiries and ejaculations of surprise, joy and grief, as information first of one character and another was conveyed from father to son; here the captain first learned of the death of his sister, Mary. Tears of sorrow coursed down his cheeks for the memory of

that sweet child face, had been to him a talisman for good through numberless temptations and trials. How well he remembered her clinging embrace, when he gave her so long ago the farewell kiss.

His father had learned, in some way, that his son had become associated with the Mormons, and asked him if he like many others, had more than one wife. The captain wishing to see how his father felt in regard to the custom answered in an indefinite manner, which left the elder gentleman to draw his own conclusions, and he apparently classed his son with the great body of polygamists, for he promptly informed him that there was no room in his house for a man with more than one wife, and supposed he had been better reared than to adopt a belief of that kind.

The captain in company with his brother, went to the hotel, where Edna and Elizabeth were introduced to him, whom he regarded with evident aversion, and did not hesitate to tell his brother that while he was glad to see him again, he would have been better pleased to see but one wife. Elizabeth informed him that she was only a servant in the family, upon which he became more brotherly in his manner. It seemed that the old grand-father's heart went out more tenderly toward baby Joe than to his own son who had so changed, that in his feebleness

he could not bring himself to think was his child, but the little one filled the vacant place in the childish heart of the old man, who never seemed to tire of carressing and kissing him, saying, "Now I have my Joe back again."

The captain began to look about for some employment, and as this section of the state abounded in valuable lead mines he went out prospecting, finding a rich deposit, sometimes making in a few days such an amount which, if it had been carefully invested, would have insured him a competence later in life, but having with little exertion acquired so much in so short a time he became somewhat intoxicated with his sudden acquisitions and purchased extensively which proved to be an unfortunate investment. After mining for two years, alternately making and losing, he at length purchased a farm, where he resided, and found by steady application to his vocation that he was once more the possessor of a comparative competence.

But again the disease which had followed him for a number of years assumed a different form; and he now began to feel that a crisis had come, as physicians informed him that a large tumor must be removed from his side in order to save his life, and even then much danger attended its removal, as he might not recover from the shock of the operation.

With his characteristic indifference to physical suffer-

ing he arranged for the time for the visit of the physicians, and placing himself upon the operating table refused to have anything of a relaxing and quieting nature administered. Knowing the excruciating suffering attendant upon such an operation they wished to secure him by binding him to the table, but he resisted all their attempts and was in consequence left unbound. The oldest operator, a man of much surgical skill and extensive experience, remarked that a person of such nerve and stamina would almost invariably bear up under such an operation, and the prospect was good for the sufferer to outlive them all.

It is authentically stated that a criminal about to be executed was given over to a class in medicine for experimenting in regard to the influence of mind over matter, whereupon he was taken from his cell and told to prepare for death, as he was to be bled until life became extinct. A slight scoring of the lance brought to the surface a little blood, and, as he was blindfolded, the constant dripping of warm water upon the victim's arm impressed him that the ebbing blood was slowly taking his life, and the conversation of the students to the effect that, according to his pulse but a few minutes remained to him in this world, overcame him to such an extent that he actually expired.

Edna looked upon her husband, as she thought, for the last time, but he cheerfully assured her that he would be himself again in a few days; and all this time, while we have been wandering off after the criminal, our hero has been patiently awaiting the tortures of the surgeon's knife. It is needless to say, that although his sufferings were great, save with a few admonitions to hasten the work, he bore it all with fortitude, and now lives with his glory of silver hair to tell the story.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Elizabeth's Future—Rural Life.

Elizabeth had come to look upon Edna and the captain with the affection of a daughter, and always remembering, with true gratitude, the time when she was driven to the necessity of seeking their protection, which saved her from a life worse than death. As time wore on she seemed to forget in a measure her former life, remembering it as a sort of dream, but always speaking with great aversion of the Mormons and their practices. Never, like some, did she forget the debt of gratitude which she owed her kind benefactors, who reciprocated her affection with the care of parents, giving counsel and admonitions which she dutifully heeded.

To the growing family she stood in the relations of an elder sister, ministering to their many wants and demands, with the cheerful acquiescence which characterized every thing which she did; after any kindness had been proffered by her, the recipient, happy and well pleased, did not feel that he was under lasting obligations which could not be repaid, but with a feeling that in giving she had added to herself a store of happiness, for she did a kindness with such whole-heartedness and without grudging. She became in time almost indespensible to the family. Edna as

her cares increased became somewhat frail, and Elizabeth gradually assumed the responsibility of the house.

Several times hands, homes and hearts were offered her, but she laughingly declared herself too busy with her friends to engage in a life work for herself, and assured Edna that she should never marry so long as she was necessary in the family, to which the former would answer, you must not relinquish your personal happiness for the future by the refusal of one whom you can respect, while I shall grieve to part with you, I cannot stand in the way of your future good; but a careless, indifferent answer was always given, which led the captain and his wife to conclude that she was either proof against the matters in which the heart was involved, or already her affections were enlisted in an unattainable or unworthy object, neither of which surmise was correct.

Already the summer had passed and the lovely autumn days, full of mellow softened light, had come. The long summer twilight had deepened into the more sombre ones of autumn; they had been of unusual significance to Elizabeth, for during that time had come into her life something altogether new and for a time undefined; feelings which had before been dormant were now fully awakened, and as by a sudden revelation she was confronted with the undeniable fact that young Develu Tillison had come

to be almost a part of her nature. This young man had been absent from his home during his parents stay in California, who had gone out during the time when so many went to seek for gold, and unlike many others they had realized even more than they dreamed of wealth, but even then Mr. Tillison wished to remain and invest more largely, although now among the wealthiest, his thirst for more had not been satiated and his last heavy returns only inspired him to continued effort, again and again he ventured and fortune smiled each time. The son in the meantime had become tired of wandering and had returned; his grounds adjoining those of the captain with whom he boarded during the summer and fall of which we speak, and the acquaintance begun as a mere matter of mutual pleasure for the season, had terminated in mutual regard. Elizabeth concealed nothing from her friends, frankly telling them of her attachment and said: "You have been to me more than parents and as much as I love you I have found some one who is dearer, and with your blessing—which I crave—I will go out from the only home which I have ever known, and with one of my choice seek to make a home well worthy the name—not a mere mockery of the word as it is in very many cases."

"To Adam, Paradise was a *home*; to the good among his descendants, *home* is a paradise."

These kind friends gave the desired sanction, and in a few weeks Elizabeth was established in a home of her own. How much that word implies! for it can mean so much of misery, privation and distrust, or of happiness, plenty and perfect trust.

Which of these will our young friends choose? for with them rests the responsibility as to whether they will have it as divinely intended, or, on the other hand, a place which none will care to enter. And now, because we like these young people so well, and further, they will continue to be prominent in the narrative, we will not leave them here, but will call upon them, choosing one of those clear, cold winter days just as the sun is sinking out of sight, for we want the lamps to be lighted as we are ushered into their cheerful sitting-room.

A certain air of good cheer seemed to pervade the whole room; the easy chair had an inviting, motherly look which seemed to urge one to try its virtues. A bright wood fire cracked and sparkled with a hearty abandon in the huge stove. Over the mantel hung two pictures in massive frames, one of a gray haired, keen-eyed old man whom one would pronounce at a glance as "remarkably shrewd;" the other, the face of a woman, while it is strong is also tender. There is a wealth of love in the large, brown eyes, which instinctively lead you to tell their own-

er your sorrows, and in return receive comfort and cheer. These are the portraits of the father and mother of Divilu. While nothing pertaining to the furnishing of the room indicates wealth, save a few elegant gifts—presents from the parents—and some rare flowering plants, it is just one of those rooms which the reader sometimes enters and is struck with its simple beauty, and warmth, and welcome, which does not consist of tapestries of rich and stylish pattern, but a home look, lighted by a welcome in the eye, manner and tone of the host. If we mistake not, these friends have found the true philosophy of life, judging from the manner in which they regard their friends and each other.

The same thrift which is seen within the dwelling is manifest without upon the farm, where the sleek cows in summer crop the crisp, green grass in the morning dew, and drink from the clear stream, many of which flow through the green meadows of that state, looking in the distance like silver threads laced in and out in their tortuous course. Early in the day the contented animals seek the shade of the queen of the northern forest—the sugar maples which border their pasture—and quietly chew their cud. The full pails of frothy milk at night, when driven home, being evidence of the fresh and plentiful repast of the day. This in turn becomes covered with rich cream and is con-

verted into rolls of golden butter under the skillful hand of Elizabeth.

A certain city cousin once rusticating in a country home supposed the cream of country milk, like the "widow's oil," to be inexhaustible. Much to the hostess' surprise and consternation, she found her pans daily robbed of their rich treasures, the city friend innocently assuring her that "more would rise."

At that time the large amount of small grain cultivated filled the granaries to overflowing, so immense were the yields to the farmer. He yearly added to his store of worldly goods, and to this couple were vouchsafed success, which always follows intelligent application and industry.

To one favored by being a resident of a thriving, intelligent farming community, he can understand the pleasures of those long, delightful winter evenings, so quiet and retired, far from the stir and excitement of city life What visions they bring of fragrant, crackling, hickory fires, the pitcher of sweet cider, and, like Whittier's snow-bound "apples sputtering in a row!" Those long, neighborly talks in which the elders engaged, and in an adjoining room the children make the house ring with their gleeful shouts as the old-fashioned games of "blind-man's buff," "pussy in a corner," and many others, sup-

planted now by the more modern ones of jack-stones and parlor croquet.

Some years before a book penned by inspiration—if the term is admissible—had been read and praised by thousands, in many tongues and countries; and although so many years have passed, and the great vital principle which gave it life has something over a score of years since been cancelled by a few strokes of the pen of the immortal Lincoln, a volume of it may be found in nearly every well-chosen library, and in many cases bearing a date of late publication; the fact being patent it has not lost favor by lapse of time and passed, like thousands of books, into obscurity after the first reading. This book was under discussion upon one of the evenings of which we speak. Elizabeth had presented her husband with a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin as a Christmas gift a few weeks previous, and, like many others, they were charmed with its contents, and had already loaned it to the Lewis family, living near, and who were the guests of the evening. The contents were being discussed pro and con; as to its superior style of expression add its graphic word-pictures. No one considered himself competent to criticize. Mr. Lewis, with strong pro-slavery sentiments, produced the stereotyped arguments which had so long been used by the northerner of southern principles, and was

but the outgrowth of those advanced by men in the south whose moneyed interests were in jeopardy should slavery be abolished. To the slaveholder, the all-absorbing and enslaving passion of personal gain overshadowed the principle of equity; and while even palliating circumstances cannot adjust a wrong, he can better be excused than he who was reared in the free north, breathing the free air, allowed free speech, he himself free, his wife and children his own, his property interests safe, for him there could simply be no excuse.

The conversation gradually led off from the book into the following:

"Mr. Tillison, I hear your father is in the south and about to purchase a cotton plantation and the slaves thereon. Am I correctly informed?"

"I heard from him a short time ago and he was then negotiating for a warehouse; also thinking of purchasing a plantation in Texas, and he will undoubtedly consummate the purchase," said Divilu.

"Well now that has the right kind of ring, lucky fellow that he is. His dish is always right side up when it rains pearls. I know of nothing that would be better to my liking than to have sufficient means to become the owner of just such a plantation and have it well stocked with slaves whom I could have go at my will."

"Really, Mr. Lewis, you should have opened your eyes to the light of day south of Mason and Dixon's line instead of in the abolition north; here it cannot be as much to your tastes as in the former, where you would undoubtedly have found congenial spirits," Divie said with a show of irony, which Mr. Lewis did not appear to notice, but went on to say—"I assure you nothing could have given me more pleasure, unless as I just remarked, being the possessor of the property of your father. I think I was born to rule, and I also believe the negro was divinely made a slave."

"Now, Mr. Lewis, nothing so tries me as to hear one giving this question of slavery an appearance of divine sanction, which is but a hypocritical cloak; not only used to throw over this special monstrosity, but in numberless ways it is used, much like an armor to protect ones self from the sharp arrow of truthful argument. I have seen this carried so far that in a few instances I have known an angry person to call upon God in prayer when in tone, gesture and even words, it bore the semblance of rage.

There are but two ways, right and wrong, if it is not right to hold in bondage the black man then it becomes an axiom that it is wrong."

"I am astonished that you should express such senti

ments," said Mr. Lewis, "as I have understood that your father intends taking you as his partner and installing you overseer when he settles upon his plantation. I imagine I see you now with your plantation hat and your long whip lording it over the wooly heads. I think you will get over your scruples and enter into the work with real interest. I only wish it were I who had the offer."

"I wish it were. It is true father has already made such a proposition, but I have not yet accepted. I feel but little enthusiasm when thinking of such a plan. The black rascals are not to be trusted. Why only a few nights since a great burly fellow, running away from his lawful master, came to my door begging something to eat."

"Which you of course gave him, as I never knew any one to go hungry from the door of James Lewis."

"Most certainly I did not. I would then have violated the fugitive slave law."

Elizabeth here exchanged significant glances with her husband, and having up to this time remained a silent but not uninterested listener, exclaimed with unfeigned surprise, "You did not turn even a black man from your door. I would have and—have" here a deprecating look from her husband silenced her—but she resumed, "never supposed that any one fleeing like a hunted hare could

have found one in our vicinity who would withhold a mere pittance of food."

"Mrs. Tillison you do not understand me, the laws of my country must be obeyed, the fugitive slave law only protects the property owner."

With her eyes suffused with tears she said, "no fugitive shall go unfed or unclothed from my door, and you know that if a hungry dog should come craving a bone you would give it."

"But there is no law against that."

"And there is a divine law which prompts me to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and I must say that I shall heed that admonition which is prompted by a desire to practice the golden rule. If I had the power to-day I would break the fetters of the four millions of slaves and the master would live to bless me in the future, as well as the slave, for to both it is degrading in the extreme.'

"Why, really, Elizabeth," said Divilu, "you are waxing eloquent upon the subject. You are becoming quite an abolitionist, and your arguments compare very favorably with the abolitionist whom I heard speak at Milwaukee last week, and he did not deny being the blackest sort."

"Term me such if you wish. My views are just such as I consider right, and they, like wine, will strengthen with age."

"Well, Mrs. Tillison, I do not see as you can change my views, and I am convinced it would be worse than useless to try to change yours."

"Yes, mine are fixed," she said, decidedly.

"Then, as it is getting late, we must return, and at some future time we may discuss this further."

Pleasant good nights were said, and as the door closed upon their retreating forms Elizabeth said:

"Why were you so careful that Mr. Lewis should know nothing of the assistance we rendered that poor black fellow?"

"I feared with such a strong sympathy as he manifested for the south, if he knew of it, there might serious trouble come of it."

In order that the reader may understand the latter conversation we will take him back a few days. As the worthy couple were seated at their evening meal a timid rap at the door, so faint as to be hardly perceptible, attracted their attention, and upon opening it Mr. Tillison saw crouching in the shadow a colored man, who asked for something to eat. He was allowed to enter, and seated by the glowing kitchen stove he warmed his benumbed limbs and was supplied with a hot and bountiful supper, eating like one who had been without food until nearly starved.

After the frightened fellow had recovered himself so that he could talk in a manner to be understood, they drew from him the following account:

His master owned a large plantation and employed other hands besides his own slaves, among them a white man named Sands, who acted in the capacity of overseer, and whose character was of the worst type. The young negro had a pretty young sister, a mulatto girl, of fifteen, to whom the overseer offered such indignities that the brother could no longer desist from interference, and the enraged man attacked the black boy, striking him in the face with his whip. The pain so maddened him that he dealt Sands such a blow that he fell insensible to the ground. As the penalty for a slave to strike a white man is death, if they choose to execute it, the negro made good his escape before the fellow became conscious, and fortunately for the slave, the master was away on a temporary absence of a few days and no search would be made until his return. On the evening of that day he stole back to his sister's cabin and took her with him, and through the aid of kind friends she was disguised in male attire and secured a position on a steamer going north, when she eventually reached Canada.

After a month of hardship and danger he succeeded in getting this far north, and, forced by hunger, had sought

their home. He was impatient to be on his way again, but he was told that it would be safer for him to remain until some plan of escape could be effected. Accordingly he took refuge in the garret, where he rested and was the better prepared for his journey. Early the next morning Mr. Tillison, muffled to the ears and well protected by a great coat—for the morning was cold—set out upon a reconnoiter, the result of a long conference between himself and wife, which lasted well into the night.

In the afternoon he might have been seen driving into his yard as he was returning from his trip. His wife eagerly met him at the door to learn the result of his investigation. He told her that it was all arranged, and to-night, at ten, they must be in readiness, for they must be off.

"You are not going alone?"

"Yes, it is best. The distance is not great to the first station, and the most perilous part of the journey is after reaching Savine's, who will accompany me to the second station."

The young wife looked thoughtful, and said. "It is a just cause, Divie, and I feel sure you will be safely returned, but I shall anxiously await your coming."

At the appointed time young Tillison and the fugitive entered the conveyance which was to take them on their journey; and rapidly drove away. They reached the home of

Savine, where a warm meal was taken, fresh horses attached to the wagon, and again proceeded on their way; each well armed, and although it was thought that an attack might be made upon them on the last of their journey, they passed the most dreaded places and safely disposed of the mulatto boy, who was profuse in his thanks for their kindness.

Mr. Tillison arrived at his home at midday of the second day after his departure, greeted warmly by Elizabeth, who naturally felt some fears as to her husband's safety. The whole affair had been conducted so skillfully that no one suspected the nature of Tillison's night adventure, and after a few weeks word was passed down the line of the "underground railroad" from stations farther on that the hunted fellow had at last reached Canada and found his sister.

"It is much to be deplored," Elizabeth said to her husband on the evening of his return, "that a state of things exists that it becomes necessary to establish in the north a system of what is known as underground railways."

"That is true, but this need not be if legislators enacted good and equitable laws. I do not regret the action I have taken in this matter and will of course be liable to a fine which I can pay. Now I wish that father would let me quietly remain where I am, as I am more and more

convinced that slavery is wrong and do not care to be identified with its advancement. But father's will has always been law, as both mother and I can bear witness; and I suppose I might as well quietly submit and trust that in time something may occur by which I may be released from what I feel will prove so distasteful," he concluded with a sigh.

"But perhaps your father will not insist upon your removal to the south and will make such plans as will enable you to remain here."

"No! Elizabeth you do not know my father, there is almost no escape from his inexorable despotism. I regret to say these things of one who has done so much for me, but I wish you to be fully prepared for what is before you."

"We will hope for the best," said Elizabeth cheerfully "Public sentiment against this system is gaining ground every day, and I hope in time it will so strengthen that in some way—I hardly dare to think how—it will be done away with."

"I trust the next mail will bring the good news that father has decided not to make the purchase, but I have nothing to hope, for he writes me that the agent on board the same vessel with him insists there is money to be made by the investment, and if there is any more money

to be made father will see it. He already has enough and as he cannot carry it with him, why does he persist in adding to his already heavy bank stock. I will be contented to spend my days here with you and baby Rob, for we have

"A house to shelter, enough to wear.
Enough for comfort, and some to spare.
Little I've asked of wealth or fame,
And all of my wished for blessings came"

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Purchase—A Wife's Regrets—Removal to the South.

Near the close of the year 1852, Mr. Tillison, senior, might have been seen debarking with his wife from an ocean steamer which plied along the coast of Texas, in the Gulf of Mexico, and embarking on a river packet going up the Rio Grande where they landed at Columbus. After looking about for a few days he went out to the plantation which the affable and loquacious agent had set forth in glowing terms, and upon arriving Mr. Tillison found to his surprise that he had not overdrawn the picture. After a little more talk and looking over the grounds the old gentleman shrewdly saw that the owner was financially embarassed and he had the advantage of him which he intended to use unscrupulously Again he argued, "I can add a few more thousands to my already goodly amount and in time shall be a millionaire," and ignoring the gentle entreaty of his wife to be satisfied to return to their northern home and spend their declining days in quiet enjoyment, he invested in the large plantation and all the slaves thereon with the exception of some of the house servants of the gentleman, whom he valued so highly that he would not part with them.

Upon Mr. Tillison's return he exultingly told his wife of his good fortune. She only sighed a little and covered her disappointment and tried to reason herself into the belief that perhaps it was best; so many times in life had she been compelled by circumstances to accept her husband's will in the stead of her wish that she had almost come to expect nothing else. She even felt somewhat surprised at herself that she had ventured even to suggest to him to give up making more money, for well she knew that nothing in human power could check him in his mad pursuit of wealth. All of his more delicate sensibilities—never the most acute—became blunted and deadened, and he was hardly awake to anything which surrounded him unless in some way connected with his idol.

In their travels they had seen many beautiful parks. Although these contained a wealth of fragrant flowers, a world of beauty, and almost an Eden-like attractiveness, he experienced no pleasure in the view, for he saw naught that he cared to see, hear, or know, so long as he could be no richer thereby.

"Now we will go north and tell Divie of all this bright prospect, as I have not heard from him since writing, and I conclude he did not get my letter, or he would have answered at once, for he cannot fail to see the advantages I am placing within his grasp."

"I shall be glad once more to see my son, and hope his wife is well worthy of him, for he was always a good boy; and dear little Robbie, how I long to see him."

"Why, wife, how your mind is taken up with trifles! While it is all well enough to be glad to meet your friends, you forget that my last investment will make them better off," and he added, reflectively, "it may be I shall make a few more ventures and then give up money making."

"I am ready at once."

"What sort of a mood are you in, pray, with this world so full of opportunities for getting gold and you ready to sit down and let them all pass without an effort to avail yourself of them?"

"Simply this: I am tired of grasping after more when its attainment can mean nothing but a few more dollars, which is so much additional care."

"I thought when we went to California you were as eager in the race as anyone."

"So I was, until we had enough. James, what would you think, for instance, if I should go out in a boat and begin gathering pearls or diamonds, and after filling my bark until the weight began to make it sink perceptibly and should go right on gathering them in, regardless of the fact that I should, with my treasures, be out of the reach of aid if I persisted in my course?"

"That comparison is not in keeping with good argument," he said, a little uneasily.

Mrs. Tillison said no more, and wearily looked off at some pretty white cottages along the shore—for they were on the Mississippi river on their return trip—so clean, cool and inviting, standing out from the background of early spring verdure. Her thoughts took her back to the time, years ago, when she entered much such a cottage, a young wife, considering herself almost rich in its possession then, and now how things were changed. She remembered that her young husband then appreciated beautiful objects, and had often assisted her in training the flowering plants about the cottage windows. Even if they added no more dollars, they were a source of pleasure. What would she not give to awaken him to some interest in such matters now? With this thought uppermost in her mind she looked up only to find him absorbed in reflections so different from her own, and she wisely forebore speaking of what was in her heart. How they had drifted apart in these forty years of married life, and she could not help wondering who had been in fault.

The steamer puffed and groaned as its prow cut the water in the river with a gurgling sound, leaving behind a white, feathery foam. As they are now over a hundred miles above New Orleans – the river being higher than the

adjacent country—she can see a broad expanse in the distance, dotted here and there with plantations, in which the slaves, in gangs, are under the direction of an overseer who carries a large whip. To her all these things are new and distasteful, and she pictures to herself how she will feel when established as mistress in her new southern home, and shuts her eyes and wishes she could shut out from her dizzy brain all the harrowing thoughts that uninvited, intrude upon her. But just the same, all the bustle and chat from the state-rooms greet her ears. A miniature world is enacted before her, and she wonders, with this seeming gayety about her, if all these hearts are attuned to the gay words which their lips utter.

"Come! come, Mary!" exclaims her husband; "arouse yourself. What can you have to engross you so fully and leave a frown on your face? Haven't you everything which money will get?" and he added, petulantly, "you ought certainly to be happy."

With an evasive answer she had the tact to avoid the discussion of a subject which she knew could be of no benefit to either, and enters into a conversation pertaining to business which she knew would be a favorite topic with him. To the casual observer, she appears among the happiest, as he sees at a glance the richly dressed lady who bears unmistakable evidence of opulence, with-

out that glaring vulgarity often seen in those who have suddenly come into possession of wealth, and as a sort o advertisement of their good fortune, flaunt it before the public in gaudy apparel.

The journey at last is completed, and the fond mother again greets her son. The father in a business manner shakes his hand; the new daughter is presented, and between her and Divie's mother, a feeling of mutual regard springs up, which ripens into a motherly and daughterly affection.

When baby Rob, a happy, healthy, rosy little fellow is placed in his grandmothers arms, she showers kisses and caresses upon him, and he with numberless, nameless baby charms binds her more firmly to him, until the tender heart of the old lady seems a well-spring of love and good deeds. "Verily, a little child shall lead them."

The morning after their arrival, Elizabeth found a substantial evidence of her mothers regard beneath her plate, which was a check for an an amount, so ample, that you and I, lady readers—many of us—could see the way to comparative ease, and leisure for culture and the dispensing of gifts to the needy were we the recipients. A little note accompanied the gift filled with loving words and an injunction to use the money as she wished, as it was hers alone.

Already, Tillison, the elder, was laying his plans before his son with ample embellishments, to which the latter gave respectful attention. Elizabeth anxiously waiting and wondering what the result would be; and as her husband had predicted, the fathers will unquestionably settled the matter, and one month hence must see them on their way to the south.

Business at the northern home was has ened, and then came the breaking away from old associations and the sundering of ties, which, to one who clings affectionately to home and its surroundings can but be painful.

The captain and Edna bid farewell to Elizabeth with as much tenderness as if she were an own daughter; and she with grateful remembrances of past kindness, tearfully turned away.

Mr. Lewis was present at the leave-taking, warmly approving Mr. Tillison's good sense—as he termed it—in making such a purchase; and telling the son that at the expiration of a year he would be as much in favor of holding slaves as any of the old planters.

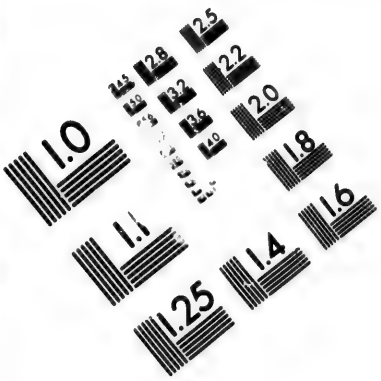
A significant smile being the only answer Divilu condescended to give; but inwardly resolving as soon as possible to get back to the north, as a long conference with his mother had decided him to submit to his father's wish

for the time, trusting to future developments for a release from his obligations.

The Tillison's arrived at the plantation early in the morning, and upon alighting from the carriage were peered at from behind cabins, clumps of shrubbery, and from every conceivable place of partial concealment a wooly head might be seen protruding to catch a glimpse of "de new massa and missus" who, unused to these scenes, were not a little discomfited.

Mr. Grant, the former owner, a man who had been uniformly kind to his slaves, remained until Mr. Tillison should arrive, his family and house servants going on before him to their future home. He was a man of taste and refinement and had spared neither money nor pains in beautifying his grounds; in consequence he found himself so involved that he could no longer retain his present style of living honorably and felt compelled to dispose of his belongings in order to meet the demands of his creditors.

The morning following the arrival of the new master, Mr. Grant's obligations now having been fulfilled, and his presence no longer being needed to induct Mr. Tillison into the mysteries of an inexperienced slave-holder, preparations were made for his departure; his trunk having already been placed in the wagon, a carriage in waiting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to convey him to the station. The servants, of all ages and shades of color, from the octoroon to those of ebony black, having congregated together were standing a little back from the "great house", near the waiting carriage, to bid "ole massa good-bye". The thoughtful man distributing to each a trifle as a remembrance, and having grasped their hands and finally telling all to be good boys and girls and obey their new master, his voice full of feeling, he was about to enter the carriage when a young mulatto woman, apparently about twenty-five, grasped his arm saying, "Massa Grant, have you forgot." A look of pain crossed Mr. Grant's face, and drawing the woman to one side, he stood for a time in conversation with her, and shortly entered the carriage with Mr. Tillison amid the sobs and blessings of his former slaves.

When seated he said feelingly and with considerable reserve in his manner, "Did you notice the young mulatto woman, with whom I was talking just now?"

"Yes, likely young wench."

"Yes," he absently replied, "but what I wish to say is in regard to her freedom."

"I do not feel that I have any interest in that, she is my property and will probably remain so," replied Tillison rather shortly.

"I wanted to say," resumed Mr. Grant, "that it was

nothing but right that you should know something of the promise I made her. I should have given her freedom papers before this had not my creditors pounced down upon me like so many hawks, and I could see no way but to turn every penny to account. There seemed no way for me to fulfill my promise at the time. Her husband belonged to a neighboring planter and has long since earned his freedom and is now in the north where he is trying to save enough to purchase her freedom, and if at any time I can assist the husband, and a sufficient amount is offered you, as an especial favor I would like to ask you to accept it in order that she may go to her husband, and also that I may feel that a promise which I gave in good faith may be kept."

The careless response of Mr. Tillison that, "when the required amount was brought for her he was welcome to take her and do as he pleased," did not fully satisfy Mr. Grant. He had hoped by stating the matter fully to Mr. Tillison to awaken some degree of interest, but saw that his efforts were useless in that direction, and nothing more could be done at that time.

As there was no congeniality between these two men conversation became merely a matter of courtesy, and with a polite farewell from each they separated.

Mr. Grant, with a feeling that one has of a certain sense

of loss and sadness which attend those sudden transitions from the ordinary routine of life into a new and untried one, and being of that peculiarly impressible nature, the despondent look of Lucy, the indifferent answer of Mr. Tillison; and the last sight of his old home had put him in a mood by no means the happiest.

Not so Mr. Tillison, his wholly unimpressible nature had seen and appreciated none of the trials through which Mr. Grant had passed, and without one regretful feeling at the former owner's sacrifice, he returned to his new home filled with pleasant thoughts of more lands, more stocks and more dividends.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lucy—Death of Little Mary.

In one of the cabins connected with the "great house," it being a sort of an outside kitchen where the family cooking was done, a number of the servants were collected to discuss their new surroundings and the probable change for the worse, for they were unanimous in declaring "Old Massa Tillison nuff de meanest of de two," for the fact that the younger "massa" was to be their overseer did not fill them with the kindest feelings, as he was suffering from the co parisons with that class. Their childish intuitions naturally led them to distinguish between the kind, frank face of the young man, and the hard, almost cruel face of the elder, hence the above declaration.

As to the two "missus," they expressed themselves well pleased, and, much like school children, who take a sort of diagnosis of the "new teachers'" lovable or unlovable qualities, or whether she is beautiful or not beautiful, and oracularly declare they shall not be one bit afraid of her, and will have "lots of fun," knowing in their little coward hearts that one word or look from the new dignitary will awe them into perfect obedience. One black fellow boast-

ingly tells how "de young massa had better not be a bossin' ob him roun', wid de ole cross-lookin' massa to sot him on," his threat being emphasized by half a dozen other younger ones. "You go 'long wid ye; all on ye is 'feared or ye wouldn' be boastin' that 'ere way." The speaker, an old negress whose supremacy is not only acknowledged by all among the servants, on account of her long service in the family, but because of her giant strength, as many of them can testify when they have aroused her antagonism; and, in this case, counting discretion the better part of valor, they disperse without further discussion of the subject.

With all this new life before them the "northeners," as their neighbors called them, encountered many unlooked for difficulties, arising in a measure from not understanding the best method of managing so dependent and undisciplined a number, made so by years of servitude and ignorance.

Matters would have assumed better form, however, had Divie been allowed the free exercise of his judgment and authority; but his father, who was constantly countermanding orders, made much confusion among the hands, and a disposition on their part to obey neither master, bringing about an utterly undisciplined state of things. Divie, after vainly trying to bring order out of chaos,

finally gave up in despair, when upon one occasion he had sent a gang of workmen to a remote part of the field to perform some specified labor and shortly thereafter they were ordered to another portion of the plantation by the old gentleman. The young man told him unless more systematic plans could be instituted he would no longer act as overseer, and at last Mr. Tillison began in a vague way to comprehend that he had been the cause of so much confusion. He at once took the alarm when he saw that his interests were suffering in consequence, and as he became conscious that harmony must prevail before his money interests could advance, he concluded to allow Divie to be the undisturbed actor in the field. As a result, a few days sufficed to harmonize the disquiet, and before long young "massa" was as much beloved as Mr. Grant had been.

Within the house the domestic machinery moved without a jar, a wise and kind woman being at its head. The elder lady assumed the responsibility of the establishment, and Elizabeth devoted much of her time to little Robbie and a young daughter who had come to claim a share in the affections of the family—a little golden-haired, blue-eyed baby, so frail it seemed that she were not of earth, who required almost the constant care of Elizabeth or its black nurse.

Two years have gone since the introduction of our friends to the south, and while the old gentleman has realized even more than he had dreamed, having purchased extensively in cattle and driven them to the grassy or grazing portion of the state, selling them at an enormous profit, which with his cotton sales netted him a large amount. To him the south was enchanting. Everything had prospered under his hand.

But how has it been with the remainder of the family? Very different. Divie, contrary to the predictions of Mr. Lewis, has become more opposed to slavery than ever before, as he came in daily contact with it. The ignorant, helpless blacks, with no hopes, no aspirations to be anything, were mere machines in the hands of their masters neither thinking nor acting for themselves, and were to him objects of pity, and he often wondered what the end would be. His mother, Elizabeth and himself often talked long and earnestly of these things, Mr. Tillison not being one of the number, as he did not sympathize with them in their feelings, but waxed loud in his praises of slavery, and only regretted that he had not known many years ago of the advantages of a slaveholder; but he had foolishly allowed himself to be influenced by the fanatical abolitionists of the north. A most uncompromising and cruel master he would have been had not his first attempt

in that direction proved such a failure and so disastrous to his own interests.

The rich river bottoms, so well adapted to cotton growing, proved to be very malarious, much sickness visiting the family, and they suffered to such an extent from it that they began to have serious thoughts of leaving for the north. Mr. Tillison was all alert to avert such a catastrophe to his pet scheme of money making, as their departure would cause, and his busy brain soon had the problem solved, for the man was not so far lost to all good that he wished to sacrifice the health and perhaps the lives of his family for a little gain; and at once set about a system of drainage which he felt sure would alleviate and perhaps entirely remove the difficulty. He commenced the work as the busy season had passed, and the slaves must be kept at work, as nothing so annoyed him as to see a menial rest from toil. Accordingly in a remarkably short time the task was completed, and the sanitary condition was so much improved that no further serious results were felt.

Robbie grew into a bright, happy little fellow, the life and joy of the home; and to the house servants, little "massa Robbie" was a sort of oracle of all that was fascinating and entertaining. But with all this he did not become a spoiled boy, being a rare exception to the rule.

His grandfather even found time to stop and caress him and it was with much interest that the family saw the influence Robbie could have when nothing else would move him. Baby Mary still remained frail, but crept into every heart, and every one felt that almost a breath might waft her away, she was such a tender plant. Lucy had now become the nurse of the little one as she had proved herself so proficient in the work that Elizabeth saw with satisfaction the baby's growing strength and after a time a faint suggestion of color came into the pale face, and when at the expiration of another year she was a child with some promise of physical stamina, Elizabeth felt a sense of gratitude to Lucy which she longed to repay.

One day as they were occupied in some little attendance upon the children, the young mistress noticed the swoolen eyes and averted face of the attendant, and kindly inquired as to the cause. She saw that she was under some strong mental disturbance. Lucy rehearsed to her the story of her marriage with the young black man, his release from bondage, of Mr. Grant's promise to give her her freedom, and that he had become so involved that he could not do as he had promised, and how long she had waited and hoped that he would pay Mr. Tillison the price required, until she was almost in despair, and of her fears that Sam was sick, as he had learned to write and an oc-

casional letter had come to her, and for several months she had heard nothing. At the conclusion the poor slave covered her face with her apron and sobbed aloud.

For a time Elizabeth was so surprised that she remained silent; but finally said in a reassuring manner, "cheer up Lucy, I will see what can be done for you. In the meantime keep up good courage and perhaps we can find a way by which your freedom can be secured." Thus encouraged, Lucy worked assiduously, and never ceased to depend upon the hopeful words of her mistress, and from that time felt that at some future day she should be free. After a conference with her husband in regard to Lucy, they decided to write to Mr. Grant in reference to the the matter, and at once a letter was dispatched in which he was reminded of his promise, and a proposition to accept one half the value of the mulatto woman Lucy, and in consideration of which she should become free. After some delay an answer came, in which the writer stated that Mr. Grant had died some time since, and also that the family had removed to Florida. After a little thought Elizabeth said, "we owe little Mary's present good health to the watchful care and good nursing of Lucy, and I want to repay her in some way, and know of no better than to take enough from the gift of mother, which you know is mine to use as I wish, and I think I will confer with your

mother and get her approval before I do anything further." During the interview the elder lady told her to use her own pleasure in the matter and concluded by saying, "your father should give her freedom papers at once." Mrs. Tillison approached him upon the subject of freeing Lucy, when she thought him in the most agreeable mood, withholding the fact that Elizabeth wanted to use her own money for the purpose. His prompt refusal, followed by the statement that he should give none of his slaves their freedom and that Lucy was the most highly favored of any of the servants and evidently the most discontented, did not in the least surprise Mrs. Tillison, but somewhat disappointed her, as she had hoped that perhaps she might touch his heart when he learned all that the poor black woman had endured, and had served them so faithfully during baby Mary's illness. For more reasons than one Mrs. Tillison quietly resolved from that time, with the aid of her son and daughter to remove from the influences which were making her husband more sordid, if possible than ever before.

She at last succeeded by much persuasion to get his consent to give Lucy her freedom, should the required amount be placed in her hands, and in a few days, much to Lucy's delight, Elizabeth gave to her the legally drawn document which made her a free woman. It would be

difficult to tell which of the two women were the most pleased, the one bestowing happiness or the one receiving it. Lucy requested her young mistress to write her husband of her coming and to ask him to send money for her transportation; the grateful woman never ceasing one moment from her accustomed toil, Elizabeth assuring her that she should be remunerated, as she no longer had any claims upon her without she were repaid, to which she strongly objected, considering it a labor of love.

Several days had elapsed since Lucy's freedom had been consummated. One night just before retiring, the faithful nurse went to Little Mary's crib to see if she were sleeping, as had become her habit, and her experienced eye detected the fever stain on the pale face; calling the child's mother, Elizabeth also saw alarming symptoms and a colored man was at once dispatched for a physician; who, upon arriving expressed fears that it was scarlet fever. Robbie was taken to the house of a friend, and all that human skill could devise was used to restore the sick child; Lucy remaining almost constantly at her side; but she rapidly grew worse and on the evening of the third day the spirit left the frail little body.

To you, stricken parents, who have stood for the last time over the little form with its waxen hands folded, the sunny head resting upon its downy pillow, and the spirit-

like face which seems already to have caught the light from heaven, you can know the anguish which wrung the hearts of these parents, mute with grief, better than the pen can picture or the tongue can tell.

Lucy remained with her young mistress for seve al weeks after the death of little Mary, as she was prostrated by grief and sickness, and the faithful woman would not leave her until she no longer needed care. In the meantime a letter came from her husband containing the money with which to pay her passage and stated that he had been sick and in consequence, the writing had been delayed.

When Lucy with her little budget was ready to start for the north Elizabeth pressed upon her a liberal sum for all her labors, and the happy woman was soon on her way to her expectant husband, whom she reached in due time, and a half legible letter came to Elizabeth from the grateful man telling of her arrival.

After the death of their baby, Robbie became more endeared to the hearts of the parents, and they turned with longing eyes to their northern home; Elizabeth having faith to believe that the time would come when the fathers heart would relent and they might again be among old friends. It would have pleased all but Mr. Tillison senior, to free the slaves and sell the lands and warehouse,

but knowing that such a proposal would meet his disapproval there was nothing said. Two more years rolled away, it now being five years since they arrived in the south.

The disturbing spirit which had come so near culminating in rupturing the Union in 1849 and was quieted by the adoption of Clay's bill of 1850, for a time apparently lulled the disturbance, but had not healed the "old sore" for in 1853 Stephen A. Douglas' bill of Squatter Sovereignty touching so sharply the admission of the states of Kansas and Nebraska stirred up all the elements of discord. Later the formation of the Republican party which was pronounced against the extension of slavery, all these disturbing elements working like leaven. As a result much feeling began to be manifested both in the north as well as well as the south. Divie had taken several strong anti-slavery papers before their removal and consequently continued them, and the family had access to them as well as the southern papers containing far different sentiments. The old gentleman manifested some uneasiness, not that he feared any danger to his country, but he feared that his property might in the future become an unsafe quantity and that as a slaveholder, he might become involved in some trouble and thoughts of losing his slaves began to wear upon him.

Thoughtful men could hardly help but see that upon the subject of slavery ere long would hinge all the controversy. One evening, in a highly excited state of mind—not in any way allayed by the articles just read by Divie—he declared his intention of selling all that he possessed in the south before he lost it, and the family were only too delighted at the termination of the matter, and as the old gentleman had been thoroughly alarmed, and felt the impending danger to his property, he found a purchaser less sanguine than himself of any disastrous results. In a few weeks the family were on their way north with no regrets that they were leaving a home, which to all but Mr. Tillison had been distasteful; and, strange to say, he did not manifest any outward signs by which he might be considered regretful, and his unwonted cheerfulness inspired a hope in the heart of his wife that the death of little Mary had left him in a softened and better state of mind, for she had begun to have serious doubts as to what the result might be to him mentally, as well as in other ways, if he could not be awakened from the passion for gain. The other members of the family saw grounds for hope, and, with Robbie's affection for his grandfather and the united efforts of the rest, continually and tenderly they sought to divert the old man—who was so near the sunset of life—from the past, and invest the future with imperishable

hopes for him, and so far succeeded that he became convinced that he was already supplied with all that he needed in a temporal way, and that the tangible things would serve him but poorly hereafter.

After a visit to their old home, they chose for their future residence a quiet village in northern Iowa, where, at last account, they still remain.

And all these years the captain and his family have not been forgotten, but have lived a somewhat monotonous, quiet life, but a happy one—broken only by the death of a little one.

After the painful operation to which he was subjected he regained his health, and again he became restless and wished to be off to some other point. In interviewing him upon the subject of drifting here and there over the country, he advises young men to avoid forming the habit of roving early in life, and attributed what failures he has made to the fact of leaving home at so early an age, before either character or mind was fully formed. He warns the boy who thinks the world inviting him from home to pleasure, wealth and fame, to beware, for in many cases it is the old story of "the spider and the fly" repeated. Often, when roving in the west, water could not be had, the gastric juice from the stomach of the buffalo has quenched his thirst, unsavory and unwholesome meats appeased his

hunger, and lying upon the ground, close to his horse with the angry elements beating upon and around him, he has succeeded in keeping the icy hand of death away.

These are but a few of the dangers surrounding him. Those that attack physically are not the most to be dreaded, for are there not pitfalls crossing his path, serpents in beautiful and attractive garb, music, soul-stirring but full of impure sentiments, and thousands of perfumed, sweet-voiced, bedecked tempters to lure him from the right? On almost every hand there is something of a dangerous character to tempt the uninitiated, young adventurer, and many times, when he least expects it. Happy the young man who comes out from a home where consistent, sensible parents have taught him fixed principles, embellished by common sense religion, without cant and an unhealthy growth of sentiment. To such a boy the world is not usually a snare for evil.

Just before the close of the civil war he left Wisconsin for Nebraska, going through that portion of country dotted here and there with beautiful lakes. They passed to Prairie Du Chien, crossing the Mississippi river at McGregor, lower down, where his effects were placed upon a steamer; reaching Keokuk by river to St. Louis, and up the Missouri to Independence. His passage was paid by

the railroad company, as he had been employed to assist in completing the Sedalia line to Independence, Mo.

During the time of his stay his family occupied a large brick residence which had been deserted by its occupants, who had fled from the attacks of the bushwhackers, which was of quite frequent occurrence during the civil war in this section, it being in close proximity to that much-dreaded rebel leader, Sterling Price, whose raid was made upon Springfield about this time, and it was currently reported that he would soon make an attack on Independence. Many deserted the road—the captain among the rest.

The name of Sterling Price struck terror to the very heart, being so noted a leader of secession, in the state. He became Major General in the Confederate Army in 1862, and, with Vallandingham, assisted in leading one of the worst hotbeds of traitors known, who organized themselves into a secret society denominated as Knights of the Golden Circle, of which he was commander. This band is reputed to have been of great strength in that state, numbering nearly 25,000 Missourians, whose murderous depredations are too well known to history, to be here enumerated.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Early Settlement of Cowley County.

Among the earliest settlers of Cowley county, so many conditions and surroundings were of such common interest that it would be hardly possible to write the experience of a single settler without giving some of the early history of the county, and some of the phases that were enjoyed or suffered by all in common.

The first actual settlers came to Cowley in 1869 and took claims along the Walnut, north of the present site of Winfield. Among those men were T. B. Ross, James Renfro, the Stansbury brothers, B. F. Murphey, T. A. Blanchard, S. B. Williams and F. W. Schwantes. In the early summer C. M. Wood, with a small stock of goods located on the west side of the river near the present railroad junction and began to trade with the Indians and settlers, but as the Indians were not yet fully converted to amiability, at the end of a few weeks Mr. Wood moved up the river to the Renfro cabin.

About the time that Wood built his stockade store on the west side of the river, Mr. P. Y. Becker built a cabin two miles down the river and Col. E. C. Manning made a

claim on the east side opposite Wood's which ultimately became a part of the town site of Winfield.

Soon after Wood moved up the river, the Indians indicated their displeasure with the intruders by burning the stockade and making some insignificant demonstrations about driving out the settlers. In August, the whites were ordered off the Indian land and all except Ross and N. J. Thompson went beyond the Butler county line which was the north limit of the Osage lands; but many of the redskins had learned that the settlers were not so undesirable an element, and expulsion proved to be of short duration, for in a few weeks the squatters were again upon their claims.

The readiness with which the Indians consented to these encroachments of civilization may be accounted for, by the fact that the Osage lands were the property of the Osage Indians and not of the United States Government. They paid without controversy the hard cash demanded by the Indians.

The difficulty however came to an abrupt termination, so far as the Indians were concerned, when on July 15, 1870, the Osage strip was opened for settlement. But difficulties quite as vexing if not so bloody were still in store for the new county, for not an acre had yet been surveyed and no means had been devised that gave any

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one even a shadowy idea of where section lines were likely to fall and the possibility of finding two settlers on the same quarter section when the survey should be made, added to the general anxiety. But time fled rapidly away and in January of '71 the surveyors came, and while the lines they run were none the straightest and the sections were considerably "off" yet in matter of uniformity and regularity they gave nominal shape at least to the great prairies and made lines by which the claimants could adjust their possessions. Great interest was taken in this official act, and multitudes of settlers followed the surveying party as section after section was run off, and the lines that fixed the boundaries of their future possessions were established.

After the surveying was made, many claims were found to be without occupants, as the settlers, to avoid the possibility of overlapping and the unpleasantness, among neighbors, that usually attend the settling of such mishaps, had kept at such respectful distance that good claims had been left between.

There is not, probably in the history of the entire country another locality that was settled so soon after having been opened for settlement as was Southern Kansas. In fact the story of the development of this new country from an unbroken and almost boundless prairie—the home

of savage men and wild animals—into farms, town lots, new and busy cities and pleasant homes, rich in all that constitutes a great and free people; this mighty transformation in less than twenty years seems almost like a fairy tale.

In February of 1870, when the governor put in motion the crude machinery of county government, but few people were claimed for Cowley county, yet in August of 1871; when the election was held for the locating of the county seat, there were 1,244 votes cast; and in 1875, when the first reliable census was taken, it was declared to have a population of 8,963, notwithstanding the number which left the county on account of the grasshopper scare, which was estimated at 2,000. Nor did the first years of the tidal wave see the end of the influx, for when the enumeration of 1879 was completed it gave the very creditable showing of 21,549 inhabitants.

The same thrift and push which supplied the inhabitants of the older states with means by which to come to the west and make investments, brought them west of the Mississippi, and also to Cowley county; which at that time had been but lightly touched save by the hand of nature.

These early residents did not then open the daily papers and read with much nonchalance, events which had trans-

pired but a few hours prior in New York or London, but eagerly perused the weekly eastern papers, which had been a week in transit to the log post-office, conveyed by the lumbering, white canopied stage-coach, which not unfrequently came into its various stage stations laden almost beyond its capacity, with its shrewd business man hailing from the extreme eastern border, the intelligent farmer from the Miami valley, the young lawyer eager to hang his shingle in the "Kansas zephyrs," the pedagogue with that unmistakable air of "first-class-in-spelling-stand-up-and-recite," the young physician with a store of knowledge of the healing arts, which, if technically explained by him, would have impressed the hearer with proof positive of his medical lore; from the fact that it was incomprehensible to the majority of the listeners. A a fact invested with an air of mystery, is first cousin to knowledge.

To all these eager expectant home-seekers, charming almost beyond description was the sight which presented itself to their vision as they beheld for the first time the beautiful western prairie clothed in a verdure in point of luxuriance and height it has not since known and brightened here and there with floral gems, many varieties of which are now a thing of the past, having been consigned to an early grave by the plough-share.

The writer was conveyed in 1871 by the stage-coach to what is now our pretty city, with its elegant stone structures and broad avenues—beautified by the taste and wealth of its residents. Where now stands some of our most attractive homes, then only vacant prairie was to be seen; indeed it almost seems to those who saw the undeveloped state of things at that time and were absent for a few years, that a transformation equal almost to that which Cinderilla experienced, had been accomplished.

The county was named in honor of Matthew Cowley, First Lieutenant of Company I. Ninth Kansas Cavalry. While in the service of his country he died, August, 1864, at Little Rock, Arkansas. The county contains 1,112 square miles. In 1870, to each square mile, there was one inhabitant; in 1875, 8.6. In the same year Winfield had a population of 1,201. Thirteen years hence it numbered nine thousand. The preponderance of males, always shown in new countries, was no exception in this county. In the year 1875 there were 4,830 males and 4,124 females. In the early settlement of the county, Illinois was more largely represented than any other state in the Union. Vermont and Rhode Island sent the least number.

At this time 82.1 per cent. engaged in agriculture; 7.3 per cent. in professional and personal service; 3.5 per

cent, in trade and transportation, and 7 per cent. in manufacture.

The nationalities represented in the county were as follows: Natives of the United States, 8,560; of Germany, 90; Ireland, 59; England and Wales, 75; Scotland, 26; Sweden, Norway and Denmark, 22; France, 8; in the north of Europe, 2; Italy, 4; in the south of Europe, 8; in British America, 119, in countries not known, 5; native Kansans, 1,607.

A rather amusing statement in regard to the number of dogs, as compared with the more useful animals, is taken from an old report, which is as follows: Dogs, 1,477; number of horses, 791. number of cattle; 1,918.

There were then no railroads constructed, the supplies of all kinds being brought from Emporia, freighting then being quite an industry, which furnished the hard-working claim taker with some money. He had gathered his little all into his wagon, which all, in many cases, consisted of ruddy-faced boys and girls, whose increasing demands goaded the father to come to the "Great American Desert," and for the trifling sum of $1.25 per acre procure a home for wife and children.

The banks then incorporated were: The Arkansas City Bank of Arkansas City; Cowley County Bank, Arkansas City; banking house of M. L. Reed, and Winfield Bank of J. C. Fuller, Winfield.

The business houses of Winfield were: Agricultural implements and wagons, 4; books, periodicals and stationery, 6; boots and shoes, 1; clothing and tailoring, 1; dry goods, 1; drugs, oils and paints, 9; furniture and upholstery, 3; groceries, 7; gunsmiths, 1; jewelry, 3; lumber, 4; millinery, 5; merchandise, ("general country store," in the county,) 14; saddles and harness, 4; sewing machines, 1.

There were four weekly papers: The Winfield Courier, Cowley County Democrat, and Cowley County Telegram, Winfield; and Arkansas City Traveler, Arkansas City.

Organized school districts, 108—which have increased to 150; school houses, 58—which now number 155.

The Baptist church organizations were the most numerous in the county, there being 10, and 1 church edifice. Presbyterian: organizations, 3; church edifices, 2. Congregational: organizations, 1. Methodist: organizations, 6. Catholic: organizations, 2.

On the 8th day of May, 1871, Mr. Mooso arrived at Winfield. He at once hired a team of Captain Davis and started out to look over the country, and if he found it as desirable as it had been represented intended to locate a claim. But the choice land was all taken in the Walnut Valley and the adjacent streams prior to 1871, so that real desirable claims must be sought in the remote parts of the county.

After considerable driving and a pretty thorough over-

looking of the county and up and down the valley for some distance it was easily seen that the only way to procure a good location was to purchase the right of some early claimant, an opportunity that was by no means difficult to find, as many of these first settlers were here for the sole purpose of taking claims and selling them to those who should come later with means, hunting for homes.

We might give many amusing incidents of claim-taking, as it may with propriety be termed of these early days Many of these claim-takers would squat in the center of the most attractive locality he could find, proceed to stake off a series of claims for the Joneses and Smiths, marking them with great precision. Then, as the "tenderfoot" came along with his family and effects, he was informed "that Mr. Smith was in Iowa sick and he must sell his right to help him out of his embarrassment." As all the land seemed to be staked out and claimed, the new comer is readily prevailed upon to purchase, for which he receives a receipt from Mr. Smith, and the astute claimer is then ready to dispose of the possessions of the mythical man "Jones," or of any other of the many claims taken by his friends.

Many times, however, the sale of claims was a fair transaction, as men who go to a new country are often restless, and in a short time are as eager to leave their new loca-

tion as they were the one they so cheerfully abandoned when they came to it.

James Renfrow was running a sawmill up the Walnut river, and had employed as engineer a young man named A. D. Murdock, who had located on the N. F 1-4 of Section 6, T. 32, R. 4 E. Murdock, like ther restless spirits, remained in quiet possession of his land quite too long, and was anxious to sell, that he might move on to some new field of adventure, and as all settlers were anxious to see men with families come among them, all concerned were ready to have the place of the restless Murdock go into the hands of the Mooso family. Mr. Mooso was soon informed of the opportunity to purchase. Murdock had made but little improvement, and he offered his right for $100. The bargain was soon consummated, the money duly paid, and Mooso commenced work upon his new claim at once. His family was yet at Fall City, Nebraska, and much was to be done before they could be brought to Cowley county.

During the early summer he broke forty acres of sod and planted most of it in corn. Early in September he went back to Nebraska, and in October returned with his family to his claim. Before winter came on he had completed a house and made the necessary arrangements for the stock which he had brought with him from Nebraska.

Fred Kropp, now so well known as the house mover, was employed to dig a well, and his effort was attended with the same success in this direction as it has been in later years in exploding the old legal dogma that houses are "real estate."

CHAPTER XXX.

The Cowley County Fair in Its Infancy.

In the summer of '72 the Cowley County Fair Association undertook the building of a fence to enclose ground in the south part of town. The lumber must all be hauled from Wichita, and as the road was not in all respects a good one it was indeed no s all task to do the work. Every enterprising citizen was interested in the success of the undertaking, and the hauling was done by donation. Mr. Mooso could not be behind his neighbors in any laudable undertaking, and he at once offered his assistance in this, and with his two well equipped teams he succeeded in bringing four thousand feet of lumber at one trip.

The early fair was in many respects an amusing affair. Most people who were connected with the management were wholly inexperienced, and with the crude means of exhibiting the yet sparse productions of the country, and the small inducements that could be offered to exhibitors, a fair in a country that is itself but a year old, must consequently have been but a slight suggestion of what the ones which followed would be. Still, in the light of many years' experience, we can look upon this early effort with all the conditions that surrounded it as quite a success,

and compared quite favorably—considering the circumstances—with our grand display of the last few years.

Through the courteous kindness of Mrs. Lowry, of Win field, and Mr A. T. Stewart, of Kansas City, I am indebted for the use of the records of the first Cowley county fair held here. To Mr. Stewart must be ascribed much of the success of the association, as he gave much time and energy to the work, assisted by many others.

The first minutes recorded are as follows:

July 22nd, 1871.

"Minutes of Meeting Preceding the Adoption of the Constitution.

"Pursuant to a call published in the Cowley Co. Censor two weeks previously, a number of gentlemen met at the school-house on Saturday, July 22nd, at 2 p. m., to organize an Agricultural Society for the county.

Rev. S. B. Johnson was chosen Chairman, and W. W. Andrews, Secretary.

The chairman addressed the meeting at length, discussing its object, and the benefits that would accrue to the people of the county through such an organization. He was followed by C. M. Wood, Mr. Weathers, Mr. Stewart and others.

All seemed determined to have a society at once, and for that purpose a committee consisting of C. M. Wood, D. A. Millington and T. H. Johnson, to appoint a committee that would represent each township in the county to meet at this place August 5th, at 2 oclock, p. m., for the purpose of preparing a constitution and by-laws for the society.

The meeting then adjourned to meet at the same place Saturday, August 5th, at 2 p. m.

W. W. ANDREWS, Secretary."

The Charter granted to the society in the following May is now quite a relic, a copy of which is here inserted.

"Charter of the Cowley County Agricultural Society.

State of Kansas } ss.
Cowley County. }

We the undersigned residents and citizens of Cowley County, Kansas, do by these presents pursuant to and in conformity with the act of the Legislature of the State of Kansas, entitled: "An act concerning private corporations," approved, February 29th, 1868, and the acts of said Legislature amendatory thereof, associate ourselves together and do form a body politic and corporate and do set forth:

I. The name of this Corporation shall be "The Cowley County Agricultural Society.

II. The object for which it is formed is the encouragement of Agriculture and Horticulture.

III. The place where its business is to be transacted is Winfield, Cowley County, Kansas.

IV. The term for which said corporation is to exist shall be perpetual.

V. The name of the Directors who shall manage the business of the Corporation for the first year, and their places of residence is as follows, to wit:

J. D. Cochran, Winfield, Kansas.
A. T. Stewart, Winfield, Kansas.
W. W. Limbocker, Winfield, Kansas.
T. A. Blanchard, Winfield, Kansas.
C. M. Wood, Winfield, Kansas.
W. W. Andrews, Winfield, Kansas.
A. D. Speed, Winfield, Kansas.
D. A. Millington, Winfield, Kansas.
S. M. Fall, Lazette, Kansas.
S. C. Winton, Silverdale, Kansas.
J. F. Paul, Winfield, Kansas.
E. Davis, Winfield, Kansas.
D. N. Egbert, Jr. Winfield, Kansas.

VI. The capital stock of the corporation shall be two

thousand dollars to be divided into four hundred shares of five dollars each.

In witness whereof we have subscribed our names hereto this 7th day of May, A. D., 1872.

A. T. STEWART,
J. D. COCHRAN,
D. N. EGBERT, JR.
E. DAVIS,
JAS. F. PAUL.

STATE OF KANSAS, } ss.
COWLEY COUNTY. }

Be it remembered, that on this 7th day of May, A. D., 1872, before me, County Clerk of said county, personally came, A. T. Stewart, J. D. Cochran, D. N. Egbert, Jr., E. Davis, Jas. F. Paul, to me personally known to be the identical persons who signed the foregoing instrument of writing, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same for the purposes therein mentioned.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year last above written.

[SEAL.]

A. A. JACKSON,
County Clerk.

I, W. H. Smallwood, Secretary of State of the State of Kansas, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original Certificate of Incorporation, filed in my office May, 10th, A. D. 1872.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the Great Seal of the State.

Done at Topeka, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1872.

[SEAL.]

W. H. SMALLWOOD.
Secretary of State.

With the characteristic enterprise which has always marked the people of Cowley, especially those who came at an early date, plans were soon perfected by which land

was procured of Colonel Loomis for the Fair Grounds. The definite number of acres have not been ascertained, but they were ample enough to sufficiently accommodate all who came. Those who attended the first fair state that the display of vegetables and grains were fine, while perhaps not in so great quantities as at the present time, the quality both of vegetables and cereals was even better. The county was not yet developed enough to have a fruit display to any extent. The exhibit of swine was good as none but those of the best pedigree were brought from the eastern states, and a little pig easily carried beneath one's arm brought the exorbitant price of $5.00. Fowls were also good as none but the best were shipped west, chickens bringing 50 cents each.

Knowing these facts it is safe to conjecture that the entire display was a credit to the new county, and its energetic citizens who first evinced enough spirit and determination to come west, and seeing the demand for extra effort in order to bring out the resources of this new county, they grasped the helm ungloved and to-day the public spirited pioneers may leisurely and proudly look upon the fruits of their early efforts which they have seen culminate into objects of substantial maturity which has not alone been demonstrated in regard to the Fair Association, but also in other matters concerning the public welfare.

M. M. Jewett, of Rock township, was elected President of the Cowley County Fair of 1871, A. T. Stewart, of Winfield, Vice-President, also Rev. B. C. Swartz, of Arkansas City. In examining the minutes of the Association the names of many other prominent early settlers are found holding positions of trust and responsibility, but as space will not allow the insertion of all, an omission will be pardonable. The financial condition of the society was good, as at the close of the fair a surplus remained after all indebtedness was canceled.

The grounds lying south of Winfield were eventually abandoned and an island owned by Mrs. Andrews, lying north of the town site and now intersected by the 'Frisco railroad bridge, was chosen as a suitable place in which to hold the annual exhibit. J. W. Millspaugh, of Vernon, was elected President of the fair held upon the Andrews tract; Mrs. Andrews was paid a stipulated amount for the use of the ground.

The natural protection afforded by a bend in the creek excepting at a few points in which the water was shallow, where pickets were stationed—obviated the necessity of fencing, for nature's barrier was sufficient to keep out the intruders.

Temporary buildings were covered with boughs of trees and over this was stretched white cotton cloth which

made a good substitute for the more expensive board covers.

The condition of the Fair Association as regards money matters was not now in so prosperous condition and when at the close of the fair, above mentioned, the funds were not sufficient with which to pay the premiums and as the President wished to close honorably, proposed to be one of three who would draw equal amounts each from his private fund and pay the indebtedness, which would have amounted to over $50 each, but as others could not be found who were willing to take the responsibility the matter was dropped.

In order to show the rapid strides made in Cowley county since 1871, a carefully prepared statement collected from the records of the Cowley County Agricultural Society, of which Mr. Mooso was a member, and with many others of the early settlers, assisted in erecting a monument to which they may point with pride, when mention is made of the Cowley County Fair. From an old "letter head," we find A. T. Stewart, President; C. M. Wood, Vice President; J. D. Cochran, Treasurer; D. N. Egbert, Secretary.

A committee of ladies was chosen to prepare a premium list. The names were as follows: Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Tansey, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Lowry.

All business connected with the early fairs, appears to have been transacted in a systematic and thorough manner, as the following will show.

STATE OF KANEAS, } ss.
COWLEY COUNTY. }

I, A. A. Jackson, County Clerk in and for the county and state aforesaid, do hereby certify that the Cowley County Agricultural Society, was organized in accordance with the laws of Kansas now in force, and that C. M. Wood, A. T. Stewart and T. A. Blanchard were appointed a committee, and were empowered by said society to negotiate for advertisements in their premium lists, and all acts done by them will be binding on said society.

In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal this day, at Winfield, Kansas, June 27th, 1872.

County Clerks [Seal] A. A. JACKSON,
Cowley County, Kansas. County Clerk.

From the treasurer's report we glean the following: Liabilities—Loomis, for land, $1,200; Menor, for land, $150; making a total of money expended for land $1,350; and that was only a part of the actual outlay, as buildings, fences and other necessary expenses made it quite an amount at that time, when business men and home-seekers were obliged to make all their ready cash count in their personal business matters. Notwithstanding all these hindrances the public-spirited men and women, with the truly imbued grit of the pioneer, retrenched their own expenses somewhat, that they might assist in carrying forward an enterprise which in course of time has brought them good re-

turns, which has been well demonstrated by the fine exhibit from our county, which has elicited so much praise from the residents and visitors of Columbus, Ohio, at its Exposition of 1888.

The "Hoosiers" at Indianapolis, three years preceding, express themselves in high terms, as an extract from the Indianapolis Journal will bear witness:

COWLEY COUNTY PRODUCTS.—"And where is Cowley county?" was the eager inquiry of hundreds of the thousands who looked admiringly upon the magnificent array of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, melons and other products temptingly spread in the Exposition building. Well might they ask, for surely a finer fruit display was never seen in Indiana. Cowley county is in Southern Kansas, on the border of the Indian Territory. The exhibit is for the purpose of advertising to the world the productiveness of that new and wonderful region. The display is in care of Capt. P. A. Huffman, a well known Indianian, recently moved there, together with J. F. Martin, president of the Cowley County Agricultural Society; S. P. Strong, vice-president; and J. D. Guthrie, one of the directors. The county seat is Winfield, a beautiful city of 9,000, with gas, waterworks, and every convenience possessed by Indianapolis. This county, only fifteen years old; is the eighth in population; ranks eighth in the production of corn; ninth in cultivated land; and tenth in wheat. It has thirty post-offices; thirty-six church organizations; twenty-six church edifices; church property valued at $110,000.

We fear that Captain Huffman and the gentlemen with him, together with the handsome showing of the products of this Kansas garden spot, will cause an exodus of thrifty, enterprising Hoosiers to that place, which we can hardly afford to spare, &c.

Extracts from minutes of Secretary of Agricultural Society.

"The society held a Fair Sept. 16-17-18, 1873. The number of entries made were 399.

The total receipts from all sources were, $790.10.

The Secretary has been in regular monthly communication with the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, and has furnished the required information to entitle the Society to an appropriation of $200 from the county which has been drawn.

A storm demolished the buildings of the Society and the fence around the land, which caused an expenditure of over $200.

The Society paid 50 per cent of its entire premiums.

The Society has maintained its high reputation with the State Board of Agriculture, for usefulness.

I recommend the authorization of issue of 100 shares of additional stock to meet the expenses of the society."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Removal to Indian Territory—Departure of Mrs. Mooso.

In February, Mr. Mooso left Cowley county for the Indian Territory, with a view to engaging in agriculture and stock raising among the Indians. He went east as far as Independence, as that was then the chief gate-way to the Indian country. From Independence he proceeded down the Verdigris to the mouth of the Caney, thence through the Creek, Seminole, and Pottawatomie countries to Cherokee Town in the Chickasaw country. From Cherokee Town he went thirty miles east of Stonewall and rented a farm of the Indians.

Here he planted a crop which in the early season, gave promise of an abundant harvest, but a severe drouth at midsummer, followed by the grasshopper scourge, swept away every hope of reward for a summer's toil.

Another crop was tried entirely of cotton, with much better success. The ground being prepared much in the same manner as for corn, but with more care; and after the young plants have commenced growing thriftily they are thinned to such numbers as can grow and perfect the cotton well, the cultivation being with ploughs, and also hoes being used. In a favorable season, the plant grow-

ing to quite heighth, and when the bolls burst the downy cotton tufts upon the plants present a beautiful appearance, as one beholds an entire field bedecked with its snowy yield.

The crop was picked partly by women and children, who were paid by the pound, many earning good wages, as some were very rapid. It does not so much require muscle as dexterity.

Mr. Mooso had the cotton ginned upon the place, after which he found market for it at Fort Smith, bringing him 12 3-4 cents. The seed was utilized as feed for stock, and in some places an oil is extracted, and the lard consumer may console himself that he is eating the oil of cotton-seed when he purchases the remarkably white substance put up in small cans and labeled "fresh lard."

This experiment, under many disadvantageous circumstances, was sufficiently successful to prove beyond a doubt that cotton culture can be made profitable in this region. And now, with the present prospect of the opening of the Indian Territory for settlement in the near future, it cannot be considered entirely preposterous to suggest that we may, within the present century, see this wild waste classed as a cotton-growing section.

After satisfying himself that renting land of Indian landlords was not at all a desirable thing, he sold out his

nterests, and as he was to receive payment at Ft. Smith, in Arkansas, he proceeded thither.

Fort Smith at this time contained five dry goods stores, several of general merchandise, seven saloons, a number of churches, and a Catholic school under the control of the Sisters of Charity. The town does not present a pleasing appearance, being situated upon the south side of the Arkansas river, near the confluence of this and the river Poteau, lying north of the Poteau mountains. The site is low, and the town very irregularly laid out and unsymmetrical throughout its entire length. Indians from the Territory make this the point at which they market their yearly cotton crop. They have learned something of the thrift of the whites, and take in exchange for their produce substantial articles of clothing and edibles—almost invariably requiring some cash with which to procure whiskey, and which they find quite difficult to obtain within the Territory, as the vigilant agents deal out punishment to the vender of the article—to the Indian—with such severity that none but the boldest dare venture upon its sale.

A very small portion of the land owned by the Indian is under cultivation, a patch of ten or fifteen acres being sufficient to produce as much corn, tobacco and cotton as he requires for his maintenance, with the generous gifts

which he receives from the government. This makes him comfortable, if he can be taught economy and industry.

The ordinance of secession in Arkansas was passed shortly, following the firing upon Fort Sumter, and the state authorities seized the arsenals at Little Rock and Napoleon and gained possession of Fort Smith.

The state is finely timbered. Pine forests abound extensively, as well as oak, hickory, walnut, linn, locust, cypress, cedar and others.

The temperature is moderate; frosts are rarely seen. Potatoes left in the ground during the winter are often found palatable when taken out in the spring.

The Hot Springs, one of Nature's most singular phenomena on account of their rare medicinal qualities, have attracted many invalids thither, and a town, as a natural result, has grown up.

The soil upon the hilly portions is not so rich in point of production as the bottom lands, which are said to be of a rich, black loam, producing cotton, corn, Irish and sweet potatoes; also tobacco.

In some of the rural districts the residents do not lavish much expense upon their dwellings, as many of them consist of rude log houses, with mortar between the logs, called chinking, and near the fire-place a portion is pushed out that the inmates may satisfy their curiosity by looking

through at the passer-by; windows being considered unnecessary. The door is left ajar to admit light and, in one respect, they are greatly ahead of some who claim to live in a manner more refined and tasteful, but often neglect to allow an opening for the admission of that life-giving element—"pure air," which will cheerfully enter even upon a suggestion of an invitation. This mode of life spoken of is not seen except in localities remote from the influences of towns and intelligent communities.

The swine are allowed the freedom of the woods, subsisting chiefly upon the acorns which fall. They are long-limbed and gaunt, but the meat is of good flavor.

Fort Smith at this time was, in many respects, uninviting, as in many instances it was the simple lodging place for a drifting class, which gathered there with a view, not to legitimate livelihood, but by any means which presented itself. This class, however, was in the minority, consisting of those who had fled from justice and sought refuge on the border to more easily elude the pursuit of officers.

The country about Ft. Smith, both in the State and Territory, became infested with a notorious class of criminals and it was evident that some special means must be employed to hunt them down, or they would soon become a menace to every legitimate pursuit. A posse was

organized for that purpose and Ed Mooso, son of the elder Mooso, having inherited much of his father's love of adventure, furnished a traveling outfit for the company, for which service he was to receive one-half of the rewards obtained. This seemed a very generous allowance as large bounties were offered for many of the most notorious characters, one of whom was an immense negro named Fowler, of herc.l strength and equally bad in character, and a very large reward was offered for his capture; but even after he was secured and turned over to the authorities, young Mooso failed to receive the promised amount.

Yet with all its irregularities and irresponsibility, the country was marked by that energy and push so characteristic of our frontier. Philosophically speaking the principal factor in the momentum of our eastern communities is *weight,* while in our western communities it is *velocity.*

So while our western cities that would scarcely be allowed the distinction of respectable villages in the east, by this element of tireless activity are felt at the terminal points of our arteries of trade, the older towns of the east are hardly known to exist a score of miles beyond their corporate limits. Ft. Smith was at this time without railroad connections, hence the great freighting business of-

fered employment to every one who could supply himself with teams.

The navigation of the Arkansas never having been a success or at least reliable above Little Rock, left not only the business west into the Territory to the wagon, but a great business across the Ozark mountains from the east and northeast. These can hardly be dignified by the term mountain, as in the northwest, they assume only the proportion of hills.

It was not difficult with such an opening for labor, to find employment, and with two good teams Mr. Mooso soon found himself engaged in a lucrative business, freighting across the Ozarks. The work was very trying as the roads were little else than cleared paths through the rough rocky gorges, across deep, rapid and unbridged streams, with the passing and repassing of the worst element of the frontier, but withal it brought money which removes much that is distasteful in almost any vocation.

Thirteen children had now been added to the family of Mr. Mooso, some of whom, however, died.

Mrs. Mooso as years advanced became somewhat restless, as from time to time letters came from her parents in Utah, and as she had not seen them since her departure, then a young wife, and urgent requests came from them asking that she come to Salt Lake; she at different

times asked her husband to accompany her to the Mormon country, but with a vivid remembrance of his past experience with them he declined doing so.

Again and again Mrs. Hinman wrote her daughter that she must see her before her death and wrote more favorably of the Mormon faith. She had years before expressed herself quite differently, but as they were prospered and the church came to be a power felt not only in the United States, but in other countries, and the constant pressure brought to bear upon her by the doctrines which daily and hourly she heard, her feelings changed. Another reason may be ascribed also, as her domestic peace was not disturbed by the invasion of that most dreaded monster, "polygamy", and as a woman's world is her home, to a great extent, Mrs. Hinman gradually became a devout follower of the Mormons, and was happy in her religion because she was a happy wife and mother; perhaps this may not sound logical but in no place this side of Heaven is there one spot which is held so dear by the true woman as home, if it is a happy one; and there are without question such, even among the Mormons.

The surroundings of Mrs. Mooso's home were not pleasant; as at that time the people about her were not as a class those whom one would care to choose as companions, and having always been of a retiring and refined na-

ture, as time advanced she wished for a change, and finally after the lapse of several years—but not until both parents had died—she again urged Mr. Mooso to accompany her but as before he declined.

She finally decided to go with four children and told him her decision, hoping that he might be induced to follow h r, and communicated the fact to a neighbor.

That strange element within the human breast which puts upon the face a mask of gayety or indifference, seals the lips to loving words and allows naught but commonplace ones to be uttered—usually denominated pride—took possession of the husband and father, and with something of nervous alacrity he informed his wife that the means was at her disposal with which to prepare herself and children for the journey. All the time, wounded affection was the prevailing feeling, but he sought to hide from his wife his true feelings, and she, thinking that he would certainly follow her and the children, made necessary arrangements for her journey.

The eatables were all prepared, the wagon packed, and everything in readiness for the wife's departure.

Upon the evening before Mrs. Mooso was to start upon her trip, Mr. Mooso called around him his family, and a long talk followed, such an one as those who were about to be separated perhaps never to be united again upon

earth, would quite naturally participate in ; the conference lasted until quite late in the night, when they separated to waken upon the morrow, a part of them to go out from home into other paths and amid other associations. The head of the family remaining in his old home.

A man was sent with a team and wagon to convey Mrs. Mooso and the children to Ft. McAllister; from there she went to Kansas City, thence to Salt Lake, Utah, going to the home of her brother, a resident of the city, where she remained for some time. The oldest son who was with her, died shortly after her arrival. She eventually went to Idaho, where she still resides with her youngest son.

After the departure of his wife Mr. Mooso was confined to his room for some time by protracted sickness, but that wonderful vigor which has at different times asserted itself in spite of his frequent illness, again came to his rescue, and he was, after a time, himself again.

He remained in the Territory for two years, engaging in farming, and later, dealt in stock quite extensively, which often took him through the Cherokee country; and indeed so much in advance are they in point of civilization, and also so fair, that it is difficult to tell them from the whites, and one passing from any of the border states into their domains cannot realize that he is among the Indians.

They cultivate their farms, keep up their schools and

towns, and are the most cultured of any of the North American tribes, as they have a written language. The daughters of many of the chiefs are well educated, both in the common and the higher branches, and many of them are good pianists.

Much of the land owned by them is rented or leased for a term of years, consequently they do not till much of the soil themselves, but depend upon the rental money for a livelihood.

The different Indian tribes throughout the Territory have not increased in numbers to any great extent, as their lack of comfortable dwellings and proper food for generations preceding, has not advanced them physically.

Mr. Mooso found something of his old love of adventure return to him when he was again in a locality where the deer and other wild game presented itself, and seemed to invite him to try his skill as he was wont in years past, when he was in his element, pursuing the deer or bear on the prairies of the Pacific slope.

The deer at that time being plentiful, the residents of the Territory found it no difficult task to slay enough of these pretty animals to supply themselves with venison.

The prairie wolf had become such a pest among the small pigs in the farmer's barnyard, and also committed such depredations in the hen-roosts, that it became neces-

sary to make an extra effort to rid the country of the nuisance, and a large number of the citizens arranged for a hunt. Upon the day fixed might have been seen a large number of men mounted and congregated in one place, where they were divided into sections, each division being assigned a certain portion of the territory, including a radius of thirty or forty miles; the horsemen knowing at what points to separate, each going out by himself and gradually closing in upon the wolves until they are killed by the hunters' guns, aided by the dogs, which are taken with their masters to assist in the hunt. Some of these attempts proved quite successful, as large numbers were often dispatched; and again, after a tiresome day's chase, the nimrods would get but a few pelts as a reward for their industry. By continuous efforts, however, the country was not infested by them to the extent that it was at the first hunt, and the stock was protected against their ravages.

Hunting the wild turkey proved profitable, as the meat is much finer and more delicate in flavor than that of the domesticated bird, and when Mr. Mooso had supplied his own demands for this delicate meat, a ready market was found for the turkey, which, when frozen, can be sent to great distances.

The male turkey is quite large—often nearly four feet in length; the female being smaller. The plumage of the male

is exceedingly bright and varying in its colors. As the sun shines upon it, sometimes one will be ready to pronounce it green, again golden, and perhaps at a third view, black.

About the most successful method of hunting the turkey is with a dog, which when trained to the sport, can scent the flock at a great distance, and when he discovers them he starts off silently but rapidly, and when nearing them utters a sharp bark and rushes into the center of the flock and they scatter in every direction. The hunter can then easily shoot them. When disturbed, they often alight in a tree.

One mode of killing them, related by Mr. Mooso, was this: During the winter, when there is enough light from the rays of the moon to enable one to see the bird perched upon the limb of a tree, where it chooses to roost, they can be shot by one expert in the use of the rifle, and singularly enough they will hear shot after shot fired and not take wing, and consequently great numbers are destroyed in this manner. They often visit cornfields in droves and destroy the young blades and even after it has matured into the ripe ear, they will make great havoc.

The captain now decided that he did not care longer to remain within the Territory and in the following spring returned with his son Josiah to Winfield where he has since resided.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Salvation Army—Its Origin—Mr. Mooso's Conversion.

Rev. Wm. Booth, a Methodist clergyman, who saw much of the poverty, degradation and wickedness of the lower classes in the east of London, and of their need of religeous instruction, and that the masses were indifferent as to salvation became so burdened with the thought that hundreds of souls within his reach should perish for the "bread of life", after prayerful consideration commenced preaching on the street corners in the parts of the city the most frequented by these people, where he met at first the bitterest animosity, jeers, insults, and even brutal attack, but with a truly Christ-like spirit he patiently bore these and in time as a reward for his labors a few were converted. So genuine were these conversions they were shining examples of the efficacy of the atonement; gradually more were added to the number until they in time were so powerful an auxiliary to the police force in maintaining order that the precincts in which the meetings were held became comparatively quiet, where before crime in its worst forms prevailed, having been but partially held in check by the authorities.

Many objections were made that the worst characters were their listeners and converts, but the soul of the poor unlettered, debased, man or woman is just as precious in the sight of Him who came not to call the "righteous, but sinners to repentance," as that of the more learned and less debased.

The very best proof of the genuineness of their professions lies in the fact of the radical change through which many of them pass from the fighting, drinking, profane man to the God-fearing one, cheerfully testifying to the fact, whereas "I was blind and now I see" and their entire consecration when lifted out of this life into one of rest, trust and joy. There is something remarkably touching in the fact that the young girl with all the natural love of dress, society and pleasures should put behind her all these attractions and with sweet self-abnegation of all that which has been to her an intoxicating dream of happiness and live a life of self denial, toil and sometimes of reproach, that she may be instrumental in bringing into the fold some fallen one. How chary would we be of our criticisms could we understand the gentle spirit which actuates these christian people who have reached in our own city those who could not have been induced to enter a church, but have been attracted to the barracks, perhaps at first by curiosity. And why cannot they be in-

duced to enter a church? Will you, occupying your cushioned pew with an unquestionably aristocratic air and wearing garments which good taste would dictate as better suited to an evening reception, answer the question?

The name barracks, has been adopted in accordance with the military, as all through they use the same terms as are used in the army.

The object of the banding together of this body of christians was the salvation of the great army of unsaved souls, hence the name "Salvation Army".

The uniform which they wear was chosen that they might more easily be designated from the balance of those standing upon the streets, and was adopted eleven years after their organization. The music of the tambourine and drum, accompanied by song is used as an attractive feature, as something of a tangible and exciting nature, always reaches the classes with whom they have to deal, and if attention can be secured they will then listen to gospel truths.

They have been accused of substituting excitement for real conversion, but the tenacity with which their converts hold fast has proven this accusation not correct. There are those who sometimes go back into their old ways, but this will prove true of all churches, and when considering how deeply some of their members before their conver-

sion have plunged into the depths of iniquity, it would be almost miraculous if none returned to the old life, but even these are comparatively few.

Their members had increased to such an extent that in 1883 five hundred and twenty-eight corps, or stations, and two hundred ane forty-five field outposts had been established; the stations being the centre from which branch or originate the outposts.

There are one thousand five hundred officers who have given their lives to the work, many of them young girls, There are now eighteen different countries in which are represented the Salvation Army, and in their respective places they are doing efficient work.

Within twenty months the district under the jurisdiction of Major Pugmire, which includes Kansas and Missouri, makes a record of eight thousand conversions.

Many erroneous impressions have gone abroad in reference to their doctrines while in fact they are only those which are considered essential to salvation through atonement by orthodox people. The do not claim sanctification, as has been alleged, but believe that even after genuine conversion they are liable to fall.

It has been a query as to how the expenses are defrayed, which is done by collections taken nightly at the barracks, the cost of the living of the local officers—captain

and lieutenant—being paid and any other expenses which may accrue, after which they are entitled to a small salary if anything remains, the surplus, if any, after this goes into the general fund and is used toward the extension of the "War Cry", a paper published in their interests in New York; the establishment of new stations, building of halls for the training of officers, &c.

In New York City a school has been established, in which much time is devoted to bible study, the students going out upon the streets and laboring among the poorer classes, and from these schools are sent the officers to the different stations.

"A Rescue Home" for fallen women has also been founded in the city, where hundreds of reclaimed girls are sent, and when sufficiently strong, are engaged in selling the "War Cry" on the streets, and it is claimed they accomplish much practical good, knowing the temptations to which their sisters are subjected and can reach them more efficiently than any other class. Great care however, is taken that these women do only this kind of work, as their early life has been of such a nature, that they are not yet sufficiently strengthened by prayerful resolutions to be trusted with the work assigned to the officers. In their regular meetings they have no bible classes, as experience has taught them that better work can be done by testi.

monies from all the soldiers, reading and explanation of the scriptures by some one to whom the work may be assigned. The major having charge of his respective district is empowered to administer the sacrament, swear in converts, visit stations as necessity demands and attend to the adjustment of matters in which there is some difficulty or misunderstanding. All officers are subject to orders at any time, from headquarters, and to disobey them, is, many times to be considered out of the work.

The officers wishing to rest for a time must apply to the Major having charge of the district to which they belong, and a furlough is granted them signed by the Major which in form is much like those issued to the soldier during the late war. The Cadets who go out to the outposts to labor, are expected to conform to the regulations of the "army" and to assist in every way in the "war" against sin, and the advancement of the work.

One of the best features of their plan of action is this: The convert is expected to take part at once in the work, not being allowed simply to listen but urged to engage in testifying, singing and exhortation, knowing thereby that he will grow spiritually if thus employed. To the mayor of the city of Winfield, much credit is due for so generously protecting the army from encroachments, as in some neighboring towns the authorities have failed to extend

the protection which they had power to do and as a result the good they might have accomplished has not been done. While in the city of Winfield in about the space of a year, according to the reports recorded by Major Pugmire six hundred persons have been converted, some of whom, have been those who were visiting in the city but the majority are residents.

Captain Yoke was converted under the ministry of Rev. Mrs. Elliott, when she was but fourteen years of age at that time becoming a member of the Protestant Methodist Church. She was educated at Pauline Holiness College in College Mound, in the north of Missouri. Having always been ambitions to teach, after a thorough preparation she commenced her profession at Ft. Scott, Kansas, where she remained for a time, and during a visit of the "army" at that place she was induced to go to their barracks and an impression took possession of her that she was called of the Lord to work in the "army" and so strongly did this idea impress her that she could not rid herself of the feeling and although but just upon the eve of a successful professional career gave up her life long aspirations and joined the "army" as a cadet, only remaining in that capacity for a short time, when she was commissioned as lieutenant and given charge of the Winfield Corps, when, after a few months she was promoted to captain.

Miss Yoder became at the same time lieutenant. She is a graduate from the high school of Lawrence, Kansas and was a member of the Congregational Church of that place, but while visiting friends at Ottawa, this state, heard for the first time the "Salvation Army" and like Captain Yoke felt that her services were needed in the cause, and also being a teacher abandoned her calling and has been a co-worker with Captain Yoke. She has since been promoted to captain and has now gone to a field of labor in Kansas City, Kansas, Corps No. 3.

Captain Yoke has received orders to go to Newton and there commence her labors. That these two young girls have accomplished much good—with the hearty co-operation of the soldiers—cannot be denied, since coming here. Besides the six hundred conversions under their efforts, six officers have been sent out from the corps. These two young ladies have remained a longer time over their charge than any others in the division, which speaks well for their efficiency and faithfulness.

Prominent among those who have been led to see the error of their ways is the subject of this book, whom the reader will recollect was in early life under the influence of christian parents, and especially of a devoted mother, who sought by prayer and example to bring her boy to drink of the "water of life," and could she have been pres-

ent on the night when the grayhaired old man bore testimony of a changed heart she might have exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people." It is much to be hoped that he may pass a quiet, christian, old age in the enjoyment of a restfulness which such a life alone can bring.

The cases of conversions so late in life are not of frequent occurrence, the majority of active church members being converted before arriving at twenty. The germ which the mother's hand had sown in the heart and mind of her young son had apparently been cast on barren ground; but who can tell but all those years in which he remained so indifferent his early teachings had taken root, and although fruitage came late in life it finally culminated in his conversion.

Having been a habitual devotee of the weed, and drinking, since young, intoxicants, as well as being profane, all of these he has denounced as not consistent with his profession, and, so far as the knowledge of the writer extends, he has kept his compact inviolate. Although the habit of using so freely of tobacco had been formed when he was but a child, and those who have known him the longest can testify that he was an inveterate smoker, the

habit having become fastened upon him when so young, it had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; and after over seventy years of its daily and almost hourly use, he was enabled, after his conversion, to abandon it altogether. He also asserts that after he had decided that it was unbecoming a christian to let a habit cling to him which was not in harmony with his professions, he decided, with his characteristic firmness, aided by his changed life, to desist from its further use without a murmur. The testimony of many who have used freely of the weed is, that the habit clings even more closely than that of the use of liquors, and is found to be more difficult to break away from.

Taking into account all these facts, Mr. Mooso has shown much decision and strength of character in being able to cast aside that which had become so closely allied with his being. He does not claim for himself any particular credit, but attributes it to a changed heart. He has been rallied at different times by his friends, and they have predicted that before long he would go back to his old habit; but he still adheres to his first resolution to 'touch ' not, taste not, handle not." He had not so far become habituated to drink as to feel any particular inconvenience when ceasing its use, as he had partaken of it only occasionally.

Mr. Mooso confidently affirms that abstinence from the

use of narcotics has greatly strengthened his already vigorous constitution, and in the space of three months after its discontinuance eleven and three-quarter pounds have been added to his normal weight.

If so marked a change is seen in a man already over four score years of age, when the vital forces are constantly decreasing, what would be the result of total abstinence of those who have not yet reached the prime of life ?

The Winfield Corps is now under the charge of Captain Eva Bowen, formerly engaged to some extent in teaching in private schools.

In Jan. 1886, under the ministrations of Captain Thompson of Chicago, Miss Bowen was converted in Sedalia, Missouri.

The barracks are now in the north of Winfield, situated on Main Street, and the room is hung with appropriate Scripture Mottoes; the National Flag holding a central position upon the platform, also the flag used by the Army. The front of the rostrum is tastefully draped with the stars and stripes. The use of the flag by the "Army" can be more appropriately given by an extract from a late "War Cry," written by Mrs. General Booth.

"OUR FLAG.—Yes, we are marching on; but some of our friends say, "Well, but could you not march without a flag?" Yes, we could march without a flag, and we have

marched a long time and a long way without one; but we can march much better with one, and that is the reason why we have one.

It is very USEFUL to direct the procession, moving the flag when the leader, who is often a little woman, wishes it to halt or to march. All armies have banners, and we are an ARMY; we grew into one, and then we found it out, and called ourselves one. Every soldier of this Army is pledged to carry the standard of the cross into every part of the world, as far as he has opportunity. Our motto is "THE WORLD FOR JESUS!" We have all sworn fealty to the Lord Jesus Christ and faithfulness to The Army, because it represents our highest conception of the work He wants us to do.

Our flag is not chosen to represent any policy or glory. We give up and ignore all the fashion, respectability, wealth and position of this world on purpose to go down and rescue such as were some of you. This flag is emblematical in its colors. The crimson represents the precious blood by which we were all redeemed; the blue is God's chosen emblem of purity; the sun represents both light and heat, the light and the life of men; and the motto

"BLOOD AND FIRE,"

the blood of the Lamb and the fire of the Holy Ghost. This flag is a symbol, first of our devotion to our great Captain in Heaven, and to the great purpose for which He came down and shed His blood—that he might redeem men and women from *sin* and *death* and *hell!* When a soldier enlists in the service of his country he gives up, not a little of his time, or of his money, or a part of his strength, talents, or influence, but HIMSELF! So I trust every one who shall pledge himself to our flag will resolve to give himself or herself up absolutely—body, soul and spirit; all he has, all he is, and all he CAN DO, to be used up in the glorious service of his Master and King! Soldiers are bound to be always ready at the word of command to attack the enemy, and as soldiers of the cross *we are bound* to be always fighting against the great

enemies of our Lord and trying to win their votaries as servants and soldiers of our King.

Secondly. This flag is emblematical of our FAITHFULNESS to our great trust. Jesus only wants *faithful* soldiers in order to win the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession. If Christian soldiers had been *faithful* in the past, the world would have been won for Christ long ago!"

Captain Bowen remained a cadet but a short time, and was promoted from lieutenant to captain after the expiration of a month. Her life is wholly consecrated to the work, and, like all those who have become identified with this missionary cause, it is a life of crosses and self denial; her songs, which she renders in a clear soprano, are singularly beautiful, and many of them conveying sentiments beautifully expressed.

During her ministrations, six hundred have been converted. Lieutenant Sallie Lowe has proved an efficient worker, and was also converted at Sedalia, under the same Captain as Miss Bowen.

The lieutenant has been ordered to Ottawa, Kansas, where she will go at once.

This work commenced for the first time in America, eight years since, Yew York City being the place chosen to open the work.

A training garrison has recently been built in the city of New York, under the management of Marshall Ballington Booth and wife, for the training of cadets for the

"Army." The above mentioned gentleman being a son of Rev. Wm. Booth, whose early experience it has been our good fortune to secure, and is here inserted.

THE SALVATION ARMY—HOW WE BEGAN.

BY THE GENERAL.

I was born in Nottingham, on the 10th of April, 1829, and converted when fifteen years of age. I was brought up in attendance on the services of the Church of England, which at thirteen I exchanged of my own choice for what were to me the more interesting meetings of Wesleyan Methodists. There was nothing very remarkable in the measures that led up to my conversion; I had the advantage of hearing some faithful preaching, and came, in my new associations, under the influence of some godly friends, while as far back as I can remember the Holy Spirit had continually shown me that my real welfare for time and eternity depended upon the surrender of myself to the service of God. After a long controversy I made this submission, cast myself on His mercy, received an assurance of His pardon, and gave myself up to His service with all my heart. The hour, the place, and many other particulars of this glorious transaction are recorded indelibly on my memory.

Two events which transpired soon after my conversion, had, I have no doubt, a very powerful influence in moulding my religious character and shaping my after life. The first of these was a remarkable religious awakening that came to the society and congregation of which I was a member, and which extended for miles around the town. At that time the Reverend James Caughey, an American minister, was making an evangelic tour through the country. He was an extraordinary preacher, filling up his sermons with thrilling anecdotes and vivid illustrations, and for the straightforward declaration of scriptural truth and striking appeals to the conscience, I had up to that time never heard his equal; I do not know that I have since.

For three months we were expecting him, during which

time remarkable stories of the wonderful results that had attended his ministry elsewhere were continually reaching us, and for months before he came meetings were held to pray for a blessing on his labors. His visit was consequently the constant topic of conversation, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation when he arrived.

The result answered the anticipation. There were such crowds and rushes to hear the gospel as we had never dreamed of seeing. There were wonderful meetings, wonderful influences, and wonderful conversions. Multitudes were saved, many of whom became the most useful members of the society. All this had a powerful effect upon my young heart. The straightforward conversational way of putting the truth, and the common-sense method of pushing the people up to decision, and the corresponding results that followed, in the conversion and sanctification of hundreds of people, made an ineffaceable impression on my mind, filling me not only with confidence in the power and willingness of God to save all those who come unto Him, but with an assurance of the absolute certainty with which soul-saving results may be calculated upon, when proper means are used for their accomplishment.

I saw as clearly as if a revelation had been made to me from Heaven that success in spiritual work, as in natural operations, was to be accounted for, not on any mere abstract theory of Divine sovereignty, or favoritism, or accident, but on the employment of such methods as were dictated by common sense, the Holy Spirit and the Word of God.

A second event that had a powerful influence upon my early character and my after life, was the remarkable way with which I saw the application of the principle which I had seen so successfully acted upon among the religious portion of the community to some of the poorest and most desolate people in the town.

Directly after this awakening I was laid aside with a violent attack of fever. My life was in danger, but God mercifully restored me to health and I went out to devote my spared life to the work of saving souls, which became ever after the supreme business of my existence. During

my illness some of my comrades had gone down to one of the poorest parts of the town and commenced meetings in the same spirit as the great rivival which had just closed in the big chapel. From time to time they sent notes to my sick chamber telling how they wanted me to help them, and as soon as I was able I went out and joined them in the struggle and became a leader in the fight.

Our plan of operation was simplicity itself. We obtained the loan of cottages and in these held meetings every night, always commencing with an open-air address, fine weather or foul, all the year round, inviting the people indoors for another meeting. Here again we had lively songs, short and sharp exhortations insisting upon decision for Christ upon the spot, which was to be signified by coming out and kneeling at the round table that stood in the middle of the room. These efforts were accompanied by visitation of the sick and of the converts, whose names and addresses were always recorded, together with processions to the big chapel on the Sunday which the respectable authorities of the society soon compelled us to take in at the back door where the free seats were. When our converts died we had Salvation funerals; placing the coffin in the street, singing around it, another meeting at the grave when the parson had done. In short we had a miniature Salvation Army.

I have said that these two series of events influenced my character and after conduct. From the first I doubtless learnt those simple principles upon which I have acted with a blessed measure ever since, and by the latter I was convinced that God was not only no respecter of persons, but that human nature was as religiously impressionable if not more so in its poorest, most ignorant and wretched forms as in any other.

But as time went on the influence and methods of church usage and the "traditions of the elders" carried me away from these simple plans on to the ordinary and orthodox church lines of action. I must be a regular preacher and go through set forms and deliver regular sermons. All the influence and regulations of the society

in which I lived and moved, and it is not moch exaggeration to say, I all but worshiped, willed it to be so.

At seventeen my Superintendent Minister wished to see me. He desired that I should go, as it is termed, "on to the plan," that is, become a local preacher. I declined, my youth was my excuse. The secret feeling of my heart being that I could get more souls saved on the rough and ready lines I was then following out than on any other that I could hope at that time to be able to reach.

A year after, however, I was hooked into the ordinary rut and put on the sermon-making and preaching, and at nineteen I was pressed to prepare for the regular ministry. I again pleaded for delay, this time on account of my health, which was not very good and the subject was postponed for another year.

Then changes came, I removed from Nottingham to London; a violent controversy arose in the Wesleyan Society, through which I was separated from it, although I took no part in the strife, and it was near upon three years before I left business to devote my every moment and energy to the work of proclaiming Salvation.

After six months in London I spent a little over a year in Spalding, Lincolnshire, and the villages around, where I dearly loved the people and saw many saved. I then returned to London again where I came to study preparatory to becoming a minister in the Methodist New Connexion. But my studies were very much broken in upon and sadly interrupted by the more practical business of saving souls.

It was about this time I made my first acquaintance with the east of London, being appointed to preach at the little chapel. God spoke through me and before the meeting closed very unusual results to that congregation followed, souls cried for mercy. Other meetings were held, and more conversions. This happened wherever I went, and it was soon noised abroad throughout the Connexion of which I had so recently become a minister. It was remarked upon in the magazine, and greatly wondered at.

A visit to Guernsey of a fortnight's duration followed, where several hundred persons were awakened, and then came a pressing call to Staffordshire Potteries. This was altogether contrary to my wishes, and I positively declined it. I wanted to settle down to my Circuit and pastorial duties, and all the student business which is thought so essential to ministerial work; but it was decided by the authorities that I should go to Staffordshire. Perhaps an authority higher than theirs was determined there should be no settling down for me. It seemed so then as it has done ever since.

While in Staffordshire, Longton, Hanley, Burslem, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Fenton and Stoke were visited in turn. Seven weeks in all were spent in these places, during which time the names and addresses of 1,700 persons were registered as finding Salvation. This news flew through the community with rapidity, and the managing committee of the Connexion arranged for my being relieved from my circuit duties in London, very much to the disappointment of the people there, and set apart to the work of an Evangelist for the entire Connexion.

During the rest of the year, Bradford, Oldham, Mossley, Gateshead and Manchester were visited. Then came the Conference which formally approved my appointment and renewed it for the following year.

Another event happened about this time—I was married. Three years before—On the same day I left business for the ministry, I met the one whom I have had the privilege since to call my wife, and we were one in heart, soul, and purpose from that very night. There may be unions as thorough and perfect as ours has been; but not very many, so far as my observation has gone. I had formed an idea of what I wanted in a wife, and resolved to wait until I found a woman who, in some manner at least, would answer to it. It began with devotion to God and righteousness and soul-saving, and went on to other qualities, moral, social and intellectual. Although in my fancy I had formed this ideal, I never could have expected to find a being who so nearly answered to it as I did in the woman who then linked her fate with mine, and who has ever

since been my comrade in the fight. How she has helped me as companion, friend, counsellor, and, not least, as the mother of our children, I pause not here to attempt to describe. It may be said that the world knows all about us, seeing that her life has been almost as public as my own. I may say, however, that if personally I have, in the hands of God, had to do with the origination of this remarkable movement, if I have stood to it in the relation of a father, surely my precious wife may be truly considered to have been its mother.

Within a few days of our marriage I fulfilled a second fortnight's engagement at Gurnsey and then a week at Jersey. In both places I preached in the very halls that the Salvation Army now occupy as barracks. Then right away to York, leaving my wife who was sick in London on the way. Then followed Hull, Sheffield, Dewsbury, Hunslet, Leeds and Halifax. At these places between three and four thousands professed to find salvation. Some of these became ministers, many emigrated to distant lands, others became backbone members of the different societies, whilst others died and went triumphantly to Heaven.

At Halifax the Chief-of-Staff was born. We were booked for Chester, but had to remain in Halifax for his convenience, advantage being taken of this interruption of our arrangements to give three weeks' services to another chapel in another part of the town.

Macclesfield, Yarmouth, Sheffield (second visit), and Birmingham were then visited, and then Nottingham, my native town, where we had between six and seven hundred converts in six weeks. Then came Chester, Bristol, Truro and Stafford. At the latter place we had just got to work with the blessed promise of a wonderful awakening when the conference, which conducted the affairs of the Connexion, for various reasons, or rather on sundry excuses, relating to church order, by a narrow majority, decided that I should return to regular pastoral work. This was a heavy blow to me and very much against my judgment. But I bowed to authority and spent one year in the Halifax and three years in the Gateshead circuits. When the time had arrived that I must leave

the Gateshead people, three years being the limit of ministerial stay in the Methodist Connexion, the officers sent in a memorial urging my re-appointment to the Evangelistic work.

This was refused, whereupon I resigned my position in that body and went out, from home and salary, with a delicate wife and four little children under five years of age, leaving almost every friend I had behind me, in order that I might have the opportunity of filling the sphere in which I thought I could best serve God and save the largest number of souls. This was my first step back again towards the simple plan of labor commenced at Nottingham fifteen years before.

I need not say that in this new departure my wife was one with me. Twelve months before God had opened her lips to speak in public, thus qualifying her to become my helpmate more fully than ever before.

The first door opened for us after this resignation was at Hayle, in Cornwall. The invitation came from a young minister who was one of my sons in the Gospel. My wife accompanied me. It was an anxious time. All who knew us had predicted that we were going straight to ruin. For four and a half years I had bowed to the judgment of men, or rather to a traditional system which had stood between me and the people. Now the barriers were passed. I had paid the price. All the associations and friends of my life up to that hour had forsaken me, but I was free to carry out my convictions. True, the scale on which the experiment was to be tried was, at the onset, not a very extensive one. We had only a small chapel, with a mere handful of members, of little influence and power in the neighborhood. But we were both full of confidence in God, and had no fear for the result.

It was done unto us according to our faith. From the very first morning in that little old chapel God was with us, and before three days had passed one of the most remarkable — perhaps the most remarkable — awakening, measured by permanent results, commenced that the west of Cornwall had ever known. From Hayle we passed on to St. Ives, then Lelant, and afterwards to St. Just. At

these four places I believe between three and four thousand persons professed salvation.

The Wesleyan Conference was held that year in Cornwall. We had already had some remarkable successes in their chapels. With no people had we more remarkable meetings, and there really seemed a probability of our being once more absorbed into the parent Methodist body, in connection with which we were both first saved and associated.

But no; our course out of the churches and downwards to the masses must be continued, and had this idea been carried out the probabilities are that such a purpose would have been arrested. That Conference passed a resolution closing the chapels against us. Evangelistic movements being unfavorable to church order was again the plea; therefore they must not be allowed. Consequently that door was effectually closed. It has been opened again to others, and evangelistic work is now a regular institution of that body. But our track lay plainly away from the churches, and we went on in it with much dissatisfaction and many quiet complainings, it may be, as to what appeared to us the strange ways of Providence.

There were other churches glad to receive us, and at Penzance, Mousehole, Redruth and Camborne many were saved. At Redruth alone during seven weeks' work it was calculated that several thousand people were converted.

And now, another step downwards, and outwards, was prepared for us. We were very pressingly invited to Cardiff. This time it was not to a chapel, nor even to a respectable hall, but to a large wooden circus. Undenominational work was just then coming into fashion. The theory was, save the people outside the churches, and then send them to the churches to be trained and cared for. We were wanted to help carry this programme out in Cardiff. It was certainly another advance towards the Nottingham starting point.

From Cardiff we went to Walsall, where another glimpse was gained of what was to be in the future. Some Methodists had built a big chapel, and were unable to ob-

tain a congregation. They invited us to help them. But, alas, none of our inside attractions charmed the people. The respectable portion of the community were too proud to enter, and the lower orders were as positively opposed to anything of the kind as they could be. I went to work to try and make them come. The fight was a desperate one. Night after night I spoke to large crowds in the Market Square, processioning through the darkest and blackest slums to the chapel into which very few would enter. So far as the door they came, and no farther.

It was then I devised a special kind of meeting, out of which grew a most remarkable movement which went afterwards by the name of "The Hellelujah Band." To attract the people we invited all the celebrities we knew from Nottingham, Derby, Birmingham, and around about. These men had been remarkable in wickedness, but who, we had reason to believe, were now serving God. There was a poacher, a couple of prize fighters, a Birmingham jail-bird, and others of the same class. These celebrities were advertised not as the respectable and religious people they were then, but by the characters they had before their conversion. We had a morning march; wagons in the hollows of broken fields, and meetings all day. We had great crowds of people, and souls saved.

The men brought together that day for the first time, worked together for months afterwards with others through the Black Country and the surrounding districts. They attracted thousands of people in every direction. Many of the most notorious characters in the district were converted, and, while it lasted, it was, beyond question, a most wonderful religious movement. In course of time, however, the leaders disagreed. Divisions crept in. There being no acknowledged authority, all did pretty much what was right in their own eyes. There was no distinctive teaching beyond that of conversion, and the work gradually died out, or, at best, left only the monument of a few half-and-half Methodist Societies behind.

But the remarkable influence and effect it produced, while it lasted, upon the worst and poorest classes of the community, made a great impression upon my mind, and I

never ceased to wonder whether such a work could not be so originated and guided as to make it a powerful force for effectually dealing with the vast continent of rampant wickedness that I saw around me everywhere.

However, we went on. Birmingham was the next town, where I held a short series of meetings, visiting some of the small towns around. Then came a sort of settling down, and Leeds was chosen as a permanent residence. Here we had what may be called our first home since leaving Gateshead, having only lived in apartments and furnished houses a few weeks at a time, until then. At Leeds our sixth child was born, and it seemed a necessity that the migratory form of existence followed during the last three years should be curtailed if not abandoned.

Our stay in Leeds lasted about six months, during which time we had a hard fight with the enemy in various forms. In chapels, in halls, in the denominations and out of the denominations. In the market place, amidst oaths and blasphemies, and peltings and mobbings with skeletons, who did not bear the name, but who, nevertheless, acted after their fashion, we struggled hard for souls and won a goodly number.

From Leeds we went to London. For a long time the great city had attracted us. My dear wife had always objected to leaving her children for public work; and in London, we argued, she would find a sphere which would allow of her getting home the same evening, or, at most, would not keep her away very long together. To London, therefore, in 1864, we came, securing a home at Hammersmith.

About this time, there was a considerable awakening of the public mind with respect to religion, with a great deal of open-air and theater preaching. Among other efforts a a large tent had been erected _ disused burial ground belonging to the Society of Friends, in Baker's Row, Whitechapel. In this tent meetings were being held every night, and to conduct them I was invited for a fortnight.

Here was the open door for which I had longed for years, and yet I knew it not, and, moreover, was unwill-

ing to enter it. The main reason for this was that I feared my ability to deal with people of this class; I had made several efforts, but apparently failed, and the thought saddened and oppressed me beyond measure. I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to have been qualified to attract and interest and lead to salvation the masses I saw around me, as completely outside the Christian circle as the untaught heathen of foreign lands—but I despaired of accomplishing it. This, I thought, was not my vocation. I had forgotten Nottingham Meadow Platts and the work in it when a boy of sixteen, twenty years before.

However, as was my usage, no squeamish difficulties were allowed to interefere with duty. I accepted the invitation, and the hour and day found me at my post.

On the Mile End Waste the first open-air meeting was held, from whence we processioned to the tent. From the first the meetings were fairly good; we had souls at almost every service, and before the fortnight had passed I felt at home, and more than this I found my heart being strongly and strangely drawn out on behalf of the million people living within a mile of the tent—ninety out of every hundred of whom, they told me, never heard the sound of the preacher's voice, from year to year. "Here is a sphere," was being whispered continually in my inward ear by an inward voice. "Why go farther afield for audiences?" And so the church and chapel congregation somehow or other lost their charm in comparison with the vulgar East-enders, and I was continually haunted with a desire to offer myself to Jesus Christ as an apostle for the heathen of East London. The idea or heavenly vision or whatever you may call it, overcame me, I yielded to it, and what has happened since is, I think not only a justification but an evidence that my offer was accepted.

The difficulties that beset us at the onset were many. To begin with, on the third or fourth Sunday morning we found the tent lying on the ground rent in pieces. It had been a stormy night, and, among other things the rough wind had finished, was our tabernacle, and what made things worse was, it was too rotten to be mended or put

together again. That Sunday we had to fall back upon our Cathedral—the open air.

After a long search an old dancing room was secured for Sabbath meetings. They dance in it until the small hours of the Sunday morning—and our converts had to carry in a fix up at 4 A. M. Our seats which fortunately had not been blown away when the tent was destroyed. It was a long narrow place holding about six hundred people. The proprietor combined the two professions of dancing master and photographer—the latter being pushed especially on Sunday. In the front room, by which all the congregation had to pass from the open street, sat the mistress coloring photographs, whilst someone at the doors shouted for business. The photographing was done at the top of the house, and customers had to pass on their way up, by a sort of parlor that was open to our Hall, and it was a regular thing for them to pause and listen to the message of Salvation as they walked up to their Sabbath-breaking business.

When we saw them on such occasions we contrived to give them something warm.

We had wonderful meetings in that room and in connection with it I put in many a hard Sunday's work, regularly giving three and sometimes four open-air addresses, leading three processions and doing three indoor meetings the bulk of the labor of all of which told on me. But the power and the happiness of the work carried me along and in that room the foundation was really laid of all that has come since.

Meanwhile, however, we had no place for our week-night meetings except the open air on the Mile End Waste, and here we carried till nine and after, then inviting those who were anxious to remain and seek salvation on the spot on which they stood.

Our first week-night place after the tent was an old low wool warehouse, the windows of which unfortunately opened on the street. When crowded, which was ordinarily the case, it was frightfully hot, especially in summer. If we opened the windows the boys threw stones and mud and fireworks through, and fired trains of gunpowder

laid from the front door inwards. But our people got used to this, shouting Hellelujah when the crackers exploded and the powder flashed; but it doubtless frightened and kept away a good many folks. Still many a poor dark soul found Jesus there and became a good warrior afterwards.

Then there was an old chapel called "Holywell Mount" —a fine place it seemed, after the wretched holes and corners to which we had been accustomed—still it never seemed to answer our purpose; some of our folks thought it was just because it was a "chapel."

Then we had a stable up a court leading off the Whitechapel road. We had it cleaned and whitewashed, and fitted up, and from its situation we were full of hope of seeing a lot done in it. But,alas! "we counted our chickens before they were hatched," as others have done before us. After the first meeting or two, we were summarily ejected, the room next to us being occupied by a gymnastic and sparring club; and our exercises disturbed theirs. They were old tenants, and their work being more in sympathy with the publican, to whom the place belonged, there was nothing for us but to go.

From the beginning we were always picking up people in the roads from all parts of London—nay, from almost every corner of the globe, as they travelled about for business or pleasure— and taking them with us to our Halls, and getting them saved. Many of the Londoners came begging us to begin services in their neighborhoods, and so we went to Old Ford, to a carpenter's shop—to Poplar, to a wooden shed, between which and some stables and pig-styes there was only a wooden partition, through the open cracks of which a stench oozed, enough to poison us all, and it was a wonder it did not.

Then we went to a penny gaff at Limehouse, buying out the trumpery scenery, footlights and all. We went to a covered skittle alley in Whitechapel, where they bowled and gambled, and drank and swore, on a week-day. A temporary platform was constructed over the square upon which the pins stood, and on that platform or in front of

it, I have seen as many as twenty people at once kneeling and weeping as they sought salvation.

Then came a larger venture—the "Eastern Star,"—a low beerhouse, notorious for immorality and other vices—was burned down, and afterwards rebuilt. We bought the lease, and fitted it up. In the front was our first book-store; at the back a good Hall, and rooms for classes and smaller meetings up-stairs.

Then came the old Effingham theater, on the stage of which there regularly mounted forty, fifty and sixty sinners on a Sunday night seeking mercy. In this dirty theater—at that time, perhaps, one of the lowest in London—we were fairly introduced to the public, and from that day the work went forward with increased rapidity.

During this time my wife was engaged in holding meetings, of three months at a stretch, in some of the largest halls around London, and in various places within easy distance, some of which resulted, in addition to making friends for the East-End work, in the formation of permanent missions, of the same character as those established in the East of London.

All this time we had no regular definite plans for the future. From the first I was strongly opposed to forming any separate organization. It is true that again and again the thought did come to me as to what could be accomplished for God and man by a people who were all actuated by one simple purpose, and that the immediate salvation of the masses, and the entire devotion of those thus saved, to the work of saving their fellows. The chief sorrow to me in connection with the sects in the past, had ever been their divisions on the subject of practical Godliness and immediate results, but I constantly put from me the thought of attempting the formation of such a people.

My idea was simply to get the people saved and send them to the churches. This proved at the outset impracticable.

1st. They would not go when sent.
2nd. They were not wanted.
And 3rd. We wanted some of them at least ourselves to help us in the business of saving others.

We were driven to providing for the converts ourselves.

As the movement grew we thought it might be our work to constitute a mammoth workingmen's society just there in the east end, and with smaller branches all around.

But as we spread from one part of London to another, and then to the provinces, we came to accept our mission to preach the gospel to every creature, and to arrange accordingly.

Further particulars respecting this going forth will be found in this volume, but all our methods, and agencies, and successes, and organization have, we think, grown out of four simple principles with which I believe my heart was inspired in the earliest days of my spiritual life.

(1.) *Going to the people with the message of Salvation.*—Out of this has grown all our varied open-air operations, processions, bands, colors, reviews, and the like.

(2.) *Attracting the people.*—This has originated the varied placards and all other attractive announcements.

(3.) *Saving the people.*—Hence the services for conversion, for holiness, for consecration, for fiery baptisms of the Holy Ghost, and for heavenly enjoyment.

(4.) *Our employment of the people.*—Out of which has grown our varied classes of officers, opportunities for testimony, and the open door and continued encouragement to every man, and every woman, and every child, to use and exercise whatever gifts they may have received from God for assisting Him in subduing and winning this rebellious world to Himself.

The objections which are brought against the "Army," usually originate from the fact that there is so little known of their real value, and the American people are in that, as well as in other respects, hasty in their conclusions.

A copy taken from "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers" will throw some light upon the systematic man-

ner with which the work is done, and not in the unsystematic way, many suppose.

The International Training Homes.

1. "The object of these institutions is to prepare those soldiers for field officers who have proved the possession of qualifications for the position.

2. The kind of men and women wanted for the Training Homes will be described later.

3. The candidate, on entering the Training Home, receives the title of Cadet.

4. The International Training Homes at Clapton consist of two wings, one occupied by men and the other by women, and each is under the command of a Principal and Vice-Principal, supported by a staff of other officers.

5. The principal benefits sought to be bestowed upon Cadets while in the Homes are—

(*a*) To sift them, and find out as far as possible who are actuated by right motives in seeking to become officers.

(*b*) To teach habits of cleanliness, regularity, and obedience.

(*c*) To give instruction in Army principles, practice, and doctrines.

(*d*) To train in the conduct of open-air and indoor meetings, house-to-house visitation, selling "War Cry's" bombardments, and other methods of warfare.

(c) To strengthen and develop the spirit of love to God and devotion to the War; in other words, to make them willing to live or die in extending the Kingdom of God as the War may need.

6. These Homes necessarily requiring a considerable sum of money for their support, every F. O.* should feel his responsibility for helping to obtain funds for this purpose."

This he may do by earnestly seconding the appeals made to his Corps, obtaining donations from Soldiers and outside friends, or by collecting himself an annual sum in small amounts, and sending or taking it to the Anniversary of the Institution.

In choosing officers the author tells whom not to recommend.

1. "Don't recommend *delicate people*—those who have a cough, or weak heart; who are continually complaining of a bad throat; who cannot stand fatigue; who are always taking care of themselves or requiring some one else to take care of them. Such are certain to break down as Officers, just because they are equally sure to break down in any other position.

2. Don't recommend any who are *burdened with a sense of their gentility.* The first business of people who pride

*F. O.—Field Officer.

themselves in their clothes or in gentility of any kind is to get delivered from such snobbishness.

4. Dont recommend *people who cannot get on in their own trade*—inferior workmen who cannot keep a situation, or servants who do not stand well with their employers. There may be exceptions, however, to this rule. The reason why some people do not succeed in business, or please masters or mistresses may be creditable to them rather than otherwise.

The F. O., however, will be always quite safe, who refuses to recommend a soldier who does not like to work or who is seeking an easier job.

5. Don't recommend *gossips or scandal mongers*—busy bodies in other peoples affairs, who know everyone's business but their own.

6. Don't recommend any *men engaged to girls who are not soldiers* or women not suitable for officers' wives, or to such as would be above their position or not likely to embrace the hardships of an officer,s life with all their hearts.

7. Don't recommend *young women who are engaged at all'* except such engagements be with those who are officers already, or soldiers who are candidates.

The army cannot afford time and money to train female officers, who, before they have got well into the field or learned their work ; simply announce that the person to

whom they are engaged is anxious to get married and will not wait.

Don't recommend *any who are eager to know how much the salary is*, or how the work will agree with their health; what the hours will be, or where they will be likely to be appointed.

Don't recommend any *who are not willing to begin at the bottom* of the ladder on the same principle as other officers.

10. Don't recommend *married men whose wives are not anxious* for their husbands to become officers, or whose wives are not clean and tidy in their habits, or who do not keep their children in order, or who are not likely to be able to make an officer's quarters what they should be.

11. Don't recommend *married men* whose *wives are* gossips.

12. Don't recommend candidates who *do not of their own choice wear uniforms*, unless they are prevented in some extraordinary manner. Those soldiers who are not eager to confess themselves as belonging to The Army are not likely to be of much use as leaders of it.

13. Don't recommend *anyone outside the Army who will not come into it except on the understanding that they are to be made officers.*

The preference of a person for The Army should be altogether irrespective of the position he may receive in it.

Having satisfied himself that The Army is of God and being more likely to promote His glory and the salvation of souls than any other organization, an honest man will have no other alternative but to join it whether he has the prospect of becoming a Divisional Officer or a door-keeper. A person who has the opportunity of joining the Army as a private soldier and refuses to do so must not be recommended as an officer.

14. Don't recommend anyone *who has any difficulties about Hell or the existence of a real devil* or the inspiration of the Bible or the possibility of God's saving men to the uttermost, or the Army usage with respect to sacraments.

15. Don't recommend anyone who has *doubts as to the wisdom* of the *Army*, form of government, or the propriety of the bands of music, the uniform, the selling of the "War Cry" on Sundays, about excitement, or any of our methods and practices. In short, don't recommend anyone whom you have not good ground for believing will become real Blood-and-Fire Officers, whose future work will justify your selection, be a credit to the Army, and promote the Salvation of Souls, and the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Selection.

1. The success in this War, depending so much as it does on the character of our officers, makes it most important that the right class of soldiers should be brought forward

and trained for this position. And perhaps no responsibility devolving on the F. O., carries with it much more serious consequences than the power he possesses of influencing the right kind of Soldiers to volunteer for this work, and the opportunity he has for helping them to qualify themselves for it.

2. The F. O. must remember that no amount of labor and training bestowed upon the people who are naturally incapable, will impart the needed capacity. Whether, therefore, we are to have good officers or not, depends on the quality of the candidate sent forward, in the first instance. A diamond may be cut and polished and set in the purest gold, so that its appearance is greatly improved thereby, but no amount of cutting and polishing and setting will make a piece of a glass into a diamond. The F. O. must therefore send diamonds to begin with. He can then pick it out, and get it set in.

Godliness.

A candidate must be thoroughly Godly; the more positive and definite his realization of the enjoyment of his Salvation, the more likely will he be to succeed. This supposes:

A. A straightforward conversion.

B. A clear assurance of the power of God.

C. A clean heart.

D. The spirit of a Blood-and-Fire soldier.

E. A good life, with a truthful character, at home and in his employment.

F. A soul flooded with the knowledge and love of God.

G. A man or woman who has such a Salvation as this and retains it in all its fulness, cannot very well fail as an officer in the Army."

To shorten the account, a synopsis will here be given of the qualifications desired in an officer. "Love for Souls; Energy of character; Ability to talk; Loyalty to the Army."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Review—Changes of Eighty Years.

At the conclusion of these pages it may not be unprofitable for us to look back through the long vista of this eventful life, and see what it has been possible for the American nation to accomplish within the remembrance of one now living.

At the date of the opening of this narrative, we were under the administration of its third president. The entire population of the nation was but little in excess of that of the state of New York. Fulton was toiling in obscurity with his crude steamboat, and not until four years after, did he succeed in eliminating from the problem of inland navigation, the elements that had made it so vexing.

Whitney's cotton gin was yet only an experiment, and the great cotton industry of the country was in a state of plastic incipiency. The Federal compact consisted of but seventeen states.

Florida was a province of Spain, and the great region west of the Mississippi known as Louisiana, was being purchased of France—an empire out of which we shall

carve a score of states was purchased for the price of a cattle ranch in our stirring times.

The line of our frontier lay along the borders of the Ohio and Lake Erie, and beyond these was but the rude cabin of the pioneer, or the lodge and wigwam of the Indian, the trapper and the trader. Cincinnati was an insignificant village, and Chicago was a spot designated in a treaty as a location for a fort; but it was fifteen years later before it became the abode of white men. St. Louis had been founded nearly thirty years before, but was as yet but the home of a few French traders and Spanish adventurers.

Eight years later came to the ears of little Joe the startling announcement of a great war, with all its inhuman influences and blood curdling incidents. And yet we are amused when we compare then and now. What a sluggish, irresponsive era in which to live! Think of "fast mail" making its way at the rate of ten miles an hour! And this, too, the only channel through which to receive intelligence. Certainly one will not grow very enthusiastic when his inspiration came through so slow a medium as a stage-coach. And yet when we look back to this period we can most heartily congratulate ourselves that the intelligence of the suspension of hostilities were so tardy in reaching us that an opportunity was afforded us to gain

the most brilliant victory of the war, and that too, over the finest army that England had yet put upon the continent, fresh from victorious fields, where they had routed the French, and flushed by the plaudits of all Europe.

It may be that the lad of twelve years had but a vague idea of the great and deep fountains from which were springing the turbid water of international strife; or cannot comprehend the magnitude of the struggle in which the defenders of his nation's rights were engaged; but how well he can remember how his young heart sunk in his breast, as the dark clouds of defeat and the forebodings of disaster overhung his country's flag: or how it bounded with joy and swelled with patriotic gratitude as the glad tidings of final victory came and the mists of war were dispelled by the breaking rays of peace.

Then came the long interval of development, in which our domestic affairs shaped themselves, and we made those grand strides that brought America to a place among the nations of the earth.

Among the achievements most vividly remembered was the construction of the Erie canal. This was the first colossal enterprise of its character in the country, and one living in that time will remember how the whole nation was refreshed and strengthened commercially by its ultimate success.

This great work was commenced on the fourth of July, 1817, and was finally completed in 1825, although a small portion of it was operated late in 1819. Its entire length is three hundred and sixty miles, and the cost of construction was over nine millions of dollars. This seemed like an immense expenditure of money at that time, but it certainly proved to be a very wise one, as the tolls for a single year (1833) considerably exceeded one million dollars.

The author learns, from quite reliable authority, that Senator Wade, of Ohio, since so conspicuous in American politics as an abolitionist, champion of the homestead bill, president of the Senate, and one of the commissioners to San Domingo, was employed on this work, and with a pick and shovel, as a common laborer, displayed many of the sterling qualities that distinguished him as a patriot and statesman in his riper years. And this is one of the proud attributes of our own happy country. No man need remain long at the "foot of the hill" if he has in him the metal of which the great and noble are made. Every avenue is open to him who will avail himself of them with a fixed determination to make the most of every talent given him.

Among the many pleasant historical events remembered by Mr. Mooso, is the visit of LaFayette to this country, in 1824. The hearts of the whole people were thrown open

to welcome that great patriot, who gave so timely aid in the hour of our young nations sorest trial. It has been said that nations are ungrateful, but, one whose memory goes back sixty years, will fail to find a single instance where the American people have not with alacrity paid homage to every benefactor of his countrymen.

At the opening of our narrative, the Indian occupied, undisputedly, all the territory west of Lake Michigan and the Wabash river, save here and there a small settlement along some of the larger streams, and these were little more than trading posts, and the little circle of adventurers that naturally clung to them. A few of the smaller tribes in New York and Michigan, were living in a half-civilized manner, and were practicing a rude agriculture; but the great mass of them were in about the same condition, socially and politically, that they were when the whites first made homes upon the continent. After the early wars in New England, they were not disposed to declare open hostilities against the whites, but through all the early settlement of the central states, they were not to be trusted.

The frontier settlements were continually annoyed by loss of cattle and petty stealings, while travelers and hunters were frequently waylaid, and robbed or murdered. One fruitful source of difficulty with the Indians, has

been the British emissaries on our Canadian frontier. These were continually urging the Indians to war upon the white settlers, and with the natural jealousy on the part of the Indians, it needed no great amount of encouragement to make them very disagreable neighbors.

These continued aggressions finally culminated (in 1816) in the union of all the tribes of the north-west in one confederacy, under the famous chief, Tecumseh. They were finally, completely beaten by Gen. Harrison, at Tippecanoe.

This defeat broke the spirit of the leading chiefs, and there was no further trouble of a formidable character, until about 1832; when the Sac and Fox refused to vacate certain lands which they had sold to the government. They were ejected by the U. S. troops, aided by the Illinois military. Black Hawk was taken prisoner and with his fall, the war which bore his name, terminated.

This was the last opposition to the advancing column of civilization, made by the Indians.

In 1834 the Indian territory was organized and the government has continued unremittingly the task of locating all the tribes within its border. The entire area is 74,172 square miles, with a population of 78,310, (a fraction over one inhabitant to the square mile;) less than one third of the Indian population of the country.

It has been stated repeatedly, and by those entitled to

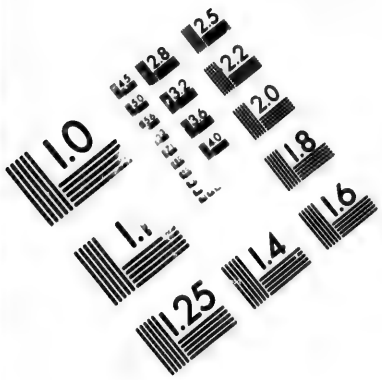
credence, that the Indian race would soon be extinct in America, but from the best authorities we can find we are compelled to conclude that there are fifty thousand more in the United States now than were in the same territory two hundred years ago.

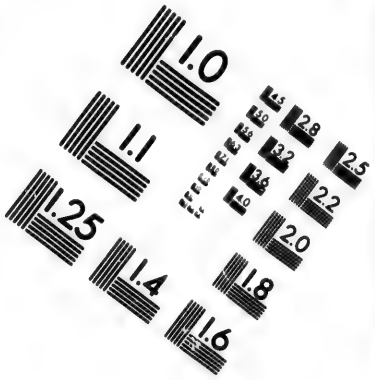
Yet it is a fact that the tribes on reservations in the territory have continually declined. Contagious diseases have made terrible havoc among them to the extent that even a tribe has been almost obliterated in a single season.

The Indian policy of the government has been severely criticised, both in the east and on the frontier. From one quarter comes the cry for the "Poor Indian," and from the other the wail of disgust that the government should support in idleness, those who might do for themselves.

One who has spent many years among the Indians can have but little sympathy with either of the extremes. And it is to be hoped the policy will shape itself in a way that will bring the Indians into closer relations with the civil habits of the whites, and that gradually they will lose their relish for their old manner of living, engage in industrial pursuits and in this way by degrees become more self-reliant and finally relinquish their hold upon the government entirely.

The establishment of homes and farms has already done





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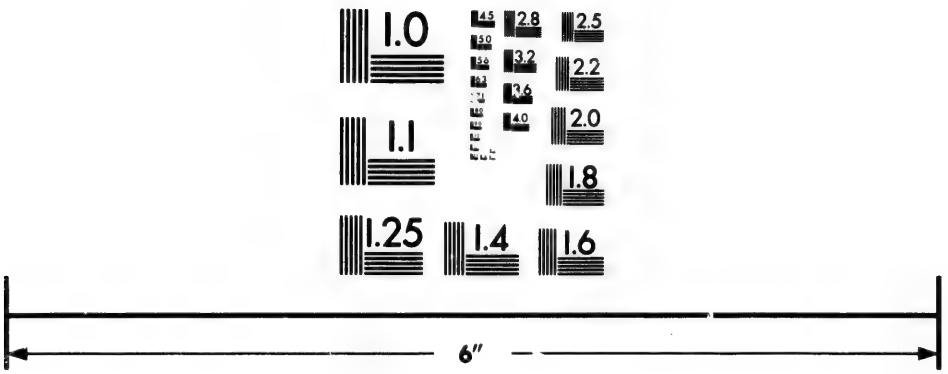

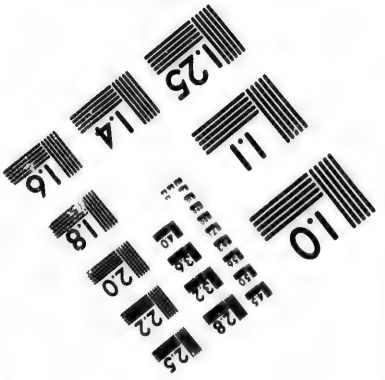

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much to break up the tribal relations and if properly encouraged will in time make home-loving and home-building people of these roving bands of the prairie.

Another potent influence now at work to change all the habits of life is the school. No people can come within the influences of properly managed schools without feeling their benefits, and our red brethren will be no exception.

This was noticeable to Mr. Mooso in all his intercourse with the Indiads; that where they had never been in contact with missionaries or with civilized people that they were not nearly so tractable as when they had been under such influences.

There are now nearly two hundred schools in the Territory and they have probably had in attendance not less than six thousand pupils. Many of the nations have a generous school fund that is set apart and can be used for no other purpose. The Cherokee fund in 1873 amounted to over five hundred thousand dollars, besides a fund of two hundred and fifty thousand for an orphan fund, which is used in connection with a school for orphan children. The school fund of the other tribes amounts to nearly three hundred thousand dollars.

But even with these agencies working to the end of finally solving this great problem of the Indian question'

some radical evils must be expunged before all the domestic sky in this quarter will be clear.

The first of these is the influence of a degraded and notoriously vicious class of whites who settle themselves among the Indians, and imbue them with the lowest idea of morals, and an aversion to the enforcement of law.

A second is the dishonesty and piratical management of some of the agents who appropriate to their own use supplies furnished for the use of the Indians; thus engendering a distrust of the government and restlessness and insubordination.

A third, but one which is to some extent disappearing of itself, is the Indian's own idea of his claims upon the government. The possession of boundless wilderness, sparsely covered with animals that could be used for food, were indeed his; but a magnificent empire with unlimited resources, and all the auxiliaries of the most civilized and enlightened people is an inheritance upon which he has no claim, and for which he deserves no compensation.

Few men have lived through so eventful an era as has our venerable friend.

Nearly two centuries before his birth a baneful tree had been planted at Jamestown whose roots grew deep down into the soil of sordid gain and its branches spread and

flourished in the blaze of selfish ease, until within the border of fourteen states, it grew to such proportions that its poisonous breath so inflamed and infuriated both the north and the south, that the clashing of arms during more than four years of civil strife, greeted the ears of the people, not of the *United States*, but the *dissevered* and *disunited* members of our grand and great republic. And saddest of all, rank treason, stalked throughout the land of the free north, where naught but loyalty should have been seen. But tresonable sentiments were uttered, and the memory of the united efforts of the American people to gain independence—years before, was lost sight of in the fierce, unbrotherly civil strife; and like Whittier we are led to exclaim:

"With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,—
Who shall marvel if thus striving
We have counted friend as foe;
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
Have grown sterner and more hard,
And the freshness of their features
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,
And their harmonies of feeling overtasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
From a purpose true and brave;
Dearer Freedom's rugged service
Than the pastime of the slave;
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our latest feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just."

Preceding this fearful contest—which without question gave it tangible form—was the administration of James Buchanan, during which, much animosity arose, and indeed the "bachelor president" saw troublous times, with the famous "Dred Scott Decision," followed by the Persona. Liberty bill, passed by several states, and those, succeeded by John Brown's rash attempt to take into his own hands the responsibility of freeing 4,000,000 of slaves. This state of things forced the president to a decision, either against or for the continuation of slavery, and he chose the latter. All these brought about serious charges against him, and involved not only himself, but the country in trouble.

However just the cause in which the martyred John Brown engaged—for which he is said to have planned years before—living in so frugal a manner that he and his family were scarcely comfortable, in order that he might have adequate means to carry out his project—not even the most radical abolitionist could indorse. Those who saw at a later period this blemish upon the fair name of "Our Country" wiped out by legal means, could but feel a sense of commiseration for the well-meaning, but misguided old man, who had become morbid upon this subject. Well it is that a human tribunal shall not pronounce upon him, but before the Highest he shall be adjudged at the last.

President Buchanan made several laudable efforts to arrest the growing evils among the Mormons, but they all proved of no avail; so strong had they become, and so well fortified, that the united and continued efforts of congress alone can effect anything like a reform, aided by a correct public sentiment; for in all reforms the people must be educated up to the proper standard, before those holding the reins of government will feel that the time has come to act with firm decision. Already some measures have been taken in that direction, by which some of the valuable property of the Saints has been confiscated by the government. The Church has also purchased quite a tract of land in Mexico; whether with the intention of removing thither, or for the purpose of establishing a new settlement has not been ascertained.

To the subject of this book, this theme has always been an interesting one, having become familiar with some of its phases, when comparatively a young man, and forming very unfavorable conclusions, which have grown stronger with his advancing years. It is not to be wondered at that the aversion which he justly formed should not have decreased as time proceeded. Although his christian life has somewhat modified his manner of expression toward them, his abhorrence of their principles, remains unchanged.

Having lived at the time when this sect sprang into existance, and seeing its growth up to the present time, he hopes to be spared to see its exit from this country.

It is not supposable, that any one attaining to any degree of morality—not to say religion—will assert that Mormons have a right to worship as they see fit, agreeing that they have, when their belief does not conflict with the laws of God and man.

The reader may feel like questioning the assertion in reference to the "Laws of God." But the unwritten laws, to which all true men and women bow with respect, and which, within the human heart and mind, is well defined by the simple principle of right and wrong, is a sure guide in matters of morality. A harmonious mechanism was originally given every human being, who is counted *Compos-mentis*, and from this well organized machinery of the mind and heart, as water from a fountain, emanates a system of reasoning, which places below par the practices of that which is impure and evil, and places the ban of public contempt upon those transactions, which do not come within the limits of morality and decency.

Mr. Mooso, since his conversion, has become a member of the United Brethren Church, and has consistently kept his vows since uniting, five months ago. The softening

and restful influences of a genuine conversion are manifest in his deportment.

And now a few words in regard to those who have been associated so closely with the interests of this book before we take a short review of the events of importance which have transpired during the lifetime of this individual who has seen so much of hardship, adventure and almost miraculous escape from death.

First of all, an affectionate tribute from the loving sons and daughters of Mrs. Mooso may seem fitting, who appreciate all the mother love lavished upon them in early years, supplemented later by Christian counsel and augmented by prayer for their temporal and spiritual advancement. Tenderly and reverently they pronounce the name —mother—and what higher compliment can be given woman than when her children "arise up and call her blessed ?"

The little sister, whom it will be remembered listened at the tent of the angry Mormon leaders when the captain was the subject under discussion, and brought to him tidings of impending danger, remained with her parents until arriving at her maturity and married among the Mormons. Whether she, like her mother, found a consistent man, who had but one wife, we have no means of ascertaining, but it will be safe to conjecture and hope that she did.

Batiste Lozure, the hasty but kindly-disposed "Little Frenchman," shortly became satisfied with a roving life and returned to Canada, where he engaged in tilling the soil.

Jonathan Sims, when last heard from—after his return to the Green Mountains—had with his native shrewdness, aided by a little more culture, written several witty articles upon some of the absurdities of the day; said productions having found their way into one of the few local papers of the time.

At the time when all of the party went out to the Isthmus of Panama and were disembarked from the "pirate vessel," it will be remembered they decided to go with ponies to Mexico. Nels preferred to await an outgoing vessel to the Island of Cuba, and told the captain his intention of not returning; and these two men who had been associated together since their youth walked arm-in-arm to a quiet spot where they might meet with no intrusion, and talked in a way that you and your most valued friend would talk when in the ordinary course of events—particularly among men not settled in life—you might be holding the last friendly talk together.

With something of marked positiveness, Nels said:

"Joe, we are about to separate, never to meet on earth;" but Joe answered in a lighter tone "that they had been

separated at other times, and under circumstances which seemed to make it almost impossible to meet again, and each time they had by some means drifted together." But Nels only shook his head, saying, "I am not so confident as you. I feel impressed that this is our last interview."

The next morning they clasped hands for the last time, as Nels had predicted, for they never met again.

Mr. Mooso's aged father passed to his last resting place a few years since.

Although the following subject may be somewhat foreign to the matter under consideration, the two boys, who, when grown to manhood, figured so extensively when the United States as an independent country was yet somewhat of an experiment, and who left impressions so lasting upon the future of the young Republic, that it is but mete that they receive mention; having lived and occupied the proudest position which can be assigned to men in this nation. Both came upon the political arena during the lifetime and remembrance of Joe.

Thirty-six years before little Joe first opened his eyes to the light of day in the home of his parents in Canada, two infant boys in the year 1767 came to gladden the hearts of fond parents. One was born amid the surroundings of a home of comfort and refinement, in Massachusetts, near the city of Boston, where the very air which the little one

breathed, seemed laden with that which would inspire him to drink deep and long of the streams of knowledge. Blessed with a mother in whose veins ran the blood of the Quincys, a woman of rare judgment, talent and piety; with such a mother to give bent to the mind and character of the boy, and all the surrounding influences which encompassed him, it could but be expected that he would develop into a lad of promise. Few women of those times were her superior. She wrote many letters which contained sentiments far in advance of her time, which evinced much thought and strength of character, and did much toward laying the foundations of American society.

The New England women—considering the advantages which came in their way—stood abreast with the men in their ideas, and also their application, so far as they could practically demonstrate them.

The other was born on the Catawba river, northwest of Charleston, amid surroundings far different from those of the first described. The latter came to a home of poverty, where the widowed mother, of Scotch-Irish origin, toiled for the daily bread of her three sons and herself. The young son grew up with little that would tend to refine and advance him mentally, but the mother being of the faith of the Presbyterian church, conceived the idea of fitting him for the ministry.

She taught him in the Scriptures and prayed with him, instilling into his young mind the doctrines of the church, which did not however bring about her heart's desire. He grew into a coarse, impetuous lad, with little that was attractive, but with many sterling qualities of honor and truth.

The first named lad was one of those boys which one sometimes sees, who seem to have no boyhood, but merge with such rapidity into the thoughts and conduct of men that before their friends are aware, they are children no longer.

He wrote a letter to his father when but nine years of age—who was then in Congress—which is inserted for perusal.

"Braintree, June 2, 1777.

Dear Sir:—

I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make a poor figure at composition. My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after bird eggs, play and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. I have just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, but designed to get half through it by this time. I am determined to be more diligent. Mr. Thaxter is absent at court. I have set myself a stint this week to read the third volume half out. If I can keep up my resolu-

tion I may again, at the end of the week, give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me—in writing—some instructions with regard to the use of my time and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them. With the present determination of growing better,

I am, dear sir, your son,

John Quincy Adams.

P. S.—Sir, if you will please be so good as to favor me with a blank book. I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with, in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind."

In this letter written one hundred and eleven years ago there is evidently a little of the natural childishness of a little boy manifested, when he speaks of the fascinating sports of a child, but soon he recalls himself as if it were almost a misdemeanor to allow his mind to wander off with the natural buoyancy of childhood. Mr. Adams took his son with him to France in 1778, again in 1779, whither he had been sent by Congress. The object of the last visit being to negotiate terms of peace with the commissioners from England, who were to meet him there.

John Quincy then entered school in Paris. After a time was removed to the University of Leyden. He went when fourteen years of age, in the capacity of Secretary

to the Ministers from the United States to the Russian Court. In 1783 he met his father at Paris. He was present when the treaty of peace was signed.

At the age of twenty he commenced the study of law; and while it does not follow that all lawyers become great men, many of our great men were lawyers. He became in a short time prominent in his profession.

During these years he observed closely the events which were passing; and somewhat distinguished himself as a writer shortly after the publication of "Thomas Paine's Rights of Man." Fearing the evil which this book might do in America, which was communistic in character—he exposed these political heresies in several articles published in the "Columbia Centinel."

When Great Britian declared war against France much sympathy was manifested in this country. The old animosity not having died out, many were ready to engage in the cause of the French.

With a wisdom and clearness almost remarkable, he warned the Americans not to meddle with foreign affairs, but to remain neutral.

His articles upon this subject were among the ablest political writings. Washington was so pleased that he chose him for his foreign minister although yet so young—but

twenty-seven—his marked ability placed him beyond the question of incapacity.

He was afterward sent to England on an important mission.

He was married in London in 1797, and in 1801 when he returned to America, he at once commenced his old profession, but in the time intervening between his departure and return, he had lost financially and found no practice, but commenced anew.

In 1803 Mr. Adams was elected to congress by the federalists, the same year that little Joe was an infant in his mother's arms.

Adams made an attempt in 1805 to have congress levy a duty on the importation of slaves and from that time he was pronounced in his opposition to slavery.

When Mr. Adams was minister to Russia, a bookseller sent him an elegant copy of the scriptures, which he accepted, but paid the full value in money. He believed that all public officials should be unbiased, and therefore should accept no presents.

This man who had developed into one of such prominence, had much in the way of education and surroundings to bring out these qualities. The times in which he lived were also important auxiliaries in that direction.

President Monroe took the presidential chair, after the

close of the war of 1812. He was conciliatory in his measures, and wished to choose his cabinet in a wise manner and John Quincy Adams was accordingly called from England, to accept the position of secretary of state.

Upon his return to America he was received with due honors.

He remained in this capacity eight years, during which time he had much to do with the future amicable condition of America, with foreign countries.

During the Greek war much sympathy was felt for that oppressed people, but while his sympathies went out toward them, he firmly adhered to his original principles, namely: neutrality. Many jealousies made the term of his office exceedingly annoying, and when asked by his friends to respond to some of the unjust criticisms, only replied: "That a faithful discharge of his duties to his country was his best defense."

Henry Clay had looked forward to the time when he might fill the presidential chair, and was an aspirant for the position of secretary, under Monroe, which was a step toward the presidency, and Adams incurred the enmity of this aspirant.

Federalists had hated Adams' father with bitterness and consequenly hated the son.

When the state of Missouri knocked at the door of con-

gress for admission into the union, that rap resounded through every state, bringing back echoes, which thrilled and enthused the pulses of 9,638,131 people. And through the management of Clay, a compromise was effected. This gave marked decision to Adams' already proslavery principles, and he ever after, became one of its strongest supporters, and after listening to the debate in congress upon the subject, he exclaimed: "If slavery be the destined sword, in the hands of the destroying angel, which is to sever the ties of this union, the same sword will cut asunder the bonds of slavery itself."

Probably no president and secretary of state ever harmonized better than did Monroe and Adams.

The former possessed good executive ability, the latter excellent logical powers, and as a result the government assumed a good condition, known as the "era of good feeling."

Adams succeeded Monroe. He chose Clay as Secretary of State. Andrew Jackson being one of the defeated candidates for the presidency, considered himself aggrieved by what he termed "a bargain between Clay and Adams," and when the former was chosen as Secretary of State, Jackson's belief was strengthened, and the bitterest animosity arose.

Jackson was not in the least conciliatory toward his en-

emies, and Adams' pure life and upright, conscientious manner was of little force against the high tide of angry and disappointed office seekers which engulfed him.

Mr. Adams seemed entirely to lose sight of self during his term of office, and worked alone for the interest and advancement of his country. And his broad mind, enriched by years of knowledge, accumulated when abroad, was capable of grasping the questions of moment, which presented themselves during his presidency. But he was far in advance of the times, and was so much above the people to hardly be of them. Many did not appreciate him, and he was the object of much unjust criticism and abuse. At the expiration of his term he was succeeded by the boy—born in the same year as himself—namely: Andrew Jackson, who was more noted for his determination, push and vigorous persecution of a supposed enemy than for his breadth and wise judgment; although honorable and even gentle with those weaker than himself, overbearing and hasty with his equals or superiors.

He was left an orphan at fifteen.

At eighteen he commenced the study of law.

One of his biographers says of him: "He was the most roaring, rollicking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salsbury."

After completing his studies as a lawyer he found him-

self without office, books or clients, and went to Martinsville, North Carolina, and engaged as a clerk in a store. He received, shortly after, the appointment of public prosecutor for the district of Nashville.

Many emigrants were then pushing to this new settlement and Jackson accompanied them. Owing to the hostilities of the Indians it was a hazardous journey. One night, as they were camped and the women and children asleep, Jackson, who was sitting by the fire, heard certain significant and stealthy movements in the grass, and he became convinced that danger threatened from the Indians.

He quietly awakened the nearest man, and all the camp was aroused, and marched toward Nashville with as much speed as possible. A party of hunters camped by the deserted fires, and went to sleep, and were massacred before morning.

Jackson settled at Nashville and commenced the practice of his profession, and prospered in money matters. He was always prompt to resent an insult, which in that place. and at those times, was of no uncommon occurrence, for opportunities were constantly offering themselves. He soon made his antagonists justly fear the forceful argument of his stalwart fist, and engaged in many a hand-to-hand encounter.

Mr. Jackson became a boarder in the family of the wid-

ow of Colonel John Donelson. Residing with her was a married daughter and her husband. The daughter was beautiful and vivacious, very fond of company, and young Jackson was very agreeable in his manners when he chose, and Robards, the husband, objected to any thing of a gallant nature from Jackson, which ended in Robards leaving the house and the young wife, owing to the gossip which followed left also. The husband applied to the legislature of Virginia for a divorce, and it was reported that he had obtained one.

Jackson and Mrs. Robards were happily married, but at the expiration of two years they found that the former husband had not obtained a divorce, as it was not likely that they could then be obtained so easily as at the present time.

A traveler humorously asserted—the truth of the saying the reader must settle in his own mind—that in passing through the city of Chicago porters shout lustily, "CHICAGO—thirty minutes for divorces!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, like our friend Mooso, saw the illegality of such a marriage, and consequently were married again.

In 1796 Jackson was sent to Congress as a Representative; later as United States Senator; still later became judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

A very undignified quarrel ensued between Jackson and the governor of the state, in which shots were exchanged, but neither were injured, as the passions of both men were so great they could not shoot with much precision. Neither of these men seemed to realize that such a course would detract from their dignity as officials.

In all business transactions he was known as an honest man. His naturally quarrelsome disposition, aided by aggravating circumstances involved him in serious trouble, in which he engaged in a duel which resulted in the death of his opponent. He lost popularity by this unfortunate encounter.

His masterpiece was at New Orleans at the close of the war of 1812, and the American people were ready to ascribe all the virtues to this hero.

In 1825 he was elected President, and being a slaveholder and Democrat, he was the choice of the people of the south.

The publicity of Mrs. Jackson's marriage troubles is said to have caused her death, which occurred before his inauguration.

Notwithstanding his imperiousness he was always devoted and gentle with his wife, which was the most redeeming trait in his character. He exercised the veto power as none preceding him had ever done. Yet as pe-

culiar as his administration had been, he was popular with the masses. After he retired from public office he lived in quiet enjoyment, and gradually grew more gentle and devoted much of his time to reading the scriptures, and at the last became a devout christian, and although having lived a life of discord and turbulence passed quietly away.

The marked contrast between these two men was partially owing to their native gifts, but unquestionably more to the circumstances of early training and later surroundings. The last named seemed to impress himself more by his positiveness, unflinching manner and perseverance than by any of the higher qualities. His children bear witness of his oft repeated assertions, that he was like one caged by iron bars, on account of his ignorance.

Adams, cultured, broad, conscientious, but firm, stood as a brilliant example of the capabilities which education and refining influences may eliminate from the human heart and mind. Indeed, we do not know what powers lie dormant among the recesses of that mysterious thing—the mind—any more than we can tell the rich treasures which the earth contains, until circumstances bring them to the surface.

Could Captain Mooso have had early advantages, his life would, without question, have taken a different bent.

His native talents were good, as his life has clearly demonstrated. Through all his wanderings amid surroundings often of a bad character, he always maintained a certain honor, uprightness and honesty of purpose which marked him as a leader. Much credit is due one who spent the early years of his impressibility,—when his character was being moulded—among those who would not tend to elevate—that, after so long a time spent in walking in paths so devious, should, just as life is declining, grasp the anchor of hope—everlasting life—and adhere firmly to the consoling influences of belief in one Divine.

One of the lines along which one can review the development of this country with interest is that of improvements in means of travel and transportation. The first three decades of the present century may be considered the era of canal building and at the close of that period (about 1830) the railroad, so much more rapid and easier of construction, superseded its clumsy rival, and from that time on the latter has been looked upon as the available means of inland transportation.

The extent to which canal building engaged the attention of our people has probably to most of us now in active life received but little attention, but we can learn from those like Mr. Mooso, who were active in the stirring events of sixty years ago, that the same enthusiam attend-

ed a canal project in those days that characterized a scheme for a Kansas railroad in 1886.

There were constructed and operated in the United States from 1808 to 1830 not less than sixty-eight distinct lines of canal. Many of these were constructed through sections where the profile of the country made the work at once expensive and tedious.

A responsible writer of this time says that the three states—Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio—did more canal building in the sixteen years preceding 1830 than all the countries of Europe combined.

The first railroad in the United States was put in operation in 1827 and was a very insignificant affair. Its length was about three miles. The rails were of oak, with a strap of iron on the top. Crude as was this beginning, it was followed by an active era of railroad building.

At the session of the New York legislature of 1832, twenty-three companies were incorporated, among them the since famous New York and Erie.

Mr. Mooso relates with much interest in the earlier pages of this book the incidents of a short trip on one of those early roads. The cars were drawn by horses at a rate of eight miles per hour. In 1830 a writer made the the startling announcement that a locomotive on the same road had attained the "wonderful speed of thirty miles an

hour." Within the last decade a rate of seventy-five miles has been made, and in all probability, with degrees of perfection we are attaining in the matter of track-building and the superior mechanism of our engines, Mr. Mooso may yet see a train move at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

About 1833 a scheme for a road from Chicago to the southwest, to be known as the Chicago and Michigan railroad. The matter never came to a reality, but the Chicago and Rock Island railroad was finally built over this route, and the subject of this narrative was on the line when the preliminary survey was made. This road was completed to the Mississippi in 1853, and is now one of our great trunk lines from Chicago to the west.

Among the many much talked of feats in this country, a quarter of a century ago was "crossing the plains." In these pages we have mentioned many of the hardships and privations encountered in this perilous journey. In 1869 the completion of the Pacific Railroad took all the romance from the journey to the western coast. The American Desert hid himself away in the fastnesses of the western mountains and a wealth of growing fields with cities and villages rolled out from our western settlements toward the setting sun. The herding grounds of the buffalo, and the grassy shelter of the deer and ante-

lope recede before the puffing of the iron horse. The wily otter and the saucy mink and beaver retreat from the splashing water-wheel and the sullen murmur of the dam. The Indian has taken his wigwam and crept sullenly to some reservation, and the wilderness verily "blossoms like the rose."

But we must not close the book and lay it aside without a word of admonition to the boys and girls who have followed the long and perilous pathway of the kind old man. Yours is a marvelous heritage! To start in the race of life in such times as these, and in a land like ours, is to leap at once beyond the bounds of conjecture of possibilities.

Looking back over the developments of the past fifty years, one is lost in the contemplation; but what would be the feeling were we permitted to look out fifty years into the future! And yet this will be the epoch in which your lives are cast.

Make the most of every opportunity. Remember that only the keenest blade and the strongest arm can hew out from the path all the barriers you will encounter. And it is hoped that you have found in these pages something that may give you courage for the conflict.

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